1924

4674

Saturday, June 21
"Bright and Fair"

Arrived, after the strenuosities of W.F. Gardiner's triumphant election as Representative to the State Legislature for the third time,

Henry Richards
Rosalind Richards

and , per Talbot's truck,

Things are well along, and Walter has done wonders; Float and Slip out, Ouananiche Slip, Ladies' Slip; Kitchen and Pantry new painted white and tidied up, yard partly tidied, wood in, etc. The small refrigerator painted white. Mrs Cook has come down to cook for us till the new chef comes, Ralph Mildreth, who is going to work on his father's farm this summer, has very kindly come out for ten days to show the new member of th Commissary Staff, Ralph McCurdy, the ropes, and everything is starting in well.

The only outs so far are that the oven door won't shut, and the new pump will only pump under extreme coercion; and the horrid fact that J.A.L. jr, L.T., and Bob Summers have been exposed to Mumps, and can't come out till the danger is over.

The chief addition if the new Flag Pole, set up on the h big rock by the Piazza. It, is spruce, fifty feet high, and the Golden Schooner, the boys' wonderful gift, last summer, for Skipper's birthday, rides on it triumphantly. It is a Great Pond pole, Walter Gleason having got it out of his woods, and tapered and finished it himself. A fine piece of work,

tapered and finished it himself. A fin

96-188

Sunday, June 22
Bright and fair.
A lovely day, and some picking up done; but the chief thing t

the joyful arrival of:

Charles Wiggins 3d John Richards

Charles Wiggins 3d John Wiggins

[redacted]

Monday, June 23
Bright and Fair.

Just as we were thinking that we couldn't get on any longer

without him, that no lists would check up right, and the Store-

-room would be a wreck, arrived: Clarence W. Comins.

and earlier in the day came:

[illegible]

Tuesaday, June 24
Bright and Fair,
and in the morning arrived (increasing both qualities in theday!

Margery Peabody Groton

R.R. went in to Gardiner, and came out late for dinner, with

J.G.W. caught I Bass, I perch

Wednesday, June 25.
Rain
A good heavy rain, all day, and most of the night; coming in

time, we hope, to save the hay crop and garden truck, about which

the farmers were very anxious, after this three weeks' drought.

In the morning arrived: the first of the Prefects, a brother

of Jack Hollister who was at Merryweather several years ago:

Clinton B. T. Hollister Gaviota, Cal

In the afternoon came our Doctor,

Pembroke D. Macdermot Montreal Can.
McGill University.

and the new Chef and his assistant,

Wednesday, June2
Cont'd

and later arrived from Boston:

Anna D. Hubbard Boston, Mass.
Isabel M. Kearney New Haven, Conn.

In spite of the rain, J.G.W. caught two more Bass.

Thursady, , June 26
Clearing

It cleared off finely. In the morning the Hard-boiled Eggs and the anchors were put out, and the Rangeleys run out. It is pleasant to see them riding in their right places again. The iron stays for the Flag-pole were put in place, and the Flag run up. The piano tuner, old Mr. Soule, arrived from Waterville and reported the piano in fine shape. In the afternoon C.W. and J.R. went in to Gardiner, and brought out

The New Puppy.

X Patsy Richards, his mark

He is an English setter, a little beauty. Entirely off his bearings at first, of course, but he has a good head, and looks as if he would get into shape fast.

In the morning came the second of the Prefectorial Band,

Kenneth S. Walker, West Orange, N.J. (S.P.S.)

and in the afternoon came the third, and the new Faculty Member

Henry M. Watts Jr. Elkins Park Penna. (Harvard)
Jack C. Fairchild Jr, Boston, Noble's

J.G.W. caught 2 Bass.

We finished The Cardinals' Rose.

Friday, June 27.
Fair, Warm.

General fixing up, with more stores arriving all the time. Though we have missed our annual visit from Professor Shaw greatly, the Store-room, where he generally officiates with C.M.C., looks in wonderful order.

The new ropes on the Rangeleys buuys are shrinking badly, pulling the boats in two near. One of the Rangeleys broke loose in the night, and Johnny Wig did a long before-breakfast row down to Pine Beach before he found her.

There was merry passing or the Swimming Test by all hands in the water, at Morning Swim; and in the afternoon , there being a fair white-cap breeze, H.M.W., J.C.F., and K.S.W. did some good practising for the Canoe Test.

An exploring expedition found Four Way in excellent shape, and the wild strawberry crop, which should have been splenedid, pretty scanty, owing to the drought. If we don't get more rain very soon, our new huge extents of raspberry bushes will not bear at all.

A Lagoon expedition, last evening, found the Lagoon there all right, but the Marsh Gas, for lighting which the expedition was planned, refused to light. Perhaps it did'nt like the elegant new tapers we had specially provided, and preferred the grubby old cand--le ends.---(A digging squad of huskies could do a great deal, to make the channel better, by digging out part of the sand-bar, as has sometimes been done in other years.)

After supper arrived

Henry W. Putnam

For general condition of things, the water is cont'd
is good and high, higher than often at this time, not a sign of Pickerel Rock showing.

We found the oak leaves piled deep everywhere, when we came out, but they have been all burned, in little bon-fires all about the Camp.

There is no Hermit Thrush established right about Camp, the one with the queer note who was here last year having moved elsewhere. This is the first time we have'nt had one close by, but one with anexceptionally beautiful note is es--tablished up by the Pine Parlor, and sometimes comes down to Camp to sing. There is a pair of Phebes established with a nest under the piazza roof of the Old Infirmary.

J.R., C.K.C., J.S.W. and J.A.L.Jr came out in the Chrtistmas holidays for three or four days . They found fne tobogganing and snow-shoeing, and had a very merry time. RR. and two friends came out for a night on May 30th, and saw a Scarlet Tanager in the big oak on the ridge.

An unfortunate Golden-winged Wood-pecker flew down the Rest House chimney at some time, and was found dead when the house was opened this spring.

The Spring fishing was reported as very poor. The Wall-eyed pike have done serious damage, in killing out the salmon and trout. It seems pretty nearly a hopeless business as far as these two kinds are concerned, but fortunately bass and pickerel seem too much for the pike.

Saturday
June 28
Bright and Fair.

The Great Day couldn't have had more perfect weather. There was a last clearing up, more little leaf bonfires everywhere, but things are really very well along.

The New York contingent, Billy Ewing, Sam Lynch, and Lentner ~~Lenwick~~ Sewall, arrived on the morning train, their names follewin with the main List.

The traditional ~~Imp of Bos~~ Afternoon Tea was served in the Rest House at half-past four, and a little after five the advance guard of the Grand Army appeared, Col. Sherburne showing an unruffled brow, and reporting all his command in good trim.

Sewall passed the Swimming Test at the frst swim . After supper there was unpacking , so far as the trunks have come, then the traditional Going to Jerusalem, ending in a tie between J.C.F. and Jimmy Howe, after mighty struggles; the first round won by Walter Bailey.

For the Half-past-Niners we began the Thirty-nine Steps, the first in a series of three of the best of Thrillers.

Porter Thompson is the first appointee of the Merryweather Light, the first in honour among the special details. The lamp gave some trouble at the first lighting, but we hope will work all right.

The Grand Muster.

John B. Shenemun Jr.
W P. Hallowell Jr.
R. H. Hallowell
D. W. Bailey
P. E. Johnson
W. Bailey.
Andrew Hepburn
Robert Rantoul
Barclay Cooke
Robert Jameson
Arthur Dupee Jr.
R. S. Hepburn
Samuel Dutton Ignell
Richard W. Hale Jr
Henry Cushing
Palmer Futcher
Stephen H. Stackpole
George Dana
Sidney Carter
Edward D. Johnson
R. Lentner Ewald
William P Rockwell
John P. Sturgis
Charles H. Hubbard
Sam Storrow
Billy Weekes

James C. Howe Jr
William R. Driver III
John B Hawes III
William Ladd
Payson Merrill
Moore. P. Huffman.
Talbot Rantoul Coffman
Thomas B Williams
Richard Lawrence Jr
A. Porter Thompson,
John L Taylor
R Sheaton
Talbot Rantoul
William Ewing
John Teagle III

Following passed

Swimming Test.

Cushing
Daval
Driver
Futcher
Hale
Hallowell, N.P.
Hallowell, R.
Hepburn, RS.
Hoffman.
Howe
Huffman
Johnson, E.
Johnson, P.
Ladd
Lawrence
Rantoul. T.
Rochwell
Sewall
Stackpole
Taylor
Teagle
Thompson
Watson
Weekes
Williams
Worrall.

Sunday
June 29.

Bar. 29.6
Temp. 60
Wind. S.E.
Weather. Rainy

Special details for the week:

Merryweather Light---Porter Thompson.

Flag----------Moore Huffman.

Weather----------Arthur Dupee.

A solid all-day rain; not quite what we would have chosen, but at least the first day won't be too strenuous.

Hymns were a little weak at morning service, but went with a will in the evening.

In the afternoon there was Senior and Junior Soccer, both good, for first games, the Senior game being very lively. Ping-Pong in the big room for the teams not playing. J.G.W. fished, getting a good bass.

A merry picnic (in doors by the fire, because of the rain) with ice cream as an extra, and a very creepy story, "The Scarlet Pattern", following.

Just after supper a lively and lurid evening Williwaw rolled up, raining so hard that the Infirmary Lake filled quickly.

For the half past niners, we had the traditional "Feet of the Young Men", and "007."

Soccer.

Blotters vs. Blots.

It was a typical beginning game and everyone played. One goal was scored by the Blots. Referee---John Teagle.

Bails vs. Buckets.

The Senior soccer was more lively, H.M.W. stopped the Bails from scoring a goal right near the start. There were several kicks made from the line by J.C.F. In the last half the Doctor made a goal, the first and last one of the game. Referee-J.R.

Monday
June 30.

Bar. 29.5
Temp. 63
Wind. Strong W.
Weather. Clear

It cleared off with a roar; full canoe-test wind at 6 A.M., but calming later to a medium white-cap breeze.

Cyril Ward, the missing Cookee, arrived last night, and had to be sent straight to the Infirmary with a bad cold. Ralph Hildreth, to our great loss, went home to Gardiner to work on his father's farm, in which he is interested heart and soul. He only came out to help us in the interior, till Cyril came. A very fine boy.

It was too rough at swim time for many to pass the test, but Andrew Hepburn passed it well, and there was good practising for the Canoe Test.

In squads, the Base-ball field and the Scouting Boundaries were marked, and a small squad began work on the aquarium.

Sundry Stunts.

Ouananiche

H.M.W.
Hallowell
Bailey, W.
Taylor
Huffman

Blueberry Hill.

J.G.W.

K.S.W.
Hallowell
Davol
Thompson
M.P.

R.R.
A.D.H.
Hale

Skowhegan.

J.H.S.
H.W.P.

Howe	Merrill	Worrall	Bailey, D.
Hoffman	Cushing	Stackpole	Cooke
Carter	Hawes	Hepburn, A.	Hepburn, R.
Hubbard	Jameson	Ladd	Lawrence
Rantoul, R.	Rantoul, T.	Rockwell	Sturges
Turner	Watson	Weekes	Sewall

Bickford Hill.

J.R.

Ewing	Teagle	Dupee	Lynch	Johnson, E.	C.H.C.
Johnson, P.	Driver	Futcher	Williams	C.B.H.H.	I.M.K.
					J.C.F.

Monday continued.)

The first Sundry Stunt afternoon was very good; the weather perfect.

Bickford Hill.

The Bickford Hillers found the fine view at its very best, the mountains very blue, and looking almost transparent. They passed a tethered bull on the way, whose size varied, in descriptions from ordinary dimensions to that of an elephant. Several of the braves, we understand, took care to give him a wide berth.

Blueberry Hill.

The first Ouananiche Cruise of the season was a good one. We went up the east side of Chute Island, passing a big hemlock killed just this year by lightning. We landed at the regular place, on the east side of Jamaica Point. The walk was a very pretty one, with enough wild strawberries to add a distinct charm. The deserted house from which, long ago, we took the spinning wheel, is now only a heap of boards with roses growing by it. We paddled back by the west shore. The crew paddled well, keeping steady stroke and a good even pace.

Skowhegan.

Trial Skowhegan, over a considerably shortened field, was a wild time. The officers in charge said that at first it was indescribable, then that its grasp of the game could perhaps be summed up by the remark of one brave: that it was a queer thing, he was killed every time just the minute he stood up and began to walk down the course. Old Scouts take notice. The Captains were Jimmy Howe and Jimmy Worrall, the sides being named for them. The Howes beat easily, in three of the

four games, which were as follows: 1-0, 2-2, 3-0, 8-1. The last game, in which they piled up 8 runs, was a landslide. Runs were made by; Howe, Hawes, Ladd, Sewal, Rockwell, Merrill, Rantoul,T., and Jameson, 1 run each, and Cushing, Hepburn,A., Weekes and Lawrence, 2 runs each, Lawrence making his two in one game.

In the evening we had the first Games on the Hill, Prisoner's Base, as usual, a breathless performance. Quiet Games followed, the new Aeroplane and Automobile games proving good ones. Mythology very good as always. More 39 Steps for the Half-past Niners.

The Casualties from yesterday's soccer were S. Hepburn, turned ankle, R. Hale, lame knee, Hoffman, a considerably worried foot.

Addy Humps.

Class A.

Bailey, D.
Cushing
Davol
Driver
Futcher
Hale
Hallowell
Hallowell
Hawes
Hepburn, A.
Hoffman
Howe
Huffman
Johnson, E.
Stackpole
Taylor
Teagle
Thompson
Watson
Worrall

All others in Class B.

Monday
(~~Monday~~ continued.)

First Skowhegan.

	1			2			3			4		
Howe	X			X			X			X		/
Cushing			/	X			X					/
Hayward				X					/			/
Hawes				X								/
Watson						/	X			X		
Todd				X			X					/
Sewall				X						X		/
Laurence				✓			X					//
Cooke	X			X			X			X		
Rantoul R				X			X			X		
Rockwell				X					/	X		
Hoffman										X		
Wicks						/			/	X		
	1			2			3			8		

	1		2		3		4	
Morrill	X				X		✓	
Stanley					X			
Hayhurst					✓		✓	
Merrill	X			/	✓		X	
Rankin					✓		X	
Rankin D							X	
Turner	X				X			
Rantoul T.			X	/	X			
Tingley	X		X		✓		X	
Hubbard			X		X		X	
Carter	X				X			
Spencer	X		X					/
	0		2		0		1	

Tuesday
July 1.

Bar. 29.8
Temp. 60
Wind. Light W.S.W
Weather. Fair

In squads, the old Flag Pole was lowered and taken down, quite a piece of engineering.

The Aquarium Squad did good work, two of them shellaking the aquarium, while quite a crew brought sand from the Lagoon. It is ready for filling tomorrow.

As Cyril is still sick, and the pumps aren't working well, the Yard Squad carried up a good supply of water for the kitchen.

The first Navigation Squad went out in Rangeleys; and several of the Faculty and Prefects and Bill Driver went out in shells, during swim, only one upset.

The following passed the swimming test:

Bailey, D.	Hawes
Bailey, W.	Merrill

This leaves us with only 9 non-swimmers.

The very biggest kind of hole was made in camp when J.R. went away, by the morning train; but thank goodness the car that took him brought.

Laurence Terry

J.R. will be at Fourway for a few days, at the end of the month, and then will start with George Thayer, for a months trip, to Lake Guanapanticook, in the north west part of the State. It is a hard rough trip, very little trail. J.R. has taken out a guide's license, so that they have the fun of guiding themselves.

Fishing.

Yanner.	Williwaw.	Identical.	Pantasole.	Erebus.	Terror.
J.G.W.	H.M.W.	J.C.F.	C.B.H.H.	M.P.	P.H.McD.
Watson	Futcher	Hale	Hoffman	Hepburn, A.	Teagle
Hepburn, R.	Dupee	Rantoul, T.	Lynch	Rantoul, R.	Hubbard
20 perch		3 Bass			3 Bass

Total, 20 Perch, 6 Bass.

(Tuesday continued.)

Bug League.

	H.W.P. K.S.W.	
Cushing	P.	Worrall
Huffman	C.	Taylor
Thompson	1.	Hallowell, N.P.
Stackpole	2.	Howe
Johnson, E.	S.S.	Driver
Hallowell, R.	3.	Davol
Hawes	L.F.	Weekes (sub. Bailey, D.)
Bailey, W. (sub. Williams)	C.F.	Lawrence (sub. Johnson, P.)
Ewing (sub. Ladd.)	R.F.	Cooke

Little Fish.

C.H.C.	Rockwell
J.H.S.	Sturges
Carter	Turner
Merrill	Sewall
Jameson	I.M.K.

Bug League.

The base-ball game was only fairly good, there were many errors on both sides and the batting was not particularly good. Among the new boys the outstanding players were,-Hawes, Weekes, and Cooke. H. Cushing made a spectacular catch in the 4th inning, but otherwise the game was fairly monotonous, however each team when at bat was kept fairly busy chasing fouls.

Fish Hatchery.

C.H.C. and J.H.S. took us to the fish hatchery. Inside the house, we lifted up the covers and saw 200,000 of the gamest little fish just over an inch long, swimming just as hard as ever they could straight against the swift current that flowed through their boxes.

We saw pickled eggs, mostly 2 black eyes and curled back-bone. also a later stage just out of the egg when the little back-bones have uncurled.

(Tuesday continued.)

Outside we saw how much bigger yearling trout are than salmon.

In the brook we had the felicity of finding a big round electric bulb that danced over the water like a bubble. Rockwell, perched on a rock in the middle of the stream, got a lot more splashing than he liked from the rest of us who finally succeeded in bursting that bubble.

The afternoon brought the missing "Schmitzu"; a beloved "Lady Facticle" of other summers; and the long-looked for South Dormitory chief: S John Smith jr J. Arnold Powell, Jr. Isabel Boardman not to mention: R. L. Summers

In the evening we had Spin the Platter, as fine a one as we have ever had. The leaps of the Sugar Barrel (H.W.P.) and the Flour Barrel (John Taylor) were wonderful. The forfeit redeeming was brilliant. The political address of A.D.H., the duet, (Yes, We Have No Bananas) I.B. and C.Hubbard, the Match and Nose race, Lawrence and Carter, and other notable performances brought down the house.

For the Half-past Niners, we had Black Board Relay; a bedlam performance as always. Outstanding sentences were:

"I am a large fat man."
"Peter tried eating grass and seaweed."
"Adam arrived to-day below standard unexpectedly."
"La Follette is New York's best citizen perhaps."

Side 1 won 4 times
Side 2 won 3 times.
Side 3 won 1 time.

First prefectorial supper at 9.30.

Bug League. Score:

Worrall's team---11.

Cushing's Team---7.

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
2	Taylor											
9	Cooke											
4	Howe											
5	Daval											
6	Driver											
8	Laurence											
3	Hallowell N.R.											
7	Weekes											
1	Worrall.											
	Totals	1 / 1	2 / 3	7 / 10	0 / 10	0 / 10	1 / 11	/ 11				

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
5	Hallowell. R											
6	Johnson. F											
4	Lockyer											
3	Thompson											
1	Cushing											
7	Hawes											
2	Hall (Wm.)											
8	Barlett - W. Rob Williams											
9	Thomas (Jno) Jno Bartlett											
	Totals	2 / 2	0 / 2	1 / 3	1 / 4	3 / 7	0 / 7	0 / 7				

Wednesday
July 2.

Bar. 29.9
Temp. 62
Wind. Light S.W.
Weather. Fair.

The first Shell Navigation Squad went out, with H.M.W. Of course the first time has to be mostly taken up in learning balance. They proceeded very cautiously and slow, but even so Andy Hepburn and H. Cushing failed to keep connections. P. Thompson did well.

Cheers! the Aquarium was filled! Now if only it won't leak. Speaking of which the long-hoped for Plumber came, and the pumps now pump.

The Bush-Whackers did good work, clearing brush on the Scouting Field.

Billie Ewing passed the Swimming Test.

Base Ball.

J.A.L.
H.M.W.

Futcher	Hoffman	Teagle
Hallowell, R.	Johnson, P.	Turner
Hepburn, A.	Howe	Watson
Merrill	Sewall	Worrall
		Taylor

H.U.P.
R.L.S.

Carter	Dupee	Jameson	Rantoul, R.	Rantoul, T.	Sturges
Cooke	Ewing	Hubbard	Lynch	Rockwell	

Sundry Stunts.

Meadow Brook.	Hamilton Pond.		Crooked Island.	
Worry	Iden	Terror	Will.	Panta
L.T.	C.B.H.H.	P.N.McD.	K.S.W.	J.C.F.
Stackpole	I.M.K.	Bailey, W.	R.R.	Hale
Hallowell, N.P.	Driver	Hawes		Bailey, D.
Thompson	Weekes	Ladd	Lawrence	Hepburn, S.

Fishing.

Yammer	Abol	Cobbossee Contee
J.G.W.	J.H.S.	C.H.C.
Davol	Huffman	Cushing
Williams	Smith	Johnson, E.
	I.B.	A.D.H.

30 fish.

(Wednesday continued.)

Base Ball.

There was no regular game but practise knocking up. Worrall and Howe captains. Watson good at volunteer coaching to all.

Crooked Island.

We started out with the lightest favoring zephyr, and made easy time on the three miles to the beautiful little island, the prettiest on the lake. On arriving, we found a lunch party ensconced and at luncheon, so swim had to be post-poned. Meantime a threatening shower, with a lively south wind and white-caps had piled up with surprising rapidity, and we had it lively, among the white-caps all the way home. C.H.C. steered a caney course, and the new canoe, the Cobbossee Conttee, took the seas very well. Our crews were strong ones, and all three boats went perfectly. We took in a good deal of water (the bow passengers in the Rangelys, Lawrence and R.S.Hepburn) got drenched with every slap of the waves, but took it gailey. We trimmed east through the Jamaica Point Channel, and landed to dump the Cobbossee Contee along the east side of Chute, and then came back in time for a swim.

Hamilton Pond.

We went up against the wind and by the time we were in the middle of the lake, coming home, the waves had become swelling breakers. The trick was to so catch the breakers that it took the boat with it. Every one paddled and rowed hard. There was no one who did not take a turn. Hoffman and Smith "stayed put" amidships in the "Abol" but the Dr., W. Bailey, Hawes and Ladd circulated like a merry-go-round in the "Terror".

(Wednesday continued.)

Driver and C.B.H.H. pulled a mighty stroke in the Identical. It was a close finish for all three.

The walk over the hill from the south end of the lake to Hamilton Pond and the swim were very satisfactory.

Meadow Brook for Bladderwort.

They went up before a fair wind. When they arrived they had difficulty in finding the weed for its a bit too early in the season, but after strenuous efforts and hunting they found a sufficient amount. Like other trips to the north, they found a cruel surprise in a head wind which had sprung up while they were gone, they took in a little water at every wave but by sneaking a lee all along the shore they did not have to dump. Back in time for a swim.

Fishing.

Made another fine catch, mostly perch and pout, thirty fish in all.

July 2d, cont.

First Sing Song.

1. Overture.- ----------C.H.C. H.W.P.

2. Violin Solo;---------- M.P.

3. Stuntlet; "Hop when t he Hor n blows" C.H.C., K.S.W., et al.

4. Choruses; "Voice of t he Bell, John Peel, Renzo.

5. Stuntlet, "The Muffin Man"; Faculty and Prefects.

6. Piano Solo; ---------- A.D.H.

7. Stunt, "Br eaking it gently" J.G.W., L.T., J.A.L.

8. Camp Song.

The only trouble about the pr ogramme was, it was too shor t. The overture (whose name escapes us,) was played by the distinguished performers in delicat e pizzicato style, with incomparable lightness of touch. M.P's solo was altogether charming, and was heartily applauded, as indeed was every number. The choruses were sung with spirit, which will, we feel, increase with every week. Miss Hubbard played the f irst movement of the Moonlight Sonata, always a delight to hear. "Hop when the Horn blows" emphasized the importance of acting up to the Camp motto. The Muf fin Man, given with magnificent verve and expression, showed the material of which our Faculty and Prefects are made, and that they not to be trif led with. Finally, Messrs Wiggins and Terry presented a truly enchanting scene of darkey wit, humor and pathos; "'Rastus" and his friend the storekeeper telling Col. Carter of C arter Four Corners (J.A.L.), how his dog came to die of ind igestion. A very merry evening, to be followed, we trust, by many more.

Thursday
July 3.

The first Canoe Navigation Squad went out for practice. The Coach reports some as better fitted for automobile travel than for boats, but others took hold well.

A squad stalked worms, bringing in a good bag.

H.R. and his assistant changed the position of the Cobbossee's middle thwart, and Walter Gleason is mending the smashed nose of the Williwaw. The Bush Whakers and Field Markers went on with their work.

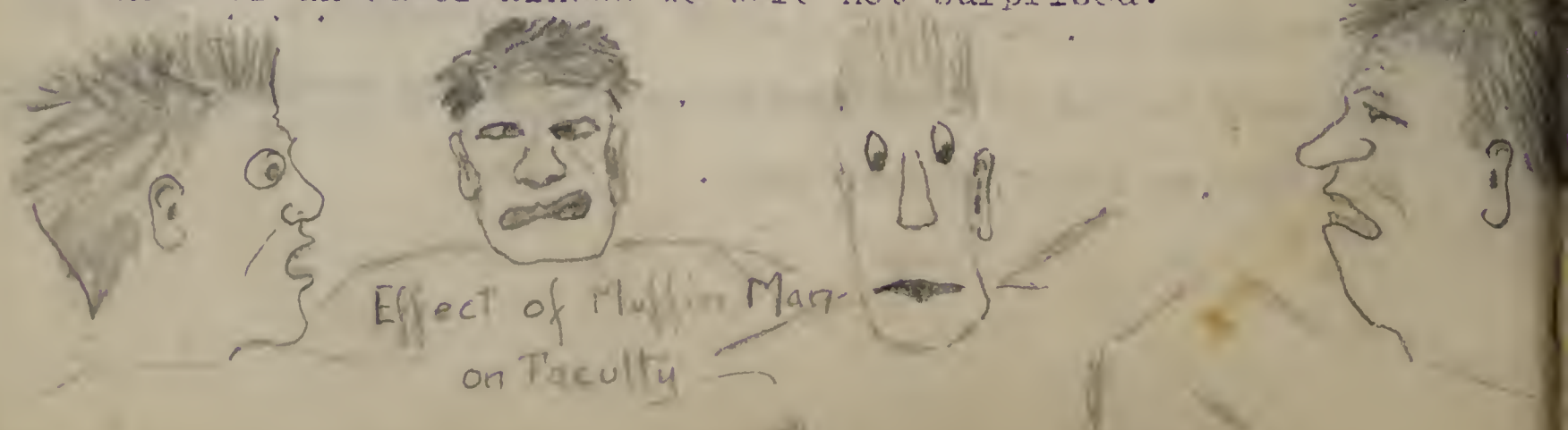
Alas, the Aquarium leaks, in spite of the three coats of shellac. This time it is to be pitched.

At Swim, Smith and Sturges passed the test. Carter did well as far as he went, but swam too fast and got winded. "A" Addy-humps did their weekly swim to the Point.

Peter Merrill caught a good bass off the Ouananiche slip.

Cyril Ward is much better but is still to be kept housed for a few days.

The "Pea-Nut", which Skipper has given to Walter Gleason, was carried away yesterday. She has had a queer history. She was found adrift by Nick Biddle, several years ago. We went to several other Camps and put notices in the post-office, to try to find her owners, but no one ever claimed her. When we came to know her unseaworthiness we were not surprised!



(Thursday continued.)

TRACK and FIELD.

A.	B.	C.
Bailey, W.	Bailey, D.	Carter
Davol	Cushing	Cooke
Driver	Futcher	Dupee
Hallowell, R.	Hallowell, N.P.	Hubbard
Hepburn, A.	Hawes	Rantoul, R.
Howe	Huffman	Rantoul, T.
Hoffman	Johnson, E.	Rockwell
Teagle	Johnson, P.	Sturges
Thompson	Ladd	Weekes
Watson	Lawrence	Williams
Worrall	Lynch	
	Merrill	
	Sewall	
	Smith	
	Stackpole	
	Taylor	

Spectators.

Ewing
Hale
Hepburn, R.
Turner
Jameson

CLASS A.

Hundred Yard Dash. First Heat. Time, 12.4 seconds.

Driver
Hepburn, A.
Davol
Hallowell, R.
Bailey, W.

Driver won by a safe margin in the fastest time of the afternoon. Hepburn, A. led Davol by a scant yard with the others well behind.

Second Heat. Time, 13.3 seconds.

Worrall
Thompson
Howe

In a heat nearly a second slower than the first, Worrall beat Thompson by less than a foot. Howe was four feet behind Thompson.

(Thursday continued.)

Final Heat. Time, 13.0 seconds.

Driver
Thompson
Hepburn, A.
Howe
Worrall
Davol

Driver again won by several feet, while Thompson had Hepburn by inches for second place. Howe beat Worrall by nearly a foot for fourth place.

Broad Jump.

Driver	14.11
Davol	13.7
Worrall	13.5
Howe	13.4
Hallowell, R.	12.9

Driver won easily with Davol more than a foot behind. The real competition was for second place when Davol had Worrall by two inches and Howe by three.

High Jump.

Driver	3.11
Davol	3.10
Hallowell, R.	3.9
Thompson	3.9
Worrall	3.9

Driver won his third first place in this event, again outclassing the field.

Shot Put

Worrall	22.2
Driver	21.7
Thompson	21.1

Worrall won handily in spite of Driver's excellent form. Thompson was third, nerly four feet ahead of Hepburn, A. who was fourth.

(Thursday continued.)

CLASS B.

Hundred Yard Dash. First Heat. Time, 14.1 seconds.

Hallowell, N.P.
Cushing
Hawes
Bailey, D.
Futcher
Huffman

Hallowell showed good form in winning by four feet from Cushing. Hawes working hard was barely a foot from second place.

Second Heat. Time, 15.1 seconds.

Lynch and Johnson, E.
Ladd
Lawrence
Johnson, P.

Lynch evidently trying only to qualify, tied for first with Johnson, E. in very slow time. Ladd just took third from Lawrence in the last few feet.

Third Heat. Time, 14.4 seconds.

Sewall
Merrill
Stackpole
Taylor

Sewall was four yards ahead of Merrill in another rather slow heat. Taylor brought up the dangerous rear in a most careless style.

Final Heat. Time, 14. seconds.

Lynch
Hallowell, N.P.
Cushing
Sewall
Johnson, E.
Merrill

Lynch had to show his best to win from Hallowell, who could have done much better had he run straight down his lane.

(Thursday continued.)

Broad Jump.

Hallowell, N.P.	14.5
Lynch	13.3
Cushing	12.9
Bailey, D.	12.4

The whole class was bothered by its inability to find the take-off, and should turn in a much better record next time. Hallowell won by more than a foot from Lynch, who seemed to lack spring.

High Jump.

Lynch	3.11
Cushing	3.6
Johnson, P.	3.6
Ladd	3.6

Lynch was far ahead of the field, barely missing in a try for 4.6. The class as a whole was rather weak in this event, however, as nearly half failed at 3.5.

Shot Put.

Lynch	21.11
Cushing	15.8½
Taylor	15.2
Hallowell, N.P.	15.

Lynch again was far ahead of the nearest competitor. Cushing, Taylor and Hallowell were all very close for second place, but Hallowell lost the place by fouling on his best put.

CLASS C.

Hundred Yard Dash. Time, 14. seconds.

Williams
Rantoul, T.
Carter
Cooke
Weekes
Sturges
Rockwell

(Thursday continued.)

A very good race. Williams equalled the best time in class B., in spite of the fact that he ran in a long diagonal across the track.

Broad Jump.

Carter	12.8
Rantoul, T.	12.
Cooke	11.6
Williams	11.4

On the whole the class showed up rather badly as only a few jumps were made which were better than ten feet.

High Jump.

Williams	3.9
Dupee	3.6
Rantoul, T.	3.5
Rockwell	3.3

Williams won with a jump which would have placed second in class B. Dupee and Rantoul, T. were very close and Dupee only cleared 3.6 on his last try.

Shot Put.

Carter	20.4
Williams	18.6
Weekes	18.3
Rantoul, T.	18.2

Carter did well to win as he wasted three of his puts by fouling.

BOATS.

The first boat evening was a good one, though as so often happens, quite a breeze sprang up after the boats had started. As always, there was hot competition for the Canoe Men, who enjoyed a peaceful time, propelled by neophytes. J.G.W.'s boat got 3 bass.

The Monkey was In Sight when we came in, and in the later evening we went on with the Thirty-Nine Steps.

Friday
July 4.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Bar. 30
Temp. 63
Wind-S.W.
Weather-Clear.

A good day, still and clear, if a little hot.

A lively cannonade began on the ball-field, as soon as cubicles were finished, and kept up, with an afternoon interval, till bed time. We never had such an outfit of crackers of all sizes, and they made a merry morning for all hands.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's Second Inaugural , and the Gettysburg address, then singing of the Star Spangled Banner, the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and America, at 10 o'clock.

The proper traditions were carried on all day. Pink lemonade and Washington Pies, decorated with little flags, at dinner; the reading of Joseph Rodman Drake's "The Flag", and "Zadoc Pine", delightful as ever, following.

Senior Ball.

Score.	Fires.		Crackers.
16-3 favor of Crackers.	C.B.H.H.	P.	R.L.S.
	J.C.F.	C.	J.A.L.
	L.T.	1.	H.M.W.
	Worrall	2.	Driver
	P.N.McD.	3.	Hallowell, R.
	H.W.P.	S.S.	K.S.W.
	Cooke	L.F.	Hallowell, N.P.
	Cushing	C.F.	Howe
	Davol	R.F.	Thompson

Bug League.

Score.	Romans.		Candles.
14-10 favor of Romans.	Sturges	P.	Hawes
	Huffman	C.	Johnson, E.
	Lawrence	1.	Watson
	Futcher	2.	Stackpole
	Johnson, P.	S.S.	Taylor
	Lynch	3.	Weekes
	Smith	L.F.	Hale
	Carter	C.F.	Ladd
	Hoffman	R.F.	Hepburn, A.

(Friday continued.)

Senior Ball if not quite like a Big League game, was a perfectly delightful one for the onlookers. There were several good hits by J.A.L.; L.T.; C.B.H.H. and a home run by R.L.S. in the lucky 7th. Having the captain of the Noble's Base-Ball team (R.L.S.), the Crackers quite easily defeated the Fires, however we must say the Fires did not seem very crest-fallen about the score and still hopefully expected the 9th to be their lucky inning! In the end of the 3rd inning C.B.H.H. made two bases on an ordinary one base hit due to his very fast running. A ball landing in Teagle's tent caused L.T. quite a lot of scrambling. Zest was also added to the game when Penn Hallowell, in his endeavor to hit a "lost ball", broke a bat.

Bug League.

Sturges started off for the Romans by walking, Huffy flied out to Stackpole, Lawrence struck out, and Sturges was put out running home. For the other side Hawes struck out, Johnson made a hit but with Taylor striking out, and also Weekes, no one scored. Johnson made a hit and Lynch's fine two bagger brought him home. Lynch followed him with Smith's bunt and the next two were put out.

Taylor ran for Hale in the second and Hawes hit brought him home.

In the 3rd inning Huffman made a good hit but was not backed up. Watson made a hit for the Candles making it 2-2. Futcher started things off in the fourth with a good hit, and Johnson's bunt got him to 3rd, Lynch's infield fly put him out and Johnson was out also. Smith and Futcher got home. Hoffman nearly did for Smitty by landing delicately with his bat on his head! as he ran home.

(Friday continued.)

In the 5th inning the Romans came through with three runs in succession. The Candles started off well with a hit by Watson who eventually scored a run.

In the 6th Weekes made a good catch in center field putting Smith out. Taylor running for Hale got home also Hawes. Johnson, E. and Watson through Stackpole's hit making the Candles one ahead.

The Romans not to be out-done, started off and Sturges came through with a run tieing the score! Weekes made another good catch putting out Lynch.

Smith made a hit in the 8th and was advanced by Carter's bunt, and got home through complications in attempting to catch Carter out at 2nd he was put out at 3rd!

Stackpole made a splendid hit bringing Watson home, but as there were already two out and Taylor flied out to the pitcher, he could not get home.

In the 9th inning Lawrence made a good hit getting to 2nd, and getting home by a wild throw of the catcher's. Futcher following closely. The last half of the inning no scoring was accomplished, the game ending with the scoreof 14-10, favor of the Romans.

A merry Ouananiche crew, C.H.C. captain, went to Merryweather Beach for Skowhegan, and J.G.W.'s crew caught 22 bass and 1 perch. (This has been a fine ~~A~~ fishing day in spite of heat and stillness.) After supper in the rather desultory time before Fire-works, were caught, 11 bass by three boats, making a total of 34 for the day, 12 bass and ~~22~~ 1 perch.

(Friday continued.) July 4

In the evening came the Fire-works, a beautiful display, perhaps the best we've ever had. The rockets were fine powerful ones, some were Parachutes, some were Golden Rain, and there were Serpent Bombs, Flower Pots, and Pinwheels, as well as a fine battery of Roman Candles, and a great Catherine wheel, that made a fine finale.

The traditional three-fold Taps the Camp standing in three circles made the welkin ring.

Senior Ball.

Crackers vs. Fires

No.	Crackers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
5	Hallowell-R-											
1	R-L-S-											
6	K-S-W-											
2	J.A-L.											
3	H.M-W.											
8	Howe											
4	Driver											
7	Hallowell-N-P-											
9	Thompson											
	Totals	6 / 6	2 / 8	5 / 13	0 / 13	0 / 13	0 / 13	3 / 16	0 / 16	0 / 16		

No.	Fires	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
7	Cushing											
1	C.B.H-H-											
3	L-T-											
6	H.W.P.											
2	J.C.F.											
5	P.N.McD.											
4	Worrell											
7	Cooke											
9	Davol											
	Totals	0 / 0	0 / 0	0 / 0	1 / 1	1 / 2	0 / 2	0 / 2	0 / 2	1 / 3		

Big League. Romans vs. Candles.

No.	Romans	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
7	Smith R											
2	Hyman C											
6	Lynch P											
5	Johnson 2											
1	Shupe 3											
4	Fuller SS											
8	Cain LF											
3	Lewis C											
9	Hartwell P											
	Totals	0	2 2	0 2	2 4	3 7	0 7	4 11	1 12	2 14		

No.	Candles	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
4	Stuckey LF											
5	Lowe C											
[illegible]	[illegible] 1											
2	[illegible] 2											
1	[illegible] SS											
6	Wood P											
7	Hoke 3											
8	Todd C											
9	Hartman RF											
	8											
	Totals	0 0	1 1	1 2	1 3	1 4	4 8	1 9	1 10	0 10		

Saturday
July 5.

Bar. 30
Temp. 66
Wind - N.W.
Weather. clear.

In the morning a very large squad was put to work on the Base-Ball field, which was badly in need of cleaning after such a glorious Fourth. A smaller squad under K.S.W. devastated the Scouting Field, cutting bushes and trees and leaving them to take away on Monday. Another small squad under H.M.W. fixed the Pomander Walk and Mr. G's bath-tub.

In the after-noon were some very amusing Rubber Water Sports.

1. Hand Paddle Race in Rangeleys. (From Point to Float.)

Willi.(first)	Yammer.(second)	Iden.(third)
Thompson (cap.)	Driver (cap.)	Howe (cap.)
Stackpole	Williams	Hepburn, R.
Bailey, D.	Lawrence	Merrill
Futcher	Johnson, P.	Bailey, W.
Teagle	Hawes	Rockwell
Weekes	Ewing	Sturges
Rantoul, T.	Sewall	Cushing

The Willi. got an excellent start while the Identical, not getting together, started losing from the beginning. The Yammer, gaining, gave the Willi. a neck and neck race from the half-way point on, they were never ahead of the Willi., however, and came in about a boat's length behind them. The Iden. finished a boat's length behind the Yammer.

2. Standing race in Canoes for Juniors. (From Pickerel to Float)

Grayling.(first)	Pink.(second)	Hec.(third)	Squanny.(fourth)
Futcher	Lawrence	Bailey, D.	Bailey, W.
Hepburn, S.	Johnson, P.	Merrill	Hawes

This race took a long time to get in line and under way, but finally after much yelling, they were off with the Grayling getting a good lead on the rest. The Hecubar and the Pink started fairly evenly and kept so through out the race. The Squanny unexpectedly caught up and gave the Hecubar a race for third place.

3. Blind Fold Race. (From Float to Pickerel.)

Panta (best)	Iden	Yammer	Willi	Erebus	Terror
Rantoul, R.	Sturges	Rockwell	Ewing	Weekes	Sewall

Weekes gave the spectators much pleasure by taking a very long row. First he steered for the point then circled back to the right and stooped almost opposite the float but a good deal too far out.

Then came Ewing, who in his endeavor not to repeat Weekes' mistakes, circled to the right and took off the hankerchief about 100 feet from the shore. He tried a second time, just for the fun of it and steered an excellent course, finishing about 10 yards beyond and to one side of the rock.

Rantoul's direction was fine but due to a slight wind, he was carried a bit too much to the right and took off his bandage about 200 feet away from the rock.

Sewall started out fairly straight, almost colliding with the "Pie Plant" en route. He went quite a way beyond the rock and then circled way out to the right.

Sturges went about the right distance out but on taking off the hankerchief found himself considerably to the right.

Rockwell came last, making a bee line for the shore near "Outer Faculty Coffee", and was just saved from runnung into the shore by L.T. who was following in the Sandpeep.

4. Senior Gunwale Race. (From Pickerel to Float.)

Pink (first)	Hecubar (second)	Squanny	Grayling
Howe	Thompson	Davol	Driver
Huffman	Stackpole	Cushing	Smith

Huffman was the first to go over, which he promptly did at the

(Saturday continued.)

start, giving Howe a much easier time without him! Then Driver and Smith after a good start both went over when they had gone about half way. Pretty soon Stacky left Thompson, while Davol and Cushing, nearly over at the half way mark, swamped about three quarters of the way in.

5. Bow Paddling. (From Point to Float.)

Pink (first.)	Hecubar (second)	Grayling (third)	Squanny (4
Taylor	Hale	Hepburn, A.	Teagle

Taylor started off well, paddling slowly , and only swinging around a few times before he won the race quite a bit ahead of the others. Hale and Hepburn both made a series of circles all the way to the float. While Teagle, keeping fairly near the shore, almost collided with a row-boat before he finally reached the float

6. Tilting.

1st Heat.

Squanny (winner)	Pink
Hallowell, R.	Johnson, E.
Smith	Ladd

2nd Heat.

Squanny (winner)	Pink
Davol	Cushing
Hallowell, N.P.	Huffman

Final Heat.

Squanny (winner)	Pink
Cushing	Davol
Hallowell, R..	Hallowell, N.P.

Hallowell, knocking Johnson's stick to one side, gave him a punch and felled him without more ado. Ladd also tumbled in as the canoe lurched to one side.

In the second heat, Hallowell won hitting Huffman from the side with his stick and dexteriously pushing him into the water.

The final heat was the best of the afternoon. In the first two bouts they both managed to keep their balance, but in the third, after much punching and locking, Penn Hallowell was finally shoved into the water.

7. Enemy in Camp.

Worry (first)	Eben (second)
Davol	Thompson
Ladd	Smith
Cushing (E)	Hallowell, N.P. (E)
Hepburn, A.	Hallowell, R.

Abol (third)	Corker (fourth)
Driver	Howe
Johnson, E.	Williams
Huffman (E)	Stackpole (E)
Taylor	Hale

Stackpole was the best enemy, he worked furiously and sank his boat when they had only gone about a quarter of the way. The Abol and then the Eben were the next ones to be swamped. The Worry crew, however, succeeded in getting across the finishing line before they finally succumbed.

8. Prefect's Tilting.

Pink (winner)	Squanny
K.S.W.	J.C.F.
C.B.H.H.	R.L.S.

The first heat was short-lived, C.B.H.H. upsetting both the canoe and its occupants. In the second heat, after both keeping their balance for awhile the Squanny was again due for a swim.

Spectators.

Run.

A.	B.
J.H.S.	C.H.C.
Lynch	Carter
Hoffman	Cooke
Watson	Dupee
Worrall (no run)	Hubbard
	Johnson, P.
	Jameson
	Turner (no run)
	Rantoul (no run)

Starter.
Phila
J.G.W.

Pickers up.
Willi
J.C.F.

Reporters.
Cobb
C.H.C.
A.D.H.

Yammer
K.S.W.

Float.
H.M.W.
J.H.S.
C.B.H.H.

Rob Roy
P.N.McD.

Sandpeep
L.T.

Petrel
J.A.L.

The first Charade Ev ening.

A very good one it wasJxExWx. J.G.W.led off with "Steward",as follows.A Medicak Missionary(Teagle) appeared before a group of savages,and told all he proposed to do for themin the line of civilizat ion in general,and proper food in particular.The savages,who had their own ideas as to proper food,repl ed by seizing him and plunging him into"Moab",thus converting him into a "stew" which was (or would have been but f or the curtain,) a very savory one."Ward" presented a town meeting,with J.C.F. as moderator.There had been trouble in the village,and it was decided to f orm a Watch aand Ward Societ y,to preserve or der and prevent crime.While the officers were being appointed,enter a sneak thief(Smith) who made off with the hats and coats of the members in a very skilful manner.Sensation.Curtain.

The whole word showed J.G.W.in the character of a singularly unjust steward,whose machinations were finally discovered by his employer,( ).The latter is finally so impressed by the cleverness of his steward,that he forgives him,and engages him for t he f uture to cheat for him instead of against him.

L.T.followed with MOBILIZE..

Scene I:a storm at sea,(very effective !) a gallant whaler wrestling with the tempest.Suddenly the lookout sings out" "Thar she blows !" wild excitement.A vast snowy head appears from the wing."Moby Dick !" cries the captain."The white whale ! The witch whale !" Frantic terror and confusion.Curtain.

Scene II.. "Lies."

Two ladies,(J.H.S.and) seated at work.To them enter L.T. a beggar woman of formidable stature,followedmby a crowd of

Sat.July 5th,cont.

children.She makes piteous appeals for help,piling lie upon lie,till the ladies,at first compassionate,rise in anger and dismiss her.

Scene III. Mobilize.

A most spirited scene,with L.T.as commander-in-chief,writing and sending depatches,and receiving scouts,who rush in to tell him that Caesar,is marching,that Hannibal has crossed the Rubicon,Jackson the Indus,Whoopingkoffski the Ohio,etc.etc.

Next,J.A.L.presented "Highwayman"with much spirit,as follows.

Scene I. High.

Track and Field;the high jump going on.Merrill,Hubbard,Sewall and others showed their prowess,and wond deserved applause.

Scene II. Way.

A groups of,travellers,having lost their way,make inquiries of a recumbent rustic,(Driver) who gives them repeated directions whichmlead them nowhere,and cause them to return again and again, angrier each time.Finally he gets up and shows them himself.

Scene III. Man.

A nautical scene;ship's company leaning over bulwarks.One of them loses his balance.A splash is seen,if not heard.A wild cry,"Man overboard!" a thrilling rescue,and all was happily over.

Scene IV. Highwayman.

Scene from Alfred Noyes's "Highwayman."A.D.H.as "Bess,the landlord's daughter,tied to the foot of the bed,the musket tied beneath her breast."Tlot Tlot!" she hears her lover's horse-hoofs outside in the moonlight."One finger touches the trigger".The musket shatters the moonlight;she droops dead beside it.Curtain.

Last,but by no means least,came C.H.C.with

Sat.July 5th,cont..

Hemlock..

Scene I..

A dressmaker's parlor,with seamstresses busily at work.Enter a lady in a hurry(Lawrence,) whose dress is so long that it trips her up at every step,and who"must catch the train ! !."She stands on a stool,and the seamstresses all kneeling round her,proceed to rurn up the hem of the dress, she continuing to ejaculate "I ~~must~~ must catch that train !"

Scene II..

The interior of a pr ison.Jailer disposes prisoners for the night and retires. Enter friend of a prisoner,who skilfully picks the lock of his cell and lets him out.Exeunt both.. Jailer returns,. finds the bird flown,and gives the alarm.Sensation.Cur tain.

Scen~~e~~ III.. Hemlock..

This thrilling scene began with the appeareance of two ferocious bloodhounds,whimpering and straining on the leash,and with dif ficulty r estrained by their keepers.They were hunting someone;when they had left the stage,the fugitive appeared,breathless and fainting,.

a desperate man.No one spoke his name.Whether he was an escaped murderer,or a proscribed patriot,we know not.Some thought he had a look of P.N . McD.;but as that cheerful medico is still with us,that can hardly be.For this man,as the baying of the bloodhounds broke out again,near erx still and nearer,declared in an impassioned soliloquy that he preferred death to capture,and drawing a cup from beneath his mantle,drained to the dregs the fatal draught,. and fell lif eless to t he earth,just as t he hounds rushed upon the scene.

Note;this.morning R.R.went in to Gar diner ,to t ake Patsy,the puppy,to a good trainer,we being all too busy to give him the needed instruction: she returned in the evening. We miss Patsy, but Sunshine Alley will sleep more soundly.

IN MEMORY OF THE ORGANIZER OF THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM IN AMERICA: BISHOP LAWRENCE

of Massachusetts Blessing the Flag Which Was Raised at the Dedication of a Tablet to Gerrit Smith Miller at Dedham, Mass., With Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, Taking Part in the Ceremonies. (*International*)

Sunday,
November 18, 1923

Sunday
July 6.

A hot day!

Special details for the week:

Bar - 30
Temp - 64
Wind - S.
Weather partly cloudy.

Merryweather Light---Worrall.

Flag----------Stackpole.

Inspectors----------Cushing, Hallowell, R.

Weather----------Merrill.

Last week's Inspectors, Dicky Hale and Huffman report good dormitory work, all through, the average being B. This is fine, and ought to make the Cup competition keen.

Mrs. Turner, Sam's mother, came to supper with us last night, and to dinner to-day.

Sam Turner and Barclay Cooke passed the Swimming Test, doing it well. Sam Lynch just failed, but should do it at the next try. Good shell practice during swim.

J.G.W. caught four Bass this morning, Palmer Futcher, 1; Huffman, 2; making a total of 7 Bass.

PICNIC AT GOOSE BEACH.

Ouani	Corker	Abol	Eben
L.T.	C.H.C.	J.H.S.	J.G.W.
I.M.K.	Cushing	Davol	Futcher
Bailey, D.	Merrill	Huffman	Smith
Bailey, W.	Driver	A.D.H.	Hallowell, R.
Hepburn, A.			
Johnson, P.	Yanner	Ident	Willi
passengers	J.C.F.	C.B.H.H.	K.S.W.
L.E.R. Rantoul, T.	Howe	Lynch	Hoffman
R.R. Worrall	Cooke	Ewing	Ladd
M.P.	Dupee	Hepburn, S.	Rantoul, R.

Pant	Erebus	Terror	Worry	Cobb
R.L.S.	H.M.W.	P.N.McD.	R.B.T.	J.A.L.
Thompson	Taylor	Watson	Stackpole	Hallowell, N.P.
Hubbard	Sturges	Turner	Johnson, E.	Hawes
Jameson	Rockwell	Williams	I.B.	Hale

The first water picnic at Goose Beach, was perfectly delightful. We found a good many people about the beautiful place, but they

(Sunday continued)

were a friendly crowd; and Brother Thurbush, who owns the beach, with whom we had a pleasant chat, promises that he will never sell the beach itself or our picnic spot, to any one but us. (N.B.; his nine children were a fine sight; the little girls with rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and fine features, were really beautiful. Non Angli, Sed Angeli.)

Skowhegan, with the fallen Abbott Tree as Bone Yard, was a merry time. The bands were the Narragansetts and Wabbaquasetts, Driver's side won the first game, by one run (R.Rantoul); the second was a tie.

L.E.R. read the two wonderful Masefield stories, The Western Isles, and The Devil and the Old Man, as always at the Goose Beach Picnic.

The fleet went well (though some of the new hands were a little ragged in keeping the line), with L.T. as Commodore.

Hymns are beginning to go well; to-night's the best we've had.

For the Half-Past Niners, we had Kipling's, The Explorer, and The Man Who Was, one of the first stories ever written.

Monday
July 7.

Bar 30
Temp-70
Wind-(calm, light variable)
Weather-fair.

During Swimming this morning, Sam Lynch passed the test easily and well. Carter although he reached the point swam too far inland and touched bottom once.

H.R. took out the Navigation Squad for the first time.

Junior Ball.

Flap-jacks.	vs.	Pancakes.
Driver	P.	Cushing
R.L.S.	C.	C.B.H.H.
Worrall	1.	R.B.T.
Smith	2.	Cooke
Davol	3.	Hallowell, N.P.
Hallowell, R.	S.S.	Howe
Stackpole	L.F.	Futcher
Thompson	C.F.	Hale
Hawes	R.F.	Lynch

Umpire--J.A.L.

Campers.	in the:	Fishing.		
	Erebus	Arklet	Pant	Ident
Dupee	Terror	Hoffman	J.G.W.	P.N.McD.
Ewing	Williwaw	Taylor	Huffman	Weekes
Jameson		Sturges	Carter	Hubbard
Ladd				Hepburn, S.
Rantoul, R.		3 perch	47 perch	
Rockwell		2 bass	4 bass	3 perch
Turner				
J.C.F.		Yammer	Chub	
K.S.W.		M.P.	H.M.W.	
		Sewall	Lawrence	Non Coms
Corker	Cobb	Johnson, E.	Merrill	Hepburn, A.
L.T.	J.H.S.			Watson
Bailey, D.	Bailey, W.	6 perch	7 perch	
Williams	Rantoul, T.		2 bass	
Johnson, P.	Teagle			

Junior Ball.

A perfectly splendid game. In the first inning, Davol made an excellent catch of a hard swift ball, hit by J.A.L. who was playing for a short time in C.B.H.H.'s place until he should arrive. Throughout the game there were several excellent fly catches; by Cooke, Stackpole, Cushing, and two brilliant ones by Futcher. In the second, Cushing made a good stop and showed quick thinking,

(Monday continued.)

Driver pitched very well as he also did in the 6th, the latter also distinguished himself in the 4th by hitting a good two-bagger.

In the 5th, Hallowell N.P. made a good stop and throw, and in the 6th, Summers (playing catcher) made an excellent catch of a difficult fly.

There was a pretty hit by Howe in the 7th, and later on in the inning a very good catch and throw by him. The 8th was notable for fine pitching and playing on Cushing's part. At the end of the 9th, the score being a tie, 5-5, another inning was added. C.B.H.H. trying to make the necessary run, was put out at home, he was quickly followed by R.T., however, making the score 6-5, favor of the Pancakes.

The Caves.

The Caves expedition landed on the West shore, a little above the usual landing place, on the beach opposite the South end of Hoyts. We found the Devil's Den, all right, and the cleft precipice, at the top of the big Slide; but there has evidently been a big fresh slide, for quantities of rock with fresh cut surfaces, and the big cave has been covered and can't be found; though there are many small caves.

We found a splendid spring of ice cold water, where we landed. While we were there, two men from Thunig's Camp came for water there, with big buckets, and said it was the finest spring any where about.

We had a beautiful view of Long Pond and all the big hills, from the top of the precipice; a fine swim at the landing place,

and supper. Home about 8 o'clock.

The First Camping Trip started off, headed for the West, getting away in good form. Their chiefs' account of the trip will follow in due course.

The Fishing is being splendid, and this afternoon's the best we have had at all. J.G.W.'s boat, brought in by far the best score, 4 good bass, 47 perch, but other good catches brought the score up to the fine total of 74.

In the evening we had the first Boston, a fine bout of it. Then a volunteer squad of nearly all the Half-past Niners and Prefects cleaned the fish, with an extra swim as a reward.

Base-ball score follows on the next page.

(Monday continued.)

Bug League.

Pancakes vs. Flap-jacks. Score 6-5, favor Pancakes.

No.	[illegible]	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	H
1	[illegible]												4	1		0
6	[illegible]												5	1		2
2	C.B.+H.												4	2		4
10	D.P.I.												5	1		1
5	[illegible]												4	0		2
4	[illegible]												5	0		1
7	[illegible]												4	0		0
8	[illegible]												4	0		0
9	[illegible]												4	1		1
	Totals	1/1	0/1	3/4	0/4	1/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	1/6					

No.	[illegible]	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	H
6	[illegible]												6	0		3
1	[illegible]												5	2		2
3	[illegible]												5	0		2
2	D.L.S.												4	2		3
8	[illegible]												4	0		1
7	[illegible]												4	0		1
4	[illegible]												4	1		1
5	[illegible]												5	0		2
9	[illegible]												3	1		0
	Totals	2/2	1/3	1/4	1/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	0/5					

Acorn Camp at Oak Island

The Williwaw, Pantasote and Erebus with their motley crew of Acorns headed with much gusto toward Oak Island where it was decided to camp for the night. The East shore being too thick with underbrush and rocks we thought it best to camp on the West Shore in Southwest bay.

The tents were soon up with Billy Ewing distinguishing himself as a peg chopper. In the meantime Bill Rockwell had a fire going and some water boiling for the evening meal. After a short dip we started eating ravishly.

Mess kits were soon cleaned up and everything made ship-shape for the next meal. Somebody then suggested telling Ghost Stories and all gathered in the big tent ~~where~~ where breathless, hair-raising tales of blood and murder ensued.

An imaginary "Skipper" seemed to call "Half past eight and all hands turned in except Jack Fairchild and Hen Walker who sat by the fire and talked.

Suddenly there was a commotion in one of the tents and Sam Turner yelled out that a fire had started near by. But lo and behold! it was merely a phosphorescent stump a few feet from the tent.

Rain commenced in the early hours of the morning, but outside of Billy Ladd yelling for his shirt in his sleep and Billy Ewing dreaming that he was cutting tent pegs, all slept through.

all arose at six and took another quick dip. Breakfast was soon started but rather in a hurry since rain threatened. But after a hasty but tasty repast we took the tents down and prepared to leave.

The water was calm on the return trip, but altho the weather still looked threatening we arrived dry and safe at eight o'clock after a thoroughly successful trip.

J. C. F.
R. S. W.

Tuesday
July 8.

Bar - 30
Temp - 70 1/3
Wind - calm
Weather - cloudy

A most oppresive day, very muggy and hot.

During Swim, S.Carter passed the test very well, swimming more slowly than the first time and alternating between the breast stroke and crawl. The non-swimmers are now greatly decreased in numbers and as they are rapidly increasing their distances, there ought to be no more of them very soon.

Even though the day was such a boiling one, there was Senior and Junior Soccer in the afternoon. There was also a bit of Ping-Pong for those who were not then playing soccer.

Senior Soccer.

St. Pats	vs.	St. Adolphus
C.B.H.H.		P.N.McD.
C.H.C.		K.S.W.
R.L.S.		J.A.L.
J.H.S.		J.G.W.
R.B.T.		H.M.W.
J.C.F.		L.T.
Driver		Worrall
Hallowell, R.		Hale
Howe		Thompson
Davol		Hallowell, N.P.
Bailey, W.		Lynch

Junior Soccer.

Lame Shins	vs.	Broken Toes
Cushing (capt.)		Futcher (capt.)
Cooke		Bailey, D.
Ewing		Carter
Hawes		Dupee
Hoffman		Hepburn, A.
Hubbard		Hepburn, S.
Jameson		Huffman
Johnson, E.		Johnson, P.
Lawrence		Ladd
Merrill		Rantoul, T.
Rantoul, R.		Rockwell
Sewall		Stackpole
Smith		Taylor
Sturges		Weekes
Teagle		Williams
Turner		

Junior Soccer.

The game opened rather amusingly. Sewall scored a goal against

July 8 (Tuesday continued.)

his own team! Cushing's opponent deposited the ball in his eye! However, the first half went with much pep in spite of the warmth, and there were strong in-roads made into the Lame Shins' territory and good defensive work shown by that team. In the 2nd half, Ewing touched the ball with his hand, thereby giving the Broken Toes a free kick by which they benefited, making the score 2-0. Numerous corner kicks took place, and there was good play on both sides.

Senior Soccer.

The St. Adolphians made two good attempts at a goal but nothing came of it. The Doc. would have scored save for the goal-keeper, Davol, who warded it off. L.T. scored at the end of the first half.

In the second half, Worrall made a goal, bringing the score up to 2 for St. Adolphus. G.Davol stopped another attempt at a goal. The play was hard and very violent at moments!

J.A.L. made a goal in the last quarter, and L.T. in the last two minutes, making it with his head! Thus the game ended, 4-0 favor of St. Adolphus.

In the evening we hoped to have boats, and although it had been perfect boat weather all day, a small Williwaw came up just as we were about to set out, so the Observation game was played instead. The winners were as follows: 3 seconds.

Table A.	Table B.	Table C.	Table D.
Bailey, D.---8	Bailey, D.---8	Ewing---7	Driver---10
Driver---7	Carter---5	Dupee---7	Worrall--10
Hallowell,N.P.-7	Howe---5	Johnson, E.--6	Ewing--7
Howe--7	Hallowell,N.P.-5	Hale---6	Hawes-7
			Hale--7

July 7 (Tuesday continued.)

30 seconds.

Table A.	Table B.	Table C.	Table D.
Bailey, D.-22	Driver-17	Cushing--16	Driver-17
Howe-17	Hawes-14	Hallowell,N.P.-16	Hale-16
	Howe-14	Hale-15	
		Howe-15	

In the afternoon J.G.W. went out fly fishing and caught one bass.

Wednesday
July 9.

Showers.

Another really oppresive day; heavy, muggy heat; and still the Democratic Convention keeps on balloting!

There are serious forest fires, all round Masardis, in the Aroostook. Several villages have been wiped out, and many more are threatened.

Yesterday's shower, so slight here, was worse farther East. A big lumber mill in Winslow, 18 miles away, was struck by lighting, and entirely destoyed.

Jim Jameson passed the Swimming Test, doing it well. This brings the Non-Swimmers down to three. All these recent Tests have been done by good steady work, working up to longer and longer distances.

Arthur Dupee's father and sister stopped over for a call this morning: and we forgot to say that a Pine Island canoe, with two of the Faculty, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Macleheney, dropped in for a call the other day. It was very pleasant to see them.

Skowhegan was hoped for, but it was too still and oppresive, and then came quite a shower. We substituted Fishing, and two runs, with Ping-Pong beforehand for the runners.

The Fishermen were just beginning to take fish in well, the runners were well on their way, when an extremely lively shower, a real Williwaw, with black clouds, Canoe Test wind, and all the "Fixings", came down on us from the North. The Fishers scurried in, landing by the point, as the wind was blowing half a gale, and mostly getting in before they were drenched. The pace of the Runners was accelerated, and soon they came pouring in, like drowned rats. Class A. ran up past the School House towards Goose

Beach, to the Pine Beach road; down that, and home by the shore. Class B. ran up the same road, but branched off at Alexander's Pasture, coming home by the Scouting Ridge. The first in order to come in were:

Class A.	Class B.
Driver	Merrill----pace-maker.
Worrall	Lawrence
J.C.F.	Rantoul, T.
Howe	Rockwell
Hallowell,R.	Williams
Davol	

(But where was Hoffman? and how did J.H.S. come in so entirely neat and dry?)

Some of the Progressive Ping-Pong winners were:

C.B.H.H.
C.B.H.H.
Taylor
A.D.H.
Worrall

We forgot to put in its right place the welcome arrival, this morning of.

Just at supper time, sad word came for Jimmy Worrall, of his uncle's critical illness, and he took the night train for New York.

The Sing-Song programme follows. In the later evening we had Mythology, and the new French Game.

About 10.30 p.m. the first trip of the season, R.B.T. and C.B.H.H. in the Hecuba, started for Round The Horn, under a bright still newish moon, quite low in the West. A good night to them!

The tremendous news came after bed-time that Davis was nominated, on the 91st ballot.

The Lists for the afternoon fishing and running were as follows:

(Wednesday continued.)

Fishing.

Erebus	Terror	Yammer
J.G.W.	H.M.W.	K.S.W.
Turner	Bailey, D.	Bailey, W.
Hallowell, N.P.	Cooke	Rantoul, R.
4 bass	1 bass	3 perch
Ident	Willi	Pant
L.T.	P.N.McD.	R.B.T.
Stackpole	Hawes	Johnson, P.
Ladd	Hepburn, S.	Smith
2 perch	1 perch	6 bass

Runs.

Class A.

C.H.C.
J.C.F.
C.B.H.H.
Davol
Driver
Futcher
Hale
Hallowell, R.
Hepburn, A.
Hoffman
Howe
Huffman
Lynch
Teagle
Thompson
Worrall
Sewall

Class B.

J.A.L.
R.L.S.
J.H.S.
Carter
Ewing
Hubbard
Jameson
Johnson, E.
Lawrence
Merrill
Rantoul, T.
Rockwell
Taylor
Weekes
Williams

Total fish for the day, 11 bass, 6 perch.

The Second Sing Song.

1. Overture.----------C,H,C,& J.F.C.

2. Duet, "I would that my love".--------Mrs Marvin and A.D.H.

3. Songs;---------- L.T.

4. Choruses; "Dink Puppy", Camp Chant ey, "My heart's in the Highlands", Scouting Song.

5. Songs;----------Mrs Marvin.

6. Acrobatic Stunt. Prefects.

7. Trio;; A.D.H., K.S.W., Hallowell N.P.

8. ~~PxNxMxDxx~~ St unt;. P.H.McD. et al.

9. 'Camp Song. ~~xCxMPxSxNGxxxx~~

This was a rattling good Sing Song, if we do say it. The overture struck t he note of gay hilarity which was kept up throughout the hour--with the welcome exception of the lovely Mendelssohn duet and the equally lovely Schubert trio. ~~xIxTxPRxExMxxx~~Mrs Marvin was indeed an acquisition; her clear, silvery voice blended beaut ifully with that of A.D.H., and no one was ready to have her stop singing.

L.T. gave us a new song, "Irene and her accordeen", which was received wit h rapturous applause. The prefects followed, with a display of strength , agility, and fun that kep t the audience in roars of laughter from beginning to end. They leaped, they rolled, they tumbled, they climbed over one another; all with perfect ease and immovable gravity. It was a truly wonderful exhibition.

Next came a vocal t rio, sung by A.D.H., K.S.W., and Hallowell N.P. "Who is Silvia"? An exquisite thing, charmingly sung. We shall hope to hear often from this trio of singers.

Wed.July 9th,cont.

Then Mrs Mar vin sang again,and on being encored, gave us an enchanting little song in which she made all hands join,singing or whistling as they could..

The second stunt was pr esented by P.N.McD,and represent ed the school trial in "Pip".P.N.Mc D.was the Scotch dominie,. and played the part to perfection.A grievous offence had been committed.The bust of Julius Caesar had been disfigured by blacking its eyebrows and giving it moustaches.Here the bust (Sturges) was produced,and was certainly a shocking object.Circumstantial evidenee pointed to Peter Merrill,. who was gravely accused of the crime.He denied it,sullenly but steadfastly.The dominie earnestly exhorted the culprit,. whoever he might be,to confess.All remaining silent,he was proceeding to condemn Peter to punishment,when the real sinner ,(Taylor) broke out tearfully with"Please,sir,it was me !." "It was I!" thundered the dominie,horrified at the breach of grammar. "No,sir !." blubber ed Johnny;" "it was me !. !." and amid shouts of laughter the curtain was drawn.

The Camp Song,sung with much spirit,concluded the merry evening.

Thursday
July 10.

Bar.-29.7
Temp.-68
Wind - South.
Weather- fair with occasional showers.

"Round The Horn"came home in triumph, about 6 A.M. The moon served them all down Long Pond, but it clo clouded soon, so they didn't get a good sunrise. It was a splendid trip, though, 27 miles with scarcely a break, and never did Round The Horners bear up more gallantly through the day! They got a short nap after Swim, and coffee helped; but they stayed triumphantly awake all through evening reading.

Yesterday's showers did really help a little, it is still hot and muggy, but the good breeze helps.

The Brush Clering Squads have been felling some pretty big trees, and greatly improving the Scouting Field generally. There was much disturbance over a large and obstinant poplar, out beyond "Faculty Coffee". This heafty tree, after being chopped at the stump, in falling lodged on a small and rather inconspicuous looking stub high up on a red pine. This stub caused a tremendous amount of engineering skill for various squads under J.C.F. and K.S.W., for three consecutive days. Crow-bars were used freely but to no avail, then a block and tackle was brought on the scene, but this only served to sink the tree deeper into the ground. Finally after all the king's horses and all the king's men had had a try at it, Skipper suggested a miraculous way whereby lassooing and all sorts of ingenious methods were employed, and lo and behold, the old poplar descended amid shouts of glee from the victors.

The wind kept up well and there were rumors all the morning; then definite word for everyone to make lists of the opposing warriors. Things grew a little tense, and tenser; till, part way through reading, Skipper came, holding up the Board, with the white

ruled sheet, familiar to every old Camper. The Great Game was at hand!

The detailed account follows later, but we will say here that it was remarkably good for the first afternoon. Three murders were committed, and one excited younger brave tried the Machine Gun, firing off the Faculty names right through both sides, but in the main there was no bone-head playing, it all was snappy and keen. The relays were good, also the follow-up work, and from the Bone-yard it looked as if every single Scout was playing the game well.

It was just like old times to have a black shower pile up, and give us a good soaking for the last game, but it only added to the keeness. The Hopis broke through the Navohoes guard, piling up runs, but in general it was very even. Stackpole made the best score in shots, making 6 in one game; Cushing and Howe came next with 4 each, and Lynch had the fine score of 2 runs in one game.

1st game.

This game started off well. Two of the new braves soon appeared, however, and soon yet a third. After the first ten minutes, many white caps from both sides, began springing up from the under-brush. They continued to flock in and before the game was up there were numerous braves strewn far and wide. There was a good bit of rubber-ghosting done. At the end of the game P. Johnson reported a run, and soon 5 more disheveled Hopis appeared and reported a run a piece.

2nd game.

The whole advance guard of the Navahoes started by way of the bone-yard. The victims of the first game became more wary this

July 12 (Thursday continued.)

time and the white caps did not appear as quickly as before. There was some rather startling and very good rubber-ghosting done by the Navahoes throughout the game. When the "all in" was sounded, the Navahoes appeared with 3 runs against the Hopis' 2.

3rd game.

With the beginning of the game came the rain, adding zest and livening things up. As soon as the dead braves appeared, they reported to the huddled form of Skipper, engulfed in rain-coats and rubber blankets, and then rushed down to Camp for a swim. In this game Lynch made two of the eight runs for the Hopis, an excellent score.

The first Dish-washing squad did spendidly. C.H.C. invited them to"a little private entertainment on the porch", and they did the dishes in double quick time, in spite of the handicap of little hot water to start with.

Very fine Dumb-Crambo, after supper. We won't soon forget Peter Merrill's rendering of "Bile"; and there were ever so many vivid and striking scenes.

Green mantle for the Half-past Niners.

Lenter Sewall caught a 10-inch Chub off the Float. J.G.W. and P.N.McD. caught nine good Bass after supper, by moonlight.

Navahoes

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.A.L.	X	•		X			X		
J.G.W.	X	••		X	•••		X		
L.T.	X	•		X	••••		X		
P.H.MacD.				X					
K.S.W.	X	•		X			X		
R.L.S.	X	•		X	•		X	•	
Bailey, D.				X	•		X		
Carter				X			X		
Cushing							X	••••	
Ewing	X			X				•	
Futcher							X		
Hallowell, N.P.	X						X		
Hepburn, R.S		•				/	X		/
Huffman	X			X	•		X	•	
Hale				X	•		X		
Hawes		•••					X	•	
Johnson, E.	X						X		
Lawrence					•		X		
Merrill				X	•		X		
Smith	X	••••		X		/	○	○	○
Stackpole	X				•		X	••••••	
Taylor				X	•		X	••	
Rantoul, T.				X			X		
Sturges	X			X			X		
Teagle	X			X			X		
Weekes	X	•		X			X		
Williams	X			X	•	/	X		

Hopis

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.H.S.	X				••		X	•	
C.H.C.				X				•	/
H.M.W.			/	X	•		X		
J.C.F.		••		X			X		
R.B.T.			/	X	•			•	/
C.B.H.H.			/	X	•		X	••	
Bailey, W.	X			X	••		X	•	
Cooke	X					/		•	
Davol	X			X	••				
Dupee	X			X			X	••	/
Hallowell, R.		•••					X	••	
Hepburn, A.	X	•		X			X	•	
Hoffman	X			X			X	•	
Hubbard	X						X	•	
Howe		••••		X	•••			••••	/
Johnson, P.	X		/					•	/
Jameson			/	X			X		
Lynch		•		X				•	//
Ladd	X	•		X			X		
Rockwell	X						X	••	
Thompson			/		••		X		
Rantoul, R.	X	•		X			X		
Sewall	X	••		X	••		X		
Turner	X			X			X	•	/
Watson	X			X			X		
Worrall	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Driver				X	•	/		•	

Friday
July 11.

Bar. 29.6
Temp. 66
Wind - West
Weather. Fair.

In the morning after the various squads had finished their jobs, a few heated games of Ping-Pong were played. A very good game going on between R.L.S. and R.B.T.

In the afternoon after Reading at the Pine Boudoir we all came tearing down to find the Doctor en route for Pickerel. in a strong Canoe Test wind. He rounded the rock succesfully but fell over board shortly after.

The next victim was H.M.W. He got round Pickerel and was going along splendidly, until getting caught in the trough of the waves, he was slapped over to the side and fell in.

Next came K.S.W. he started rather wobbily but not only rounded Pickerel and the anchored boat, but also jumped over board, got back in and came home in triumph.

J.C.F. made a good start, heading fairly straight for Pickerel, but he was doomed to share the same fate as the Doctor. and getting swamped went over after rounding the rock.

Next came C.B.H.H. who did it beautifully. After getting by Pickerel he gave the spectators a nervous moment, but all went well and he continued on his course, going round the boat, jumping over board, in again and back to the Float with flying colors.

Bill Driver came last but by no means least. He managed his canoe splendidly and did the test in very good time. He certainly deserves most hearty congratulations.

As soon as the Canoe Testers had all had a try, there were found to be many of the Brethren who were eagerly awaiting a chance to show their skill in the Expert and Able Swimming Tests.

3 cheers for the Ables! They all passed with high distinction.

The honorable list is as follows:

Bailey, D.
Huffman
Johnson, E.
Ladd
Lawrence
Taylor
Williams

Four of the Experts passed, and did it in very excellent form, they are:

Ewing
Futcher
Howe
Teagle

Of the ones who failed the Expert Test, there was Sewall who failed in trying to get off his shoes; while Hallowell, R., Hale, and Hoffman all failed at the crucial point of getting off their clothes. Taylor failed before he got as far as the ordeal of the clothes, and also Davol and Stackpole who had to give in after going about a third of the way. Huffman after going a bit of the way and finding it too hard, took off his clothes and did the Able Test instead. We certainly hope that there will be a windy day soon again, as we feel sure that those who failed will be able to pass with glory!

In the evening there were Games on the Hill, followed by Quiet Games. For the Half-past Niners there was some more exciting Green Mantle.

After supper, J.G.W. and L.T. caught 3 bass and 1 perch.

Saturday
July 12

Bar. 29.7
Temp- 71
Wind-West
Weather-Fair

The morning was a bit hectic due to the fact that we were off for an all-day expedition. Therefore as it had been a "Blanket on the Hill" day, a few of the Brethren had to hustle around considerably in order to get off by 10 o'clock.

Before Reading, there was wrestling for the first time this year. The bouts were as follows:

Hallowell, R. vs. Lawrence	Good fight by both, won in the last 25 seconds by Hallowell.
Hawes vs. Rockwell	Won very quickly by Hawes.
Cooke vs. Carter	A great deal of rolling, finally Cooke rooled on top and won.
Davol vs. Watson	Davol downed Watson easily.
Hepburn, A. vs. Lynch	Lynch downed Hepburn after a hard fight.
Taylor vs. Hoffman	A draw. Hoffman on top most of the time.

Abbreviated all-day Adventures.

Meadow Brook to Little Pond.

Abol.	Worry	Cobb
J.A.L.	K.S.W.	Driver
Hallowell, N.P.	Davol	Hawes
Futcher	Bailey, W.	Stackpole
A.D.H.	Howe	Thompson

Little Pond to Meadow Brook.

Rip	Eben	Corker
J.H.S.	C.H.C.	C.B.H.H.
Johnson, E.	Johnson, P.	Hepburn, A.
Bailey, D.	Merrill	Huffman
Hallowell, R.	M.P.	Hale

(Saturday continued.)

Philip Mountain.

Erebus	Terror	Ouani.	
		H.M.W.	
P.N.McD.	J.C.F.	R.L.S.	I.M.K.
Lynch	Teagle	R.B.T.	Watson
Rantoul, T.	Williams	Taylor	Hoffman
Ewing	Sturges	Dupee	Lawrence
		Ladd	Cooke
		passengers.	
		Carter	Hubbard
		Turner	Rantoul,R.
		Hepburn,S.	Rockwell

Meadow Brook to Little Pond.

The plan was that we were to go up Great Pond to Meadow Brook, then continuing up that we would come to North Pond and thence into Little Pond. There, on a beach, we were to meet the other canoers. They in the meantime had come via the Tiber, had then taken a short walk through Rome and over the hill to the appointed beach.

We got off punctually with a slight South west wind to help us along a trifle. Before taking the final plunge into the rather non-drinkable waters of Meadow Brook, tin cups were handed round and we all filled ourselves with "aqua pura", as if we had been starting on a 50 mile desert trip, at least.

The river turned out to be a perfectly lovely one, winding first this way and then the other. Apart from its beauty, however, it was full of snares and pitfalls to foil the listless canoer.

On rounding a bend, what do we see but Driver and Crew neatly balancing on a log. After a bit of pushing this way and pulling that, not to mention twisting hither and yon, they at last got off without any very serious damage. We continued up stream

dodging rocks, logs and sand-banks to the best of our ability; when lo and behold, K.S.W.and Crew evidently finding the weather a trifle warm, are mildly swimming about in the river. However, on seeing the eggs and milk also braving the waters, it did not look quite so "unaccidental". We were soon on again with no more very exciting adventures, except for a young ladies' camp who seemed much interested in us.

At about twenty minutes of one, we suddenly emerged into North Pond. A lovely spot. Crossing this to the west, we came into Little Pond and there on the beach ahead of us the other Canoers were already swimming about.

After a swim we had lunch in the woods, where,besides eating ourselves, we served as a copious meal for many energetic mosquitoes. Lunch over, an exciting game of Skowhegan (the Green Meadowers vs. the Babbling Brookers) took place. There being two on a side, the game had its rather tense moments.

About three o'clock we were again under way. Without much difficulty we found the path over the hill to Rome, and found the canoes which the others had left there for us. On coming into Great Pond we were met by a head wind and it took us quite a while to get back. We got to Camp shortly after the others who had come down Meadow Brook.

Little Pond to Meadow Brook.

We started off in fine form about eleven o'clock. The difficulty which we expected in finding our way from the Tiber to Little Pond, proved to be nothing at all, as we found the path with ease, after consulting one or two farmers. We ate lunch by the side of the road before starting across to the Pond. On reaching the afore-

(Saturday continued.) July 12 -

said spot, a swim was had and revelled in by all. We met the bunch that had gone in the opposite direction from us, and took their canoes up the brook, while they brought ours home. The paddle down the Brook was varied; climbing out and getting over trees across the stream, and going under numerous others, coming across sunken logs etc. hoping to just get over them and sometimes succeeding, were the lest of our worries.

After getting out of Meadow Brook, we paddled home against a strong head wind and reached Camp in time for a swim before supper.

Tracy's Bluff.

Tracy's Bluff (this is its real name; the real Philip Mountain is beyond) was a corking trip. We landed at the regular beach (finding, alas, a new cottage just by the landing), and the sterner sex had a good swim. Good luncheon, under the big oak, then the pleasant walk, up the slope of Sugar Maples, along the road and up the steeper slope, among boulders and junipers, to the cliffy top; R. Rantoul trailing pretty badly. Fine Skowhegan on top, among the rocks. When we got down again, we found as so often happens, a good, lively head wind, and it was a stiff row home.

Of the Tutors and Tutees who were left at home, J.G.W. and Jameson caught 3 bass, 3perch and 1 pout. Smith and Sewall caught 2 bass, 3 perch and 1 pout.

In the evening were charades and after the Half-past Eighters had departed we had some more Green Mantle.

Second Charade Evening.

First came J.A.L.,with "Nonsense."

I. Non.

Enter two fishing boats,commanded by J.A.L.and H.M.W.M.P. receives them on float.(Table-top !) The first boat has caught nine bass and one whistling barracouta;the second has caught none...J.A.L.asks what all this fishing is for,when nothing is ever caught ? Lively altercation.Curtain.

II.Sense. The smelling game,presided over by M'P'.Sense of smell poorly developed in several of the performers.

III. Nonsense. Both the other scenes are repeated,mixed up in a most absurd way.General confusion and distraction.Curtain.

C.H.C.next presented "Surfeit,"as follows.

I. Sir.

A magnificent tournament,in the best mediaeval style.C.H.C. as king,A.D.H.as queen,Ewing as the queen of love and beauty,. the Lady Listerine.Sir Limousine(Hallowell R,.) and Sir Bedridden (Howe,) fight for truth,loyalty,chivalry,and the hand of the lady.Gallant combat;Sir B.conquers,and sets his foot on his prostrate foe.Trumpets.Rejoicing.Curtain.

II. Feit,(fit.) A fashionable shoe-shop.P.N.McD and R.B.T.in charge.Various customers enter and are fitted--or the reverse ! "This pair of shoes has been worn by King George !" General delight and admiration.Customers highly gratified. Curtain.

III. Surfeit. A banquet,large yellow bowls filled with(supposedly) rich viands.Enter Cushing,Thompson,Howe,and Hallowell R.,all grown very stout since we last saw them.They feast(we regret to say !) swinishly,finally sliding to the floor,overcome by the effects of their gluttony.Audience horrified. Curtain.

J.G.W.came next,with Archiater,(Ark-key-ate-her)a word

Sat.July I2th,cont.

wholly unknown to the rest of us.
I. Aboard the Ark.J.G.W.as Noah,ordering the embarkation. "Shem,have you got those seams thoroughly caulked ? Then bring on the elephants !" the elephants are got on board;other beasts follow.The rain falls;the shrieks of the "wicked"are heard outside.The Ark starts on her voyage.Curtain.

II. Key...Teagle as Bluebeard,Smith as Fatima.Business with key,et c. On Bluebeard's departure,Fatima opens the fatal door,revealing dead wives,(Rantoul R.and Dupee..) F.shrieks and faints.Curtain.

III. Ate her. M'me Petronella,the famous tiger-tamer,(Huffman) and her pet, who obeys her at first,but tiring of this, attacks and devours her,off stage.. Sensation.Curtain.

IV. Archiater. (Physician to a king or other ruler.) J.G.W.as monarch,feels ill,and demands physician to cure him.One after another is produced, prescribes,fails,and,is sentenced to instant death.Finally the True Remedy is produced,in a suspicious-looking round jug.The king drinks,is cured,rewards the physician.

Last,L.T.presented Incompetent.(Inn-Compete-tent.)

I. An Inn.Landlord,(J.H.S.)receiving guests.Among them Hennessy and "Sturdy Steve."They sign the book,etc,etc.

II. A prize-fight,Hennessy and Sturdy Steve,(Hawes and Rockwell..) L.T.as manager,crowd,excitement,etc.Enter police.Raid,confusion, curtain.

IV. A band of (apparently) criminals fleeing from justice.They take refuge in a tent,and are seen no more.Pursuers baffled. Curtain.

V. Incompetent. A trial scene in court,with L.T. as judge, who proceeds to make himself such a spectacle of incompetency that it is no wonder that plaintiff,defendant,counsel and jury all lost their heads,and that the scene ended in confusion.

The muggy weather seems to have cleared entirely, and everything is full of pep again;but we wish it would get over the habit of raining on Sundays.

Sunday,JulyI3
Cloudy
B. 29.5
T. 69
W. S.S.W.
Showery in P.M.

Special Details for the week:

Merryweather Light
Driver

Inspectors:
Stackpole
Howe

Flag
Smith

Weather
Cooke.

It was good to see one of our new Canoe men, K.S.W., start off in the Hecuba with Eddy Johnson, to visit their families, who are at Runoia, on the West shore.There was a lively breeze, but they steered a fine course, and the canoe was well handled, making the return trip in twenty--three minutes.

Senior and Junior Soccer in the afternoon, with Ping--pong and some fishing in the intervals; the line-ups and account of the game follows later.

The measuring of the Ship's Company was finished this morning, and the list of heights follows.

The Picnic had again to be in the Living Room . After it, there was ceremonious observance of the birthday of Hen--gist and Horsa, which has only recently been computed. The entire Camp, with the exception of one or two of the Faculty, was lined up in single file, with hands on each others' shoulders, L.T., C.W.C. and H.M.W. leading, and did a solemn and most

impressive Follow My Leader, , round the Boathouse, in between trees, round the Camp, over the Big Rock, out to the Float and back, ending up with a most skillful winding up and unwinding. It is hoped that this proper observance of this great anniversary will never be omitted.

Then we had singing, the first Rounds of the season, which went extremely well: "Turn again, Whittington","Call John the Boat-man", and "The Bell doth Toll." Hymns afterwards, and two Kipling stories, The Recrudescence of Imray, and The Sending of Dana Da, for the Half-past Niners.

Heights.

Bailey D.,	5ft,	2¾ inches	Johnson P.	5ft,	5inche
Bailey W.,	"	5¼ "	Ladd,	4 "	10½"
Carter,	4"	11 "	Lawrence,	5 "	¾ "
Cooke,	4"	11⅛ "	Lynch	5"	7¼ "
Cushing,	5 "	1¼ "	Merrill	5 "	
Davol	5 "	5 "	Rantoul, R.	4 "	9 "
Driver	5 "	7⅛ "	Rantoul, T.,	5 "	¾ "
Dupee,	5 "		Richards,	5 "	
Ewing,	4 "	9⅛ "	Rockwell,	4 "	9¼ "
Futcher,	5 "	5½ "	Smith,		
Hale,	5 ",	6 "	Stackpole,	4 "	10½ "
Hallowell,N,	5"	3¼ "	Sturges,	4 "	6⅞ "
Hallowell, R,	5"	4⅝ "	Taylor,	5 "	6¼ "
Hawes,	4 "	9⅛ "	Teagle,	5 "	11 "
Hepburn A.	5"	5⅞ "	Thompson,	5""	6½ "
Hepburn, R.S.	4",10¾ "		Turner,	5 "	⅛ "
Hoffman,	5",	7 "	Watson,	5 "	5⅜ "
Howe,	5 "	4⅞ "	Weekes,	4 "	8½ "
Hubbard	4 "	6⅝ "	Williams	5 "	1⅝ "
Huffman,	5 "	1½ "	Worrall	5 "	6⅜
Jameson	4"	8⅛ "	Sewall,	5 "	3¾ "
Johnson E.	5"	4¼ "			

Junior Soccer
3.45

Muds	Slushes
Merrill (Captain)	Taylor (Captain)
Cooke	Carter
Ewing	Dupee
Hawes	Hepburn A.
Hoffman	Hepburn S.
Hubbard	Huffman
Jameson	Johnson P.
Johnson E.	Ladd
Lawrence	Rantoul T.
Sewall	Rockwell
Smith	Stackpole
Sturges	Weekes
Teagle	Williams
Turner	Watson

Umpire--Cushing.

Senior Soccer
4.45

Dubs	Plugs
Driver	K.S.W.
R.L.S.	J.A.L.jr
C.H.C.	J.G.B
C.B.H.H.	P.N. McD.
J.H.S.	L.T.
R.B.T.	H,M,W,
J.C.F.	Thompson
Howe	Hallowell
Hallowell R.	Lynch
Davol	Futcher
Bailey W.	Bailey D.

Umpire---- Hale.

Junior Soccer.

Not much action on either side, save for Smith, Taylor and Hepburn R.S., who kept things going.

The second half was faster, Williams making a goal for Taylor's side, and seconding the motion a little later in the quarter, making it 2--0.In the last quarter a goal would have been made, save for Hepburn A., who was goal guard and

intercepted it; but Smith finally put it across. There was a spirited finish, and the game ended 2--1 in favor of the Slushes.

Senior Soccer.

The game started off strenuously in the first quarter with several good kicks, and a few incidental upsets, especially a tremendous crash between J.G.W. and J.C.F.(Both came out whole, though the latter was minus his wind for a short space.)

There was much bouncing of the ball from different heads. In the second quarter a good chance for a goal was missed by the Plugs.

In the third quarter J.C.F. made a goal for the,Dubs. Hallowell R. seemed to be found underneath the ball every time he kicked.

In the fourth quarter there was hard fighting. R.L.S. made a good kick, and C.H.C. made a goal, the second for his side. There was a wild skirmish at the last, every one falling over every one else and attempting not to touch the ball with their hands, near H.M.W.'s goal, but there was no gain either way, and the game ended 2--0 in favor of the Dubs. (The Editor wishes they would'nt choose such untidy names!)

A splendid day, with strong wind, rising soon after breakfast to full canoe test strength. It made us see again the reason for the Test, and made us very proud of our Canoe Men, when the first Canoe Camping Trip started off, just after morning reading. The duffle was very neatly packed and ship-shape, and they put off in the heavy seas, and steered among the boats and on to the Point, the laden canoes sotably handled they did not ship a drop.

Their route was equally well, planned, in--deed it was the only one possible in such a heavy wind--to Gleason's , then up Ellis and McGraw, and to the Itchfield Carry. This gave them a sure lee for practically the whole way, the only bit of the full weather they had to take being from the Float to the Point. (N.B., K.S.W. also steered a very good course on Sunday, going to the West shore; making a leg nearly straight into the wind, to avoid getting in the trough.)--- Those of us who followed to watch the Campers from the Point, saw them sailing peacefully along in the lee towards Gleason's, their paddles held up for sails.

The Aquarium is filled again, and looks as if it were really tight this time.

The Hog-frame squad did good work; and the first Raspberry Squad provided us with luscious fruit for supper. We hope they do it very soon again!

Base-ball in the afternoon; the score and comments follow.

Very fine Prisoner's Base after supper, the Ladies, among others, showing very fleet of foot. First Towel Game, leter,

Monday, Jul
B. 29.6
T. 66
W. -N.W., St
Clear

Camping Trip
July 14
— " —

Driver
Davol
Hallowell, R.
Hawes
Teagle
J.H.S. jr.
Aboljockamegus
Ebenezer

Monday, July 14,
Cont'd then Still Palm No Moving, always a merry sport. For the Half-past Niners, we had a truly terrific ghost story, The Beast with Five Fingers, and L.E.R. had an extra treat of nuts for us. (N.B., not provided by the Brethren, like so much of the delicious candy we are all so enjoying, but her gift.)

P.O.	A.	E.	No.	Fuicy Fruits	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B	S.
			3	R.B.T.	1 K	2 K	3	H-		BB	2 2-3		H-			5	3		2	
			1	C.B.H.H	SB		H-	H-		H-	E-3		H-			5	4		4	
			6	J.A.L	1 K		K	E-3		PB	3 K		H-			5	1		1	
			2	L.T.	E-1		H	1-3		H-		4-3	H-			6	1		3	
			5	P.N.M-D	1 K	1-3			1 K	E-3		E-3	E-3			6	2		5	
			8	Whitcomb		K	BB		5-3	H-		1-3	K			5	0		1	
			4	F. Fahr		BB	K		K	E-1		BB	1-3			4	0		0	
			9	Combe		BB			K	F-3		3 1-3				3	0		0	
			7	Thurston E		K		5-3		K	1-3		PB			4	1		0	
				Totals	1/1	0/1	1/2	1/3	0/3	5/8	0/8	1/9	3/12	/	/					

Time...2...h.....m. Umpires.....Scorer.....

O.	A.	E.	No.	Whitcomb	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B	S.H.
			4	Howe	1 K		2 1-2		3 E-3			1 4-3	BB			4	0		0	
			6	K S.W.	2 K		3 K			H=		2 E-3	2 K			5	0		1	
			3	H.M.W.	H			H-		1 1-3		3 1-4 E-6				4	0		2	
			2	J.C.F.	H			H-		2 K		H				4	0		3	
			1	T.L.S.	1-3			3-H		2 1-3			H-			3	1		1	
			5	Hallowell P.	1-3	H		2 K			E-3		H-			4	1		2	
			7	Lynch		K		3 2-3			1 1-3		1 1-3			4	0		0	
			9	Hale		1-3			1 K		2 K		H.B			3	1		0	
			8	Thompson			1 BB		2 K		3 K		3 H-			3	0		1	
				Totals	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	6/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	3/3	/	/					

Senior Ball. Chicklets vs. Juicy Fruits.

The first part was not very exciting. Both pitchers started off well, and there were two good hits in the 2nd. and 3rd, by N.P. Hallowell and L.T. In the 5th, Penn Hallowell made a fine stop and throw, and Cooke made an excellent catch. Things began to warm up in the 6th. L.T made a hit bringing in three men. C.B.H.H. pitched very well, as he did all through the game. K.S.W. made a very pretty hit out to left field. One thing that was not quite so fine, however, was the fact that H.M.W. who had previously been hit by the ball while at bat, tripped and fell on first base, and hurt his leg. The 8th was notable for a stop by Howe and a throw by J.A.L.

Apart from a fine hit by C.B.H.H., the first of the 9th was rather amusing. J.A.L. trying to steal to 3rd. found himself caught between the two bases with the ball flying over his head. He ran back and forth while his opponents steadily closed in on him and finally tagged him out. About a minute later, we saw L.T. doing the same thing between 1st and 2nd, but luckily for him he escaped and got safely back to first. The Chicklets made a final effort to save the honor of their noble team, and succeded in making 3 runs in the last of the 9th., making the score 12-3 favor of the Juicy Fruiters.

Junior Ball. Chewers vs. Chawers.

The game started off with the Chewers at bat. Sturges made a hit but was put out at 2nd, and the two that followed him were also quickly put out. The first two Chawers then struck out and Taylor was put out at 1st.

Monday, July 14, cont'd.

The 2nd inning. Smith started things humming with a single, Rantoul's single then brought Smith home, scoring one run for the inning. Huffman made a hit for the Chewers at the beginning of the 3rd, and Lawrence's hit brought him home. Then, oweing to an error on the part of the pitcher, Lawrence got home too. Dupee got on 1st because of "contact with the ball", but was out at 2nd.

Williams got to 1st on four balls and got home due to an over-throw by first base-man to third. Hoffman took Ladd's place this inning. Sturges made a good throw to 1st, putting out Johnson, P. Taylor was out at 2nd and Stackpole got to third, but Hepburn, S. struck cut and so no runs were made.

Huffman's person also took a shine to the ball, so he took his base and made a run. Smith's fly was caught by the catcher making the side out. The Chawers were now up to bat. Hepburn, A. walked, Carter seconded the motion and Dupee followed suit, but none of them got home.

After two strike-outs for the Chewers, Rantoul got a base on balls Rockwell made a good hit which brought Rantoul home, but he himself was caught between 1st and 2nd putting the side out.

For the Chawers, in the 6th, Taylor was out on 1st., Stackpole was hit and got to first and then on to third, where he was almost put out.

Turner took Ladd's place at bat in the 7th. inning, and was out at first. Then Huffman flying out, Sturges walked and Bailey struck out. For the Chawers, Bailey, W. was put out by Bailey, D. Dupee and Weekes struck out. Taylor got to first on an error by Huffman, but Stackpole was caught out by at-first.

In the 9th., Rockwell made a hit, followed by Turner and ably

backed by Huffman bring Rockwell home. Turner got in and Lawrence's single brought Huffman home. Lawrence came in on William's hit, and Smith on an error, making it 11-0.

Hepburn, S. made a hit for the Chawers, and got home scoring the first run for their side. Hepburn, A. struck out, Carter was out at first, Bailey made a hit, Merrill batted for Dupee and struck out, With this the game ended, 11-1 in favor of the Chewers.

No.	Chawers.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B	S.H.
1	L. Taylor, 4	K		K		K		K									
2	W. Turner P. 3	K			5-3	K			K								
3	Hepburn, S. 2	4-3			1 4		1-2		5-4								
4	Bailey, 1		3-2														
5	Hepburn, A.				K		K										
6	Dupee, R.F.		K							K							
7	Carter, S.		K				K			1-3							
8	Smith, W. 7			K		K		3									
9	Merrill, P.		K3+4					K		K							
	Totals	0	0	0	0	0	0										

No.	Chewers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B	S.H.
1	Stinson 5	1-4		K		K				K							
2	Boyd 3	K		K		K		K		K							
3	Lawrence 4	4-3				2 C			4-3								
4	Burt 1		2	2			K										
5	Williams 6		K				K		K								
6	Rainford 8				1-3				2	2-3							
7	Rockwell 7				K												
8	Ladd 9		K		K			2-3									
9	Huffman 2					B		1 B									
	Totals	0	1	2 3	1 4	3 5	1 6	0 6	0 3	2 11							

Tuesday, July 15
Bright and Fair,
Cool,
W. S.W., Fresh
in p.m.

The Weather Man slipped up in his record, but he provided us with a very good day, cool and bright, with light wind, freshening in the afternoon; a perfect day for the Campers.

The Forestry Squad continued felling the dead poplars up through the woods. They have brought down some big ones.

By the Bar Harbor train arrived a welcome visitor:

Francis Rawle Jr.

In the afternoon there was a wild scrimmage in the Commis--sary Department, when Sundry Suppers Out wassuddenly decided on. Eggs were hastily boiled, bacon began sizzling, and by cut--ting things fine, just enough lettuce sandwiches were produced, and supper for fifty was ready, delaying the start only a very little.

Sundry Suppers Out.

Tracy's Bluff, North Side.

Ouananiche, C.H.C.		Williwaw C.B.H.H.
Howe	Futcher	Sewall
Hallowell N.P.	Johnson P.	Turner
Bailey D.	Bailey W.	Rockwell
Hepburn A.	I.M.K.	
Weekes	Merrill	
R.R.		
Jameson	Hubbard	
Patsy		

Hamilton Pond.

Terror	Iden	Abol
P.N.McD.	R.B.T.	L.T.
Hale	Hoffman	Cooke
Dupee	Carter	Lawrence
Rantoul, T.	Sturges	M.P.

Bog's Brook and Lord's Hill.

Cob	Eben	Pant	Erebus
J.A.L.	K.S.W.	R.L.S.	J.C.F.
Johnson, E.	Cushing	Watson	Lynch
Huffman	Stackpole.	Williams	Ewing
Thompson	A.D.H.	Ladd	Rantoul, R.

Fishing.

Arklet	Yammer
H.M.W.	J.G.W.
Taylor	F.R.
Smith	Hepburn, S.
4 Bass, 3 Perch, I Pout	7 Bass.

Tracy's Bluff, North Side.

The Ouananiche, with C.B.H.H. in the attendant Williwaw, did the three miles to the mouth of the Tiber at a good even pace, Jimmy Howe very good and steady as Stroke. Found the water high in the Tiber, and navigation easy. We disembarked in a meadow, among Loosestrife and Blue Grass and Canada Lilies, and walked up through Rome, and northward, then in at the pasture turning, and up the rocky North side. We found the Spring, gushing out, as it always seems out of the living rock, and very cool and good. The short climb was a good one, beguiled by various of us, notably C.H.C., Howe, and Hallowell N.B, , getting into and out of "Ca--hoots with each other.

Supper at the landing place, "among the asphodels, was ~~folly~~ enlivened by an ardent game of Favorite Foods, the Bailey Brothers unfortunately differing of several important points. -- Quite a head wind at the mouth of the Tiber, but we made good time back, watching the full moon rise, and seeing the Merryweather Ship blazing in the sunset light from afar. --- Near Rome we saw two other ship weather vanes, a bark and a barkentine, both very.well made.

Tuesday, July 15, Cont'd

Hamilton Pond.

The South Bay expedition started off with a fairly strong head wind, which increased as we progressed. However we reached the l landing in due season and walked up the up the wooded ridge (over--looking the great woods that slope down to the Swamp Emerald), to Hamilton Pond, the most beautiful of all the smaller ponds near Camp, where the Brethren swam.

On returning to the boats (we had landed about Ioo yards this side of the regular place), we partook of out evening meal ; which was larger than we expected, owing to the fact that one of our boats, by,a mix-up, joined the Lord's Hill expedition, leaving their supper with us. They had only their allotment of milk to sup on, but the Lord's Hillers supplied them amply.

After supper there were exciting boat races among four or five of the energetic, and after they had exhausted themselves we started for home. The wind had not gone down-- as we had feared it would ---, so that it brought us home in good time, with very little work on the part of the paddlers.

Lord's Hill & Bog Brook

We started out against a fairly stiff head wind, and although our destination was Lord's Hill, we wanted to see how far up Bog Brook we could get. So after stopping once to dump the canoes, which had shipped quite a bit in the head seas(though all took, them well), we explored the enchanting little stream, Unluckily it was impossible to go very far up it, owing to the fallen trees that now bar the way.

We sailed, with shirts, back down the stream, due to the fair strong South wind, and then made for the landing on the West

Shore, from which the pasture road leads.

When all were safely ashore, we took a short, pretty walk, up through the woods and fields and growingup pastures, then on to the road that leads to the top of the Hill.There, we surveyed the lovely surrounding country, and plied J.A.L.jr. with many questions, as to what was Round the Horn, and where was the Top of the World, etc. After a bit of a rest we descended to the edge of the lake, where we ate a delicious although somewhat soggy meal, increased by the extra milk carried off from the Hamilton Pond party by R.L.S.'s boat, which we supplied with more solid fare. -- After supper we were highly entertained by a Gramophone, playing all the latest jazz music, in a near by house. -- About 7.30 we were again under way, and with a bit of a wind behind us made faily good time back to Camp.

The Fishers had only fair luck; 13 in all. H.M.W.'s crew and J.G.W.'s crew both had supper right in their boats, not taking the time to land.

The Campers got home in great glory, about 4.30, having had a corking trip, all through. They did'nt land quite dry at Gleason's, in the gale yesterday. The heavy following seas rolled up on Bill Driver's canoe, swamping its stern just as the bow was landed, but the damage was soon remedied, the blankets drying soon. A splendid trip, all through.

We should say that Bob Rantoul entirely redeemed his re-putation, on the trip, keeping a good fifty feet of the rest the whole of both ways.

We read Greenmantle in the evening; and a monster Wall-eyed Pike, the biggest we have seen, was found dead, by the Ouananich Slip. Also, a 9 pound salmon was caught at the Mills, yesterday. This ends the days' chronicle.

Wednesday
July 16.

Bar. 29.60
Temp. 68
Wind. S.W.
Weather. Cloudy.

The Aquarium Squad brought in a school of little Dace, the first inhabitants of our little watery domain.

A Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and Dr. and Mrs. Terry, came on a call from Ram Island; and in the middle of the morning we heard again "the Sound of Wheels", with about the most welcome arrival we could have:

Alice G. Davis

with, James Heffern and, Roger F. Draper.

When Skipper left the table before dessert, we felt pretty sure what was coming; and sure enough, the welcome announcement brought its answering shout.

The weather was perfect for scouting, overcast, with a good wind, but before the game began, it fell perfectly calm; still the afternoon was one of good, keen scouting, though held a little cautious by the stillness.

First Game.

The Iroquois, starting at the South end, had a tremendously long relay; the Algonquin's relay not so long, and their relay man not quite so speedy. An extremely cautious game, with close playing all through till just at the end. The first encounter produced only three deaths, a fourth following shortly. Then came a long, complete lull, followed by a very few scattering shots, so even that the sides were tied till just at the end, and on shots was tied all through. The game ended in a brilliant play, the Iroquois killing the Algonquin swamp guard, and piling up runs, (J.H.S., H.M.W., Howe, Thompson.).

Second Game.

The Iroquois from the North end, began with tremendous Rubber Ghosting, four big chiefs striking the bone-yard, breathless, and with terrific impact, to get an early survey of the enemy's plans. Then a very long lull, a few killed gradually coming in on scattering shots,(even in score) but there were no sharp encounters. Sewall was murdered by R.Hallowell; and Driver fell, from calling R.L.S., George Thayer, who is in Philadelphia! The game began to quicken up, to eight killed on each side; but the greater part of both sides came in only at the All In. The game was won by 1 run for the Algonquins, made by Dickie Lawrence by good play.

Third Game.

Quite a long lull at the first, with no sharp encounters whatever; then scattering fire pretty steadily, the Algonquins getting hit fairly rapidly. Shots came faster and faster, till the Algonquin's north guard was again killed, and Iroquois runs began to come in, 3 in all.

For the first regular scouting afternoon it was a good one. A few of the new Brethren made bone-head plays, as crawling up on all fours; crawling right down the middle path, where there is no cover; one even standing up and running. But mostly everyone did well, and very keen scouting was done by many of the new ones. The cover on the Sweet Fern side is very much too heavy, giving advantage to the side starting from the South. The Bush-Whacking Squad are going out sith machetes to reduce this excess of cover. Some mistakes were made in names; notice, for instance, should be taken that Futcher's name is not Fletcher. A fine afternoon all through.

(Wed, July 16, cont'd.)

The Sing-Song, with A.D.H's singing and once again the rapturous fun of the Nussbaum brothers--one of the funniest we've ever had, so funny we were breathless and weeping with laughter--, must be chronicled by itself.

Greenmantle in the later evening.

We forgot to mention that in the morning, after swim, J.G.W. and P.N.McD. caught 3 good bass.

Third Sing Song.

1. Overture.----------Overture.C.H.C.& J.C.F.
2. Duet,"Begone dull care," Merrill and Taylor.
Song,A A.D.H.
Stunt,"When I was a bachelor," P.N.McD.et al.
Choruses; Merryweather Boys,Ouananiche,Camptown Races.
Stunt, Lecture and Impersonations;------Nussbaum Brothers.

All went off merrily,overture,songs,choruses.In the "Bachelor" stunt,(Mother Goose,) the Doctor proved very hard to suit in the matter of a wif e.One maiden and another were dismissed by him,the simple charms of Elsie(Hoffman),and the powerful ability of Clara(H.M.W.) both failing to impress him favorably.But when Susie(Hallowell R.)appeared upon the scenehe fell a victim at once,and went off happily with her and the wheelbarrow,.

But what shall we say of our delight at meeting once more the Nussbaum Brothers?One of them was new to us,Fritz,the youngest,a remarkably well-groen stripling.Rudolf is in Europe,alas ! but Gebhardt,the elde st,for years our joy and pride,whenever he c omes to visit us;Gebhardt,the inimitable,the unimaginable, was in wonderful vein,and the two between them kept us shouting with laughter f or half an hour.We wish it had been a whole one ! He ,the Swede,(born in Stockholm !) spoke affecting of "Chairmany" and plead eloquent ly f or a return of the old love for German KULT UR.He sang some of the old songs! how long since we heard them ! It was most affecting.The more eloquent he waxed,the more the Camp roared with laughter,and the curtain finally descended on a perfect tumult.But we

xxxxxx
xxxxxxxx

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.A.L.	X	●●●		✓				●	
L.T.	✓	—			●●		X	●	
J.G.W.	X	—			●			●	
K.S.W.	✓	—		X	●		X	●●●	
C.B.H.H.		●		X				💀	
R.L.S.	✓	—		X	●				
Bailey, W.	✓	—		X			X	●	
Carter	✓	—		✓			✓		
Cushing		●		✓				●●	
Ewing	X	—		✓			✓		
Futcher	X	●		✓			X		
Hale	✓	—		✓			X		
Hoffman	✓	—		✓			X		
Hubbard	X	●		X			X		
Huffman		●		✓			X	●	
Johnson, E.	X	—		✓				●●	
Lawrence	✓	—			●	/	✓		
Lynch	X	—		X			✓		
Merrill		●		X	●		✓		
Rantoul, R.	X	—		✓			X		
Smith	✓	—		X			X	●●	
Stackpole	✓	—			●		X		
Sturges		●●		X			X		
Taylor	X	—		✓			✓		
Teagle	X	—		✓			X		
Watson	✓	—		✓			✓		
Weekes	X	—		X	●		X		
	0	0	0	10	9	1	14	14	0

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.H.S.		●●	/		●●		✓		
C.H.C.	✓			✓			✓		
P.N.MacD.	X			✓			✓		
H.M.W.	X		/	✓			X		
R.B.T.	X	●●		✓			✓		
J.C.F.	✓			X			X	●	/
Bailey, D.	✓			X	💀		X		
Cooke		●		✓			✓		
Driver	✓			X					
Dupee	✓			X	●		X	●	/
Davol	X	●			●●		X	●●	
Hallowell, N.P.	X			✓			✓		
Hallowell, R.	✓			X			✓		
Hawes	✓			X				●●	
Hepburn, A	X			X				●	
Hepburn, R.S.	✓			✓			X		/
Howe		●	/		●		X	●	
Jameson	X			✓			X		
Johnson, P.	✓			✓			X	●●	
Ladd	X	●		✓			X	●	/
Rantoul, T.	X	●●		X	●		✓		
Rockwell	✓				●●		✓		
Richards	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sewall	X			X			X		
Thompson			/	X	●		X	●●	
Turner	X	●		✓			X		
Williams	✓			✓			✓		
	11	11	4	10	10	0	14	13	4

Thursday
July 17.

Bar. 29.40
Temp. 66
Weather. Rain
Wind. S.W.

A rainy day of the very rainiest kind, but everything carried on in tip-top scale, except that the Canoeing Trip was put off.

Raspberry picking and Bush Whacking in the pouring rain were rather fun, once your squelching shoes and wet clothes settled to you, and you stopped trying to "walk delicately" to avoid dripping grass and leaves. Great work at slashing and cleaning the Sweet Fern Course was done (alas, it was mostly splendidly bearing raspberry bushes that had to be slashed away), and the Raspberry Squad brought in a fine amount.

The Aquarium Squad brought in a Cray-fish, but no other fish; and the little dace brought yesterday all died. They require the carefullest handling, in catching and in transferring from net to pail, and pail to aquarium.

Hare and Hounds.

The Hares (a gallant quartette, J.G.W., C.H.C., J.A.L.Jr., and J.H.S.) started from the Crow's Nest, down to the shore path, up through Pine Parlour, across Alexander's Ridge and fields north of Cook's, to the road by Alexander's pasture; then up almost to the School house, and up and down the steep pastures on the old Steven's place (where the fallen house is) and back through the country between the School house and Stony Point, coming out at the Land Slide, where the trail ended, and whence there was a dash for home.

The Hounds scattered over the Ball Field, hunting all the cover round. They were led aside by a false scent, to the South of the field, but found the true scent, by the Mammoth, inside of the first five minutes, a good start. The pack ran well, with only one serious check, where false trails led both ways, by the steep Bee Hive

Hill, on the old Steven's place. L.T. found the real scent, near the top of the hill, and after that there was only one slight check.

The first bunch of five or six kept well together, doing finely, and all the hounds did well. Lynch ran well all through, and took the lead after about three quarters of the course, holding it to the finish. R.Rantoul after a start not very good, kept good speed all through.

The Hares came in at 4 p.m. The first Hounds about thirty minutes later, in the following order;

1. Lynch
2. Thompson
3. Hallowell, R.
4. Hallowell, N.P.
5. Davol
6. Hale
7. Williams
8. Howe
9. Rockwell
10. Ladd
11. Bailey, D.
12. Johnson, P.
13. Hepburn, S.
14. Rantoul, T.
15. Futcher
16. Turner
17. Teagle
18. Bailey, W.
19. Cushing
20. Lawrence
21. Stackpole
22. Carter
23. Hubbard
24. Johnson, E.
25. Weekes
26. Sewall
27. Cooke
28. Hepburn, A.
29. Merrill
30. Smith
31. Hawes
32. Ewing
33. Sturges
34. Taylor
35. Rantoul, R.

and then, Mr Watts!!

A lively swim followed; the rest of the afternoon spent, as it were, in getting breath.

The Dish-washing Squad was a truly brilliant one, in execution, finish, speed, and musical talent; Jimmy Howe, a prince of Scrapers, J.G.W. of Washers, and L.T. of Finishers Up; leaving floor and sinks in regular yacht tidiness.

Half-past Eight Boston went merrily. J.G.W. and P.N.McD. went fishing in the "Pit Mirk", getting 3 bass, one of them the best caught this season, 2½ pounds; and for the Half-past Niners we went on with Greenmantle.

Unluckily A.G.D and Jamie Hepburn and Roger Draper had to leave this afternoon.

Camp Carnation.

A full canoe-load wind made us decide not to try to cross to the Mills on the first leg of the 4 day trip; so we sneaked around the Point and headed for Gleason's in the lee. The Wavys with a good handy outfit - David, Roger Hallowell and Big Bill Rowe - set the pace while the Corbins manned by Long John Teagle, Short John Howes and J.H.S. followed close behind ready to pick up the pieces. At Gleason's the Wavys prepared to land sideways in the breakers and met with difficulties. The crew were very nimble however and jumping into the waist-deep water saved anything worse than swamping. The carry to Ellis was easily accomplished, with the help of R.B.T. who arrived on his trusty bicycle and toted a duffle bag part way.

As the wind threatened to hold for more than one day we decided to take the Litchfield carry and stay in the small ponds, and accordingly started north on Ellis Pond. As we passed Camp Kennebec we saw some sort of a life saving exhibition. The idea being

that one boy pretended to drown and the other jumped in after him and hit him smartly in the chin before rescuing him - good fun, for the rescuer at least. We arrived at the end of the grove without further incident except that Long John Tough seemed afraid to paddle past a girls' camp and thus made it risky for the rest.

As we were getting the canoes on our backs a friendly farmer appeared and offered to take our canoes over the carry on his hay-rick. We were polite but firm in refusing, and he pointed telling us that it was awful bad and awful high. He stationed himself at the bottom of the hill and again tried to assist us, but our wills were strong and we refused again.

When we got to the top of the hill and set the canoe down to rest we discovered that the map had made a mistake as it said we had only climbed two hundred and fifty feet

and we really had climed about eight hundred. Coming down was easier and we were soon at the end of East Pond. There we left J. Howes to spread out the wet blankets and returned for another load. The chief incident in this trip being that George Dowd and Roger Hallowell insisted on running the whole distance with the load brought between them. We discovered Short John with the duffle sack and the blankets dry and sent him to a nearby farm for milk while we rested. He shortly returned with several quarts in his hatch - to be named the hero of the day - and we ate a very delightful lunch.

We navigated East Pond easily enough once we had launched through the rocky bog, and arrived at the southern of the group of islands near the North end. There we made camp, swam, and cooked supper. We were just settling down peacefully when

guests appeared and spent some time telling us about Dartmouth. It appeared that they came from Camp Navidgewock - on the next island; but when they left at quarter of two - by our watches - to put their charges to bed at nine we thought it must be Camp Houdini. They had invited us to swim at eleven the next morning, but as we did not know what time to go we decided that we had better regret - especially as we did not mind in the least swimming by ourselves.

Next morning it turned out that we went by daylight saving time and that they didn't; - and thus a great mystery was solved.

We started for Sicily Pond and escaped from Smithfield after Hallowell et al - Hallowell especially - had eaten plenty of ice cream. In Sicily Pond we swam and dusted Borg John Tough till time for lunch. We ate and then proceeded home, arriving in time to see the Camp leaving on a supper's out, - and they didn't even apologize for their cold reception!

(Sorry, I forgot to explain the name)

A Scouting Incident.

Suddenly the boy scout Driver
Stiffened in his every muscle,
Face to face with an Algonquin,
Nasty heap big chief Algonquin
By a Manitou sent thither
To remove this dusky scalp-lock.
Bill must kill him, kill him quickly,
So he aimed his bow and arrow,
Aimed to the four winds of Heaven,
Fired strange and uncouth missiles
Which were felt in all big cities,
Even unto Philadelphia.

"Georgie Thayer! Georgie Thayer!"-
So the shots rang on the warpath-
"Chickweed Abbot, Pully Lowden,
Chuggy Henderson, Nolcomis,
Catiline and Martin Luther,
Eddie Harding, Peter Schuyler,
Rutherford B. Hayes and Sherburne,
Terry, Watts, the Wiggins brothers,
Watson, Fairchild, Walker, Thurber,
Hollister and Calvin Coolidge,
Corning, Captain John and Skipper!"
So the shots rang on the warpath
Till the game was stopped by darkness.

J.A.L.Jr.

Friday
July 18.

Wind - N.W.
Weather - fair.

A perfect roarer of a day---almost Super-Canoe Test, till part way through swim, and then only letting down a little. It is very seldom that a Northwest blow is heavier the second day than the first; and still seldomer that a Camping Trip is called off two days running because of wind, and that the Rangeleys are run up on shore for fear they'll all be carried away; the Tents straining, flapping and cracking like loose jibs, the Float wracking and plunging. The Ouananiche Slip will be torn entirely to pieces, if the wind does't let up soon; and A. Addy-humps are doing runs instead of setting up drill, right along, for the Float is plunging at too lively a rate to stand on.

The Bush-Whackers went on with the good work, and the Raspberry Squad brought in enough for five helps, at dinner, and were loudly cheered.

Canoe Tests.
(H.R.)

P.N.McD., in almost Super-Canoe Test weather, showed good judgment, great driving power, and the born "boat sense" that is hard to define. He made a long leg to Northward, to be sure of clearing the rock; had one very close shave on the second leg (always the most difficult, on a westerly wind) when he wobbled badly, with a good deal of water shipped. He made the third leg in very fast time, having faced the other way and steered so as to come in nearly with the wind, and with little work but balancing. A finely passed test.

H.M.W.had a slight easing of the wind for his Test, but it was stiff enough, and more. He also passed extremely well, showing fine driving power and good judgment and handling throughout.

He made a still longer first leg to the Northward than P.N.McD.

J.C.F. was a little unsteady in balance, (though with good driving power) and got his canoe so full of water that he had several awfully close calls on the second leg. He rounded the Stake Boat, just tetering, and nearly made the Float, but his canoe was so hard to steer, from water in her, he couldn't avoid collision with the Pie Plant, with the goal almost reached.

R.L.S. capsized in the heavy sea close to the Float.

Sewall had not strength to hold up against the wind, and got carried down wind and went over, but showed good promise.

Thompson showed his lack of practise, and could not make headway against the wind, getting carried way off, and going over, but he kept improving well as he worked.

J.C.F., on his second try, got round the Rock, then went over. No one can do two tries in one morning without being too tired for good balance.

16 Canoe Tests in the first 20 days of Camp beats all previcus records out of sight!

Skowhegan.

Apaches.	Comanches.
Bailey, D.	Bailey, W.
Cushing	Davol
Driver	Dupee
Ewing	Futcher
Hale	Hallowell, N.P.
Hepburn, A.	Hepburn, R.S.
Hoffman	Howe
Hubbard	Huffman
Jameson	Johnson, E.
Lynch	Lawrence
Rantoul, R.	Merrill
Smith	Rockwell
Sturges	Stackpole
Thompson	Teagle
Weekes	Watson

Merryweather Beach.

R.L.S.
C.B.H.H.
Ladd
Carter
Cooke
Turner
Taylor
Rantoul, T.
Williams
Hallowell, R.
Johnson, P.
Hawes
R.R.
M.P.
A.D.H.

(Friday, July 18, cont'd.)

Skowegan. (cont'd.)

Apaches.	Comanches.
L.T.	Sewall
J.H.S.	J.A.L.
C.H.C.	P.N.McD.
H.M.W.	J.C.F.
R.B.T.	K.S.W.

Skowhegan.

Boundaries.

North.--old middle Fence;
West.--path down middle of ridge;
South.--line of long grass and Backstop. projecting into swamp
East.--regular Scouting Boundary.
No relays, no guards, no rubber ghosts.

1st. Game.

Apaches won, 6 runs to 1, by making their runs along the Ridge. This game had a wholly unique occurence in Camp history. Peter Merril killed himself! Appearing on the Bone-yard, he was told "No Rubber Ghosting!" "What!" says Peter,"Gosh! and I killed myself on purpose, and everything!"--. Was informed that a self-inflicted bullet if well directed, is as effective as any other.

2nd. Game.

Won for the Comanches by Lawrence's run, well made.

3rd. Game.

Again won by the Comanches, Teagle and the Doctor making the two runs.

4th. Game.

5-1, favor of the Apaches. The one run for the Comanches was made by Stackpole. The five runs for the Apaches were made by, Cushing, Driver, Lynch, Weekes and R.B.T.

Totals of best shots and runs.

Cushing, Driver, Teagle each made two runs.

For Shots. Driver made 12; K.S.W., 7; Smith; 6; Cushing, 5; Thom

Apaches	S		N		S		N	
Bailey, D.		1	·		-		•	
Cushing		1	X	·	-		::	1
Dunn, Capt.	X	1	X	⁘	X	•	•	1
Ewing	·	1	X		✱		X	•
Hale	X		X		X	-	X	
Hepburn, A.	✓		✓		X		X	••
Hoffman	X		✓		X		-	
Hubbard	✓		X			•	-	
Jamison	✓		✓		✱		-	
Lynch	X		X	·	X		••	1
Rawlins, R.	X	••		·	x		X	
Smith		•- 1	X		X	•	X	⁘
Stuges	X		X		X	•	X	
Thompson		••	✓			=	X	
Wilkes	X		X		X	✱	X	• 1
J.H.S.	X	1	X			•		•
C.H.C.	X	•	X		o	o o	o	o o
H.M.W.		••	✓		X			✓
R.B.T.	X		X	••	X	•	X	1

Comanches	N	S	N	S
Bailey, W.	X	X	X	X
Darol	X	X	✓	x •
Dupee	✓	X	X •	X
Fulcher	••	X	X ✱	X ••
Hallowell, N.P.	X	X	-	X
Hepburn, R.	X ••	••	-	X
Howe, Capt.	••	X	X	X
Huffman	X	•	X	X
Johnson, E.	X	X ••	-	X
Lawrence	X •	1	X •	•
Merrill	⊗	X •	X	X
Rockwell	✓	X	X	X •
Stachpole	X	X	- •	✱ 1
Teagle	• 1	X	1	X
Watson	X	•	X •	-
Sewall	X •	X	X •	X
P.N. McD.	X	✓	• 1	X ••
J.C.F.	X	X	▬	X
K.S.W.	X •	X ⁘	x ••	X

(Friday, July 18, cont'd.)

Merryweather Beach.

This was surely a good party. We walked to the Beach, stacked the provisions, and at once began bending down grey birches, which grow all over the Camp land here, as if planted for the purpose. Soon practically everyone was up one tree or another, sailing triumphantly down among leafy masses. C.B.H.H.and Hallowell, R. brought down the highest and biggest trees, but everyone had a share, A.D.H. making a very graceful descent.

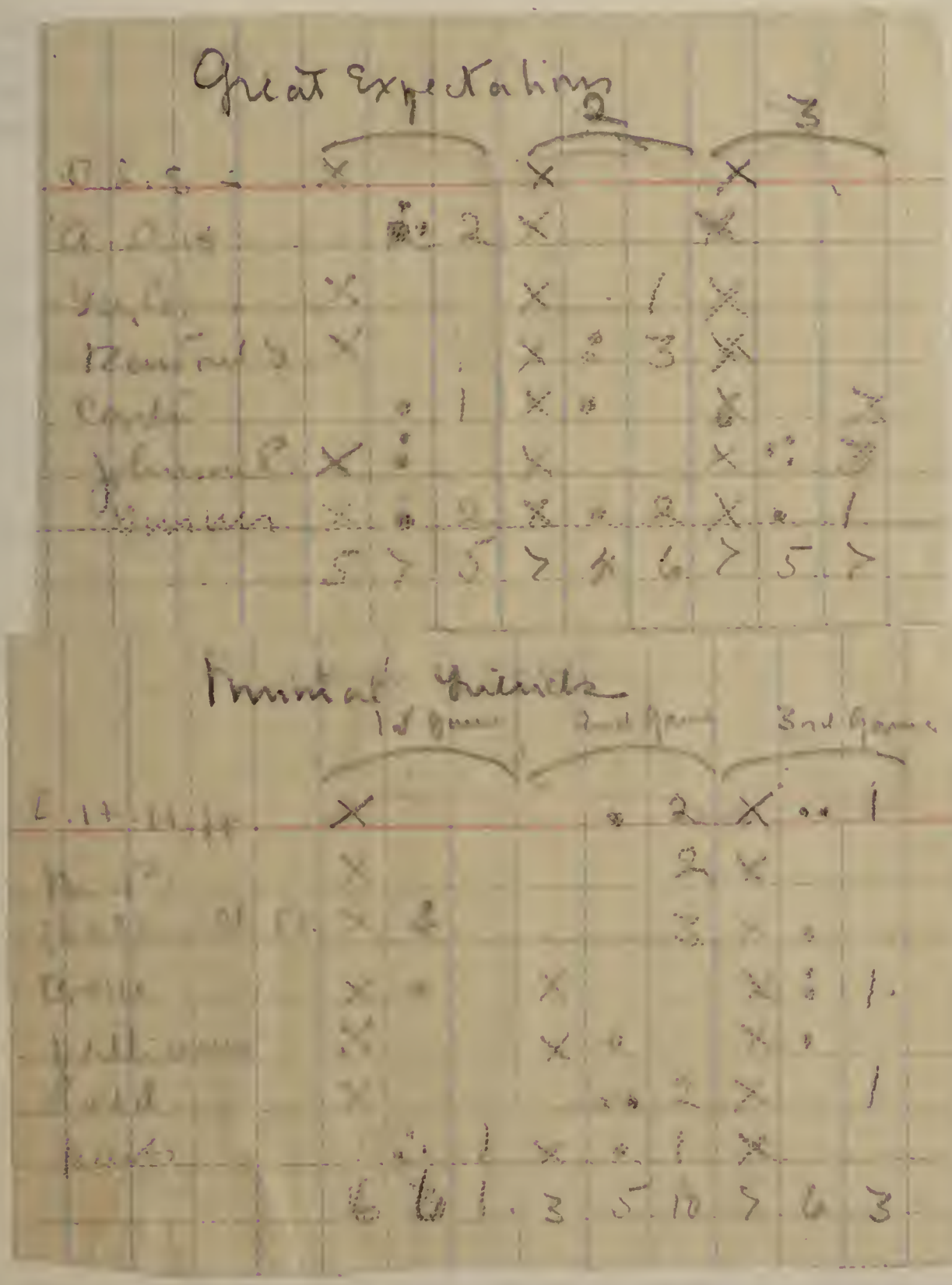
Then a fuel hunt along the beach, all hands bringing in a good supply; then Skowhegan, (Great Expectations vs. Mutual Friends), three good games (score below) followed by a couple of exciting games of Wolf. The Skowhegan boundaries on the Beach land can't be defined very well, and in the first game the Great Expectations started too soon, but the grey birch woods make exciting cover, giving a thrill of real scouting, and the runners made fast time, plunging along the edge of the light woods.

The grand Supper Cooking followed, in four parties,

Rantoul, T.	Cooke	Johnson, P.	Taylor
Ladd	Carter	Hallowell, R.	Hawes
R.L.S.	Turner	Williams	C.B.H.H.
	M.P.	A.D.H.	

and was a huge success. The fire-places were all draughty, the wind sweeping in; where we had thought there would be shelter. The wood was all pretty wet, too, and we were soon all weeping and choking with smoke. The four fires soon got going finely, though, and the fragrance and sizzling of bacon filled the air. We cooked bacon first then the eggs, in the bacon fat, each crew bringing their food to the sheltered hollow, as soon as cooked. A.D.H. with Hallowell, Johnson and Williams, finished first, hands down.

Next came, M.P., with Cooke, Carter and Turner; then R.L.S. with Rantoul and Ladd; and then C.B.H.H. with Taylor and Hawes. The latter fried their eggs, (no, one was dropped!), then made egg sandwiches with them, the others were all scrabled, and were certainly delicious. We had a most cosy feast, ending with a creepy ghost story as we ate our chocolate, then a good walk home.



We got home in time to join a grand game of Prisoner's Base, on th Hill. Then followed two extremely spirited games of Going to Jerusalem, and a lively, not to say roaring, round of Indoor Wolf. -"Greenmantle" for the Hlf-past Niners.

Saturday
July 19.

Bar. 29.5
Temp. 70
Wind - S.W.
Weather. Fair.

Can you believe it? Still another Canoe Test day, the Canoeing Trip had to be called off again; papers, bathing suits and dish towels are blowing everywhere.

J.C.F. tried the Test again (this makes the 17th test!) but again took in too much water, and went over on the third leg.

A fourth Raspberry Squad again provided us with a delicious dessert. We've never had anything like so many berries before.

Wrestling.

Merrill
Hepburn, S. — Won by Hepburn, S. Hepburn was on top most of the time. He tried to get a toe-hold. He soon succeded in pining Merrill's shoulderd.

Rantoul, T.
Dupee — Won by Rantoul, T. Rantoul went down on top, Dupee falling easily. After several attempts to buck Rantoul, Dupee was considered down.

Cushing
Hallowell, N.P. — A draw. A very close fight from start to finish. It was hard to say who had the advantage.

Rantoul, R.
Hubbard — Won by Rantoul, R. After a little bickering, they both fell. Rantoul, R. being on top where he stayed until Hubbard was down.

Hale
Watson — Won by Hale. They started off as if it was a boxing match. However after the clinch, Hale downed Watson easily.

Williams
Turner — Won by Williams. This was the liveliest of all the bouts. Turner at first had the advantage, but Williams soon turned the tables and was on top, but had a hard job to keep Turner down.

Track and Field.

Class A.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat. Time, 13.2 seconds.

Driver
Hale
Bailey, W.
Davol

Driver won without working too hard, and Hale had a safe margin over Bailey who was only a few inches ahead of Davol.

Second Heat. Time, 13.4 seconds.

Lynch
Thompson
Howe
Hallowell, R.

Lynch won, evidently interested only in qualifying, with Thompson a good second.

Final Heat. Time, 13.1 seconds.

Driver
Lynch
Thompson
Hale
Bailey, W.
Howe

Lynch and Driver were close till the last few yards, when Driver pulled away to a two foot lead. Thompson was some distance behind.

---

440 Run.
Time, 1 minute 7 seconds.

Driver
Lynch
Thompson
Howe
Hale
Hallowell, R.
Davol
Bailey, W.

The race developed almost at once into a duel between Driver and Lynch. At the backstop, Driver took the lead, but Lynch stuck close

to him till the start of the hundred, when he wilted badly and was fortunate to hold off Thompson.

Shot Put.

Driver	23' 5"
Lynch	23' 4½"
Thompson	21' 3½"
Hale	18' 8"

Both Lynch and Driver have improved more than a foot over their records in the last meet.

High Jump.

Hale	4' 1"
Lynch	4' 1"
Davol	4'
Thompson	3' 11"

Lynch bothered by a bad foot was unable to equal his record of the last meet.

Broad Jump.

Driver	14' 8"
Lynch	14' 8"
Hale	14' 2"

Driver was somewhat bothered by a twisted knee and was unable to do as well as he did in the last meet. It is remarkable that only the first four men in this event could have placed in Class C.

Class B.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat. Time, 13.4 seconds.

Hallowell, N.P.
Cushing
Bailey, D.
Futcher
Hoffman

Hallowell was obviously interested merely in qualifying. He was four feet ahead of Cushing, however, and had no incentive to hurry. Hoffman was also saving his energy though we do not know what for.

Second Heat. Time, 14 seconds.

Merrill
Johnson, E.
Ladd
Johnson, P.
Lawrence
Huffman

The real race in this heat was for second place, when Johnson, E. beat Ladd by less than a foot.

Third Heat. Time, 14 seconds.

Sewall
Stackpole
Teagle
Watson
Taylor

Here again the real race was for second place, when Stackpole just beat Teagle.

Final Heat. Time, 13.2 seconds.

Hallowell, N.P.
Cushing
Merrill
Johnson, E.
Stackpole
Sewall

Hallowell realy ran this time and won by several feet. Cushing had a safe lead over Merrill.

---

440 Run.
Time, 1 minute 13 seconds.

Hallowell, N.P.
Bailey, D.
Merrill
Sewall
Teagle
Cushing
Ladd
Johnson, P.
Lawrence
Johnson, E.

Bailey, D. took the lead at the start and held it till the last turn, when Hallowell ran wide and passed him, steadily increasing his lead till the finish. Merrill was a good third.

(Saturday July 19, cont'd.)

Shot Put.

Hoffman	17' 9½"
Cushing	16' 10"
Teagle	16' 10"
Taylor	15' 7"

Hoffman and Teagle, competing in Class B. for the first time, took most of the points and forced Cushing to improve by a foot to hold the second place he won in the last meet.

High Jump.

Hoffman	3' 10"
Cushing	3' 9"
Hallowell, N.P.	3' 9"

All three failed twice at three feet, nine inches, but Hoffman on his last jump, cleared the bar with inches to spare.

Broad Jump.

Hallowell, N.P.	14' 2"
Cushing	11' 10"
Bailey, D.	11' 5"

It is interesting to note that only Hallowell could have placed in Class C. in this event, where all the finalists cleared 13 feet. Both Cushing and Bailey were unable to approach the marks they made in the first meet.

Class C.

Hundred Yard Dash.

Trial Heat. Time, 13.4/5 seconds.

Carter
Rantoul, T.
Cooke
Hubbard
Rockwell
Dupee
Rantoul, R.

Carter and Rantoul, T. were very close all the way down and Carter just managed to win.

Trial Heat. Time, 13.4 seconds.

Williams
Weekes
Hepburn, S.
Turner
Jameson
Sturges
Ewing

Williams won, running as he pleased. Weekes was second less than a foot ahead of Hepburn.

Final Heat. Time, 13.4 seconds.

Williams
Carter
Rantoul, T.
Hepburn, S.
Cooke
Weekes

Williams again had plenty of time to spare in winning. Carter was three feet ahead of Rantoul who slacked up near the end, thinking he was beaten.

---

440 Run.

Time, 1 minute, 16.2 seconds.

Williams
Turner
Carter
Rantoul, T.
Weekes
Cooke
Hepburn, S.
Jameson

At the start, Williams took the lead, but Turner, running well, passed him and was ahead until the backstop, where Williams started to sprint and held first place till the finish.

Shot Put.

Carter	21' 5"
Hepburn, S.	20' 2½"
Ewing	19' 2½"
Weekes	18' 9"
Williams	17' 8"

Hepburn and Ewing, who were spectators in the first meet, displaced Weekes and Williams from their places in that meet.

(Saturday July 19, cont'd.)

High Jump.

Rantoul, T.	3' 10"
Williams	3' 10"
Hepburn, S.	3' 8"
Carter	3' 7"

Rantoul, T. and Williams tied at three feet ten, a height which was too much for all of Class B. except Hoffman.

Broad Jump.

Rantoul, T.	13' 5"
Hepburn, S.	13' 4"
Carter	13' 1"

In this event Class C. really showed its worth, as the three finals jumped well enough to be put in Class A. The others, however, were not quite so good as the next jump was 11' 11" made by Cooke.

Sat.July I9th,(cont.)

Third Charade Evening.

I. Saladin.(L.T.).

Scene I,"Salad",showed three highly professional-looking chefs,(L.T.,J.H.S.,K.S.W.) at work preparing salad-dressing. They demanded many ingredients,some of which,as cloves,are not ordinarily used in preparing this condiment. We are quite sure they put in too much pepper;still,it must have been a remarkable salad.

II. (Din.)

An Indian "pow-wow,"showing many braves in red blankets,and wearing a ferocious aspect.To the accompaniment of tom-toms, (which looked singularly like tin trays,) they performed a war-dance,howling and shrieking in sanguinary and blood-curdling fashion.We were too frightened to tell "tother from which".

III.(Saladin.)

The mighty Saracen appeared in all his splendor,and we felt as if we were acting "The Talisman.)He welcomed and entertained at supper a gallant Crusader,(K.S.W.),and all was going well,when his herald,or personal attendant,(Hawes,) whispered in the Sultan's ear that a traitor (J.H.S.)was among the gilded courtiers.Rising in his wrath,the Sultan (L.T.),fell upon the villain with his sword,and soon made an end of him.The scene closed in terror and confusion.

2

~~I~~. (C.H.C.) Olympic.

Scene I."Oh!"

This was very mystic.A lofty scaffolding appeared,covered with red blankets.On the top stood Lawrence,who sudd[illegible]

who suddenly flung himself from the height,while the assembled crowd cried"Oh!" We were glsd to learn that the rash youth was not seriously injured.

Scene II. Limp.

The office of Dr P..N.McD. Many patients enter,limping.One has been lamed in scouting,another has lockjaw from chewing gum,a third has been kicked by Mr Terry.They are given castor oil and other xii violent remedies,which we trust relieved their pains.

Scene III. Pick.

A learned lady,(A.D.H.,) appears,taking a party of young people on a botanical expedition.They find the Shredded Wheat Tree, Tree,and pick its delicious fruit.

Scene IV.(Olympic.)

We are transported to Paris,and witness a boat-race on the eine.Excited spectators,led by C.H.C.,cheer the contestants,who row with much spirit,to the delight of all.

3. " Charade.(J.A.L.Jr.)

Scene I. Chat.

Two tutors,,J.A.L.Jr and H.M.W.,teaching Hallowell and N.P.and Taylor.They endeavor to teach them the French for "cat",with ittle success,and with violent objurgations.J.G.W.,in the audience, marks that it is like a quiet day in the Tutorium.

Scene II. Raid.

An air-raid,apparently at sea.Storm raging.Fine display of cloaks.Wild confusion and excitement.

Scene III. Charade.

A charade, acted by all the "side."

(Sat.July 18th,cont.)

4. (J.G.W.) Goliath.

Scene I. Go.

A running race,presumably a "Marathon."At the word "Go!" the runners started,running across the stage,through the window,round the house and back through another window, over and over,with increased velocity.We don't know who won, but they must have been quite exhausted.

Scene II. Lieth.

A scene from "The Western Islands".J.G.W.as the parson, J.C.F.and C.H.H.H.as Joe and Jerry.The parson tells of the wonders in the west;none of your roses, rubies and amethynes is all the roses in them gardens,"etc.etc.

Scene III. Goliath.

We found ourselves in the Camp of Israel,with King Saul, (J.G.W.) and his army much disturbed by the boasting challenge of the Philistine. Goliath enters,a tremendous figure,(composed,it is said,of J.C.F.and C.H.H.H.) He shows his spear, and flings out his defiance.Enter David,(Huffman),who takes up the challenge,and asks permission to fight the :Philistine. Saul,after some hesitation,consents.David chooses a stone, adjusts it in his sling,and slays the giant in good Scriptural form.With this dramatic scene the evening closed.

Sunday
July 30.

Bar. 29.75
Temp. 67
Wind. light N.W.
Weather. Fair.

A lovely, clear day, quite a relief after so much wind.

Another pair braved the Horn, last night (H.M.W. and R.B.T.). They started about half past eleven. It was a heavenly night with a three quarters moon, as they went across the lake and up the stream. As they came into Messalonskee, the sun just rising in the East and the silver moon over head, certainly made the trip, although tiring, a beautiful one; and they got back to Camp about twenty minutes past six.

The first "Sleepers Out" parties took place last night. R.L.S. with Smith, Weekes and Lawrence, chose Faculty Coffee for their night's repose; while J.C.F. with Johnson, E., Merrill and Rantoul, T. went out to the Point. Both parties proved to be delightful and not too mosquitoey.

The first afternoon list to appear on the door was as follows:

Picnic to White Horse Shoal.

Ouananiche.

H.R.

A.W.K.	H.W.P.
T.R.	J.P.M.
Sewall	Watson
Hoffman	Driver
Lynch	Howe, J.C.

passengers

I.B.
H.W.P.
E.G.
Sewall (probably)

Allegash	Hecuba	Ebensneezer	Hornpout	Shagpat
Sturges	Hollister	Ambroid	Colgate	Worrall
Rantoul, R.	Thurber	Le Page	Kolinos	Richards, H.
Hubbard	Watts(son)	Carter	Forham	Wiggins, J.
J.C.F.	Weeks	Lovejoy	Rexall	H.W.P.

Able	Chub	Arklight	Moab	Impetigo
Cain	Cheever	Edison	Setter	Howe, J.C.
Shem	Chavender	Bunsen	Nussbaum, F.	Heber
Ham	Pike, W.E.	Watts	Nussbaum, G.	Turuncl, A.
Japhet	Bass, S.M.	Ampere, D.C.	Nussbaum, R.	Leper, U.S.

(Sunday, July 20, cont'd.)

All others report to Teagle in the Shop at 3.45½ A.M.

R.L.S.	Sly Fox
Birch	G.C.T.
Pair	Driver
Bull D.	
Pie Plant	

Bring Leather or Rubber Boots and Strawberry Nets.

The second list to appear was as follows:

Ouani
J.G.W.

R.R.	R.L.S.
I.M.K.	F.R.
Huffman	Watson
Johnson,P.	Stackpole
Sewall	Teagle

L.E.R.
Rantoul,T. Dupee
Williams

Abol	Eben	Corker	Worry	Cobb
P.N.McD.	C.H.C.	L.T.	J.A.L.	Driver
Cushing	Davol	Smith	Hallowell,N.P.	Johnson,E.
Bailey,D.	Bailey,W.	Hawes	Ladd	Lawrence
A.D.H.	M.P.	Thompson	Howe	Hallowell,R.

Willi	Yammer	Erebus	Terror	Panta	Iden
J.H.S.	H.M.W.	C.B.H.H.	J.C.F.	R.B.T.	K.S.W.
Hale	Lynch	Hoffman	Hepburn,A.	Futcher	Taylor
Weekes	Turner	Sturges	Rockwell	Rantoul,R.	Merrill
Jameson	Hubbard	Hepburn,S.	Ewing	Carter	Cooke

North Beach.

North Beach is always one of the best Picnic places, and as usual we had the luck to have it to ourseves. The fleet, under J.G.W., kept a fine Merryweather Line, all the way up, for the first time this summer. H.M.W's boat and C.B.H.H's each broke an oarlock, but they kept the line perfectly. J.H.S. evolved a new scheme, of having two rowers as Stroke, on the stern seat, which worked splendidly. Coming back the line was even better, ending in a good brisk dash for the Canoes.

Fine Skowhegan, through the thick and very rock-strewn under-

brush, by the Deserted Camp, J.G.W. and L.T umpiring from the roof.

The Half-past Niners butlered at the Picnic, for the first time this year. They did it extremely well.

The Round the Horners, H.M.W. and R.B.T., kept on the job most gallantly all day, though being Sunday, there was more time for occasional naps.

Good hymns and "Each and All", and Owen Wister's "Gift Horse, for the Half-past Niners.

This coming week, the Doctor will give morning talks on physiology.

Special details for the week:

Merryweather Light--------Hale.

Flag----------Smith.

Weather----------Cooke.

Monday
July 21.

Bar. 29.9
Temp. 68
Wind. N.W.
Weather. Fair.

Camping Trip
July 18th
— " —
Hale
Hallowell, N.P.
Hepburn, R.S.
Howe
J.A.L. jr.
K.S.W.
Caughquamgomock
Aboljockamegus

A hot day.

The Camping trip, put off twice, started off in fine form and a calm sea, for Round the Horn.

The faithful Raspberry and Bush-Whacking Squads continued their good work, and Navigation, which has been badly held up by the heavy blow, went on, with good results.

The Aquarium leaks a little, but the Yard Squad easily keeps it up to its level, with a few pailsful daily.

Grand Treasure Hunt.

This was far the most ambitious Treasure Hunt we've ever had, and was a tremendous afternoon all through. The addition of Corking supper at the last cache made it amount to much more, as well as being ever so much fun.

A. had a hard time. They did not wholly make use of "well-known Bean", and a course of map-reading might be found a help; but they ran well and hunted hard.

B. had difficulty with their first clue, and having to make two trips to the Land Slide, not recognizing it at first sight. . No further difficulty, all going smoothly and quick. All raced well, and worked out their clues quickly.

C. worked out their clues extremely well and quickly, ran well, did fine work all through, winning the prize of Raspberry Syrup, as an addition to supper.

For supper we cooked bacon and scrambled eggs in great quantity,

(Monday July 21, cont'd.)

had fresh rolls and orange marmalade, and a big water-melon for each squad. A. and C. (C. first) cooked and ate supper at the Point, with a good swim first, while B. swam and then ate at Pine Parlor. A. and B. had lemonade only, C. the well-known raspberry syrup. All three meals big and complete successes.

A1

"How Strange" quoth the Ibis,
'Behold Prince Albert
Masquerades as Moses in
the latter's early youth, among
them bull-rushes."

A. Treasure Hunt.

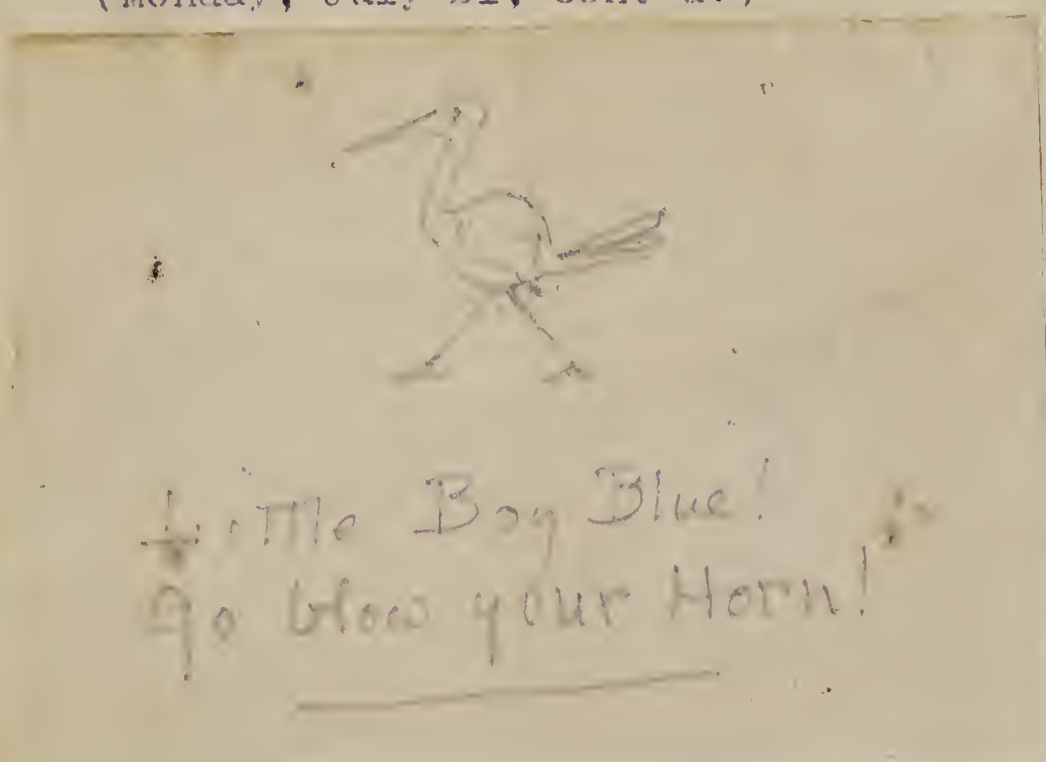
We started for the Lagoon, then tried Mosquito Pond, then, on Thompson's guess, went to the Bull-rush Pond by the old cellar hole, on the Goose Beach road, beyond Cook's.

2A

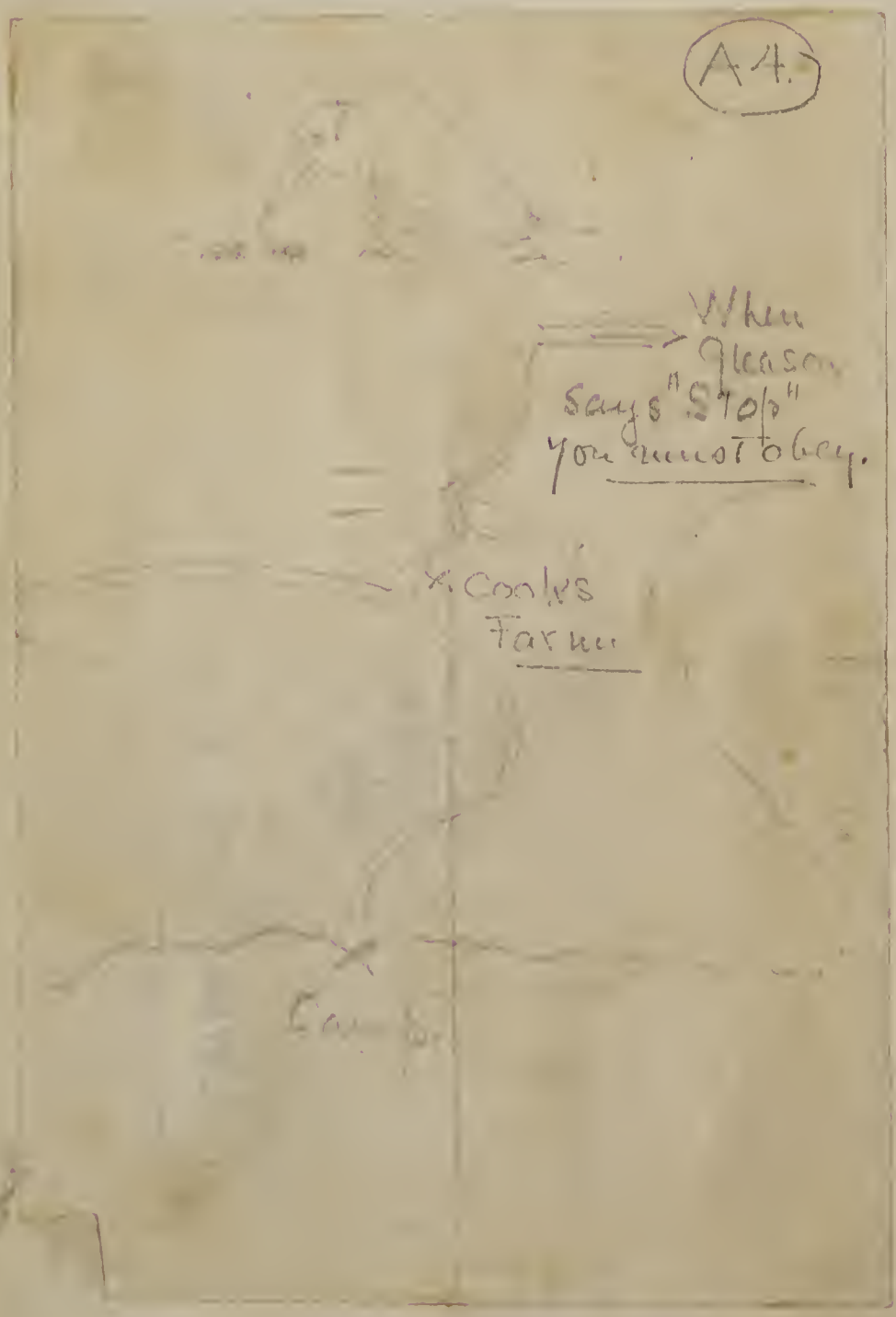
Think not to gain the goal
without—
A Marathonian spree,
Go stretch your legs
and look beneath
That far off Abbot Tree.

A bad time! We hunted for ¾ of an hour round the fallen tree, blown over in the great Gale; then at last tried the tall standing stump, and found it. (N.B. there is still controversy as to which is the real Abbot Tree; and the matter must be referred to Rad Abbot, in person, at the Reunion!)

(Monday, July 21, cont'd.)



This was easy; obviously the Skipper's Horn.



This was bad. We went beyond the farm cross-road to the right; mislead by the cross-road on the map being drawn, on the map, the same size as the main road, so we went on to the main road to the right; we should have noticed the sign.

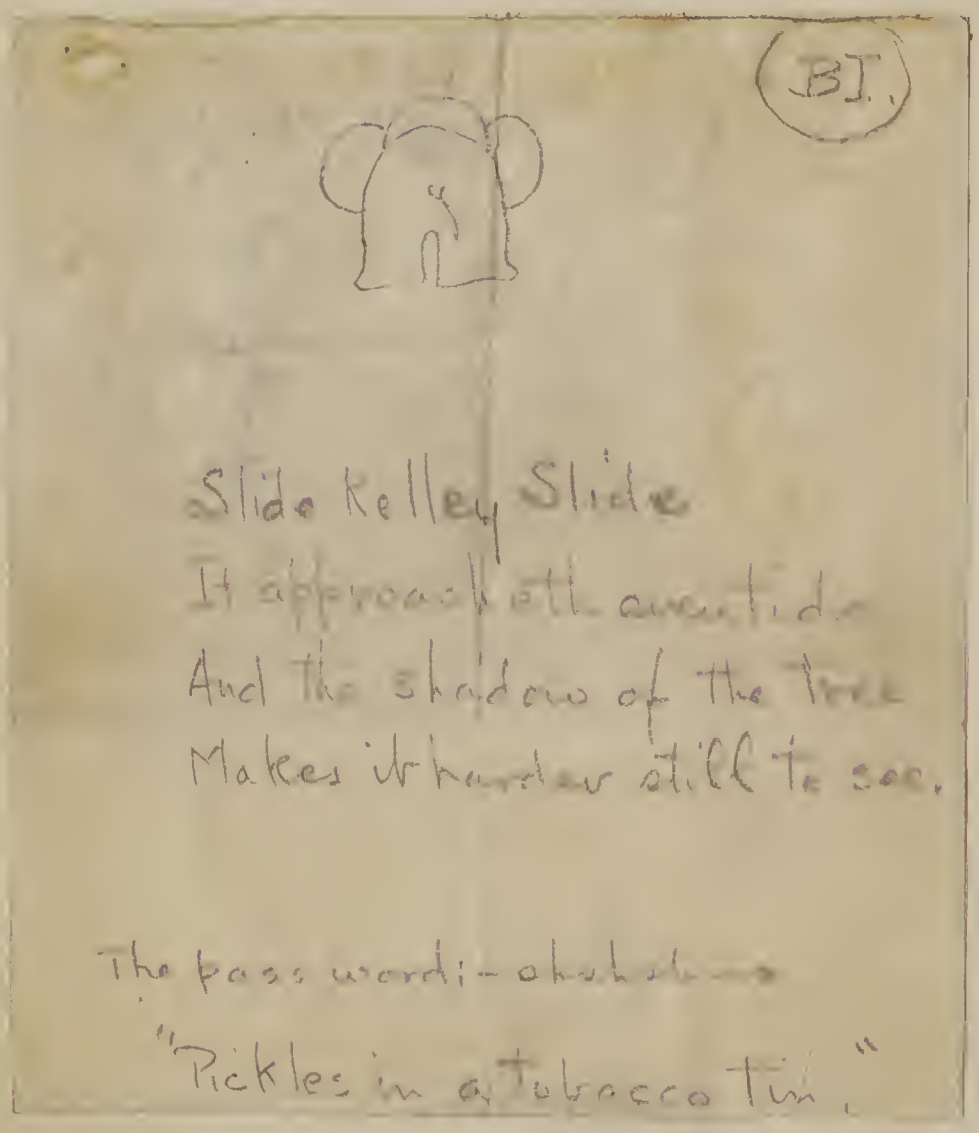
(A6.)

AT the North end of
this location, near by
the Standard of Prussia
you will find your clue.

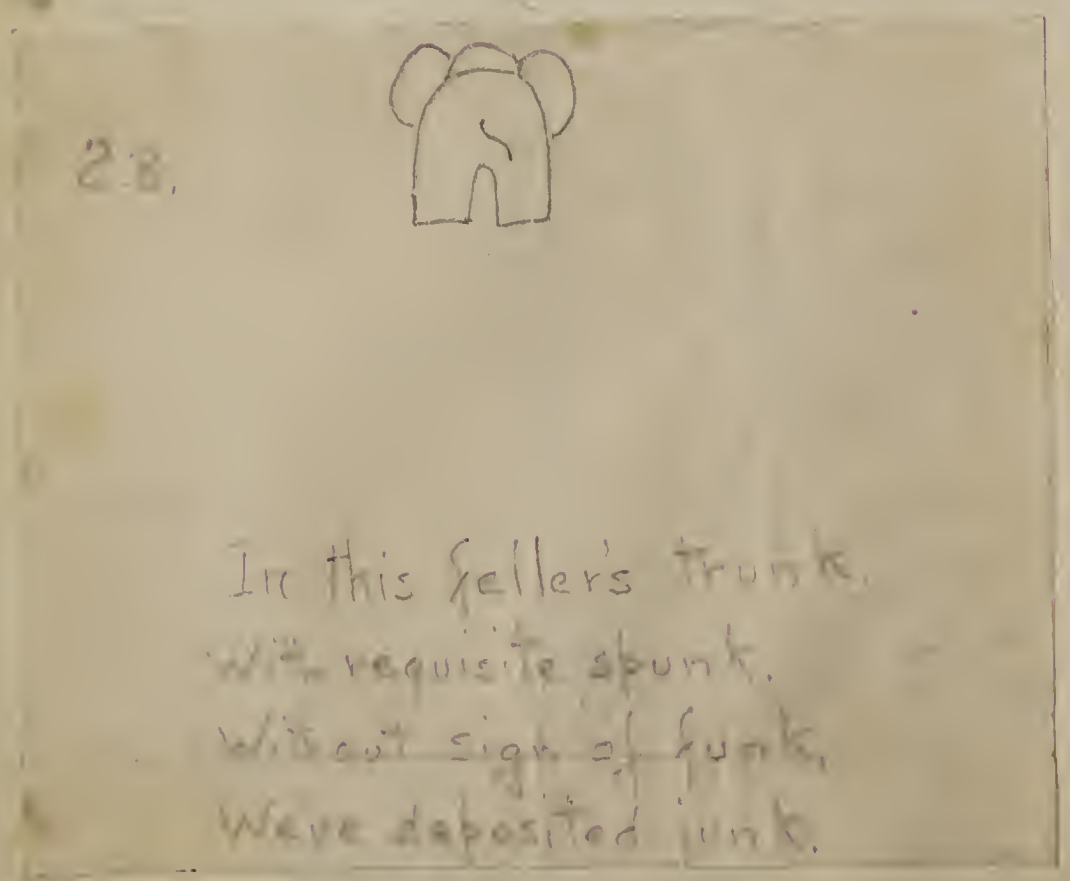
A CAT IS NAUGHT
TO A KING OF
KALAMAZOO

(Monday, July 21, cont'd.)

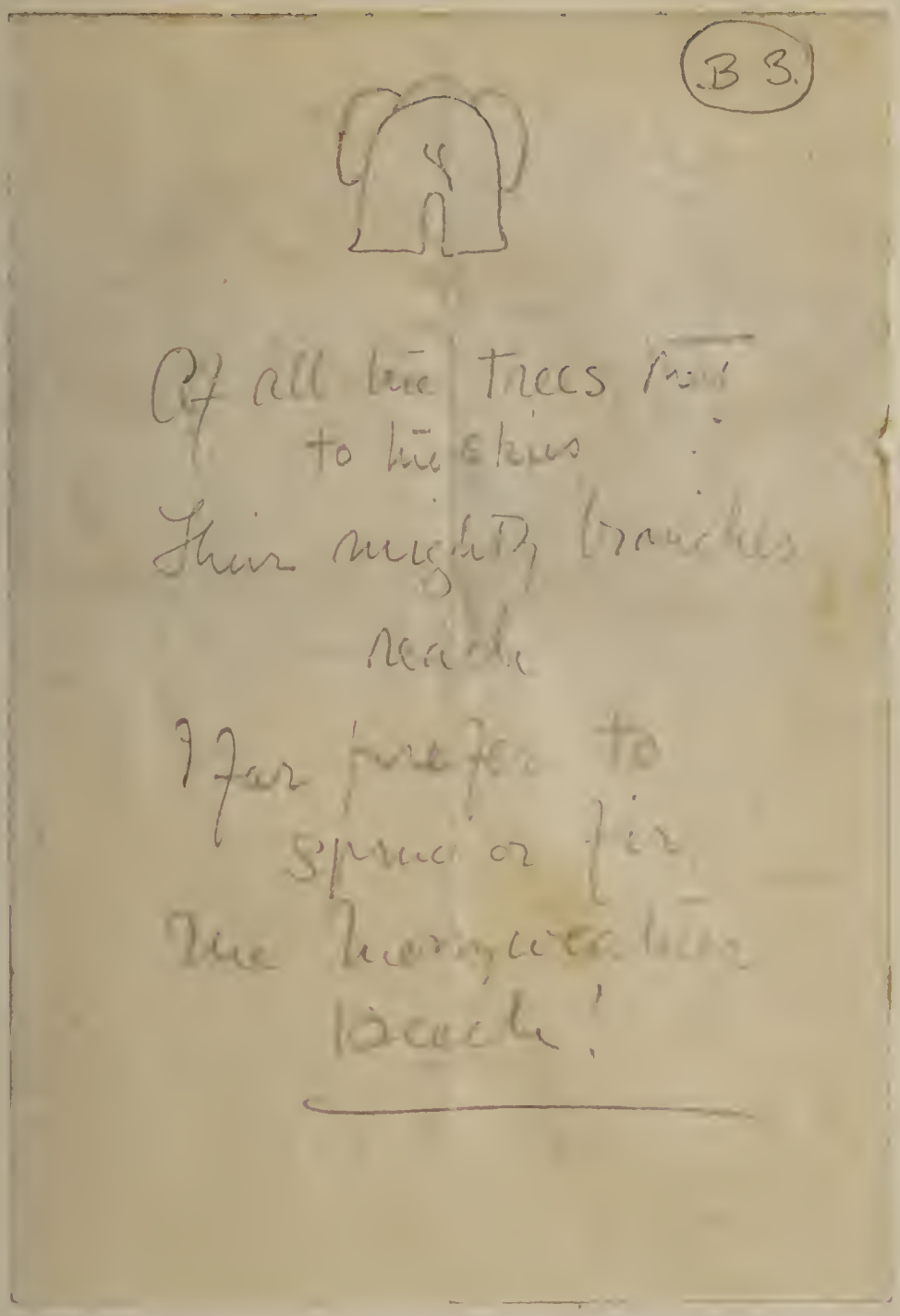
B. Treasure Hunt.


B I.
Slide Kelley Slide
It approacheth eventide
And the shadows of the Trees
Makes it harder still to see.
The pass word:- ahahaha
"Pickles in a tobacco tin."

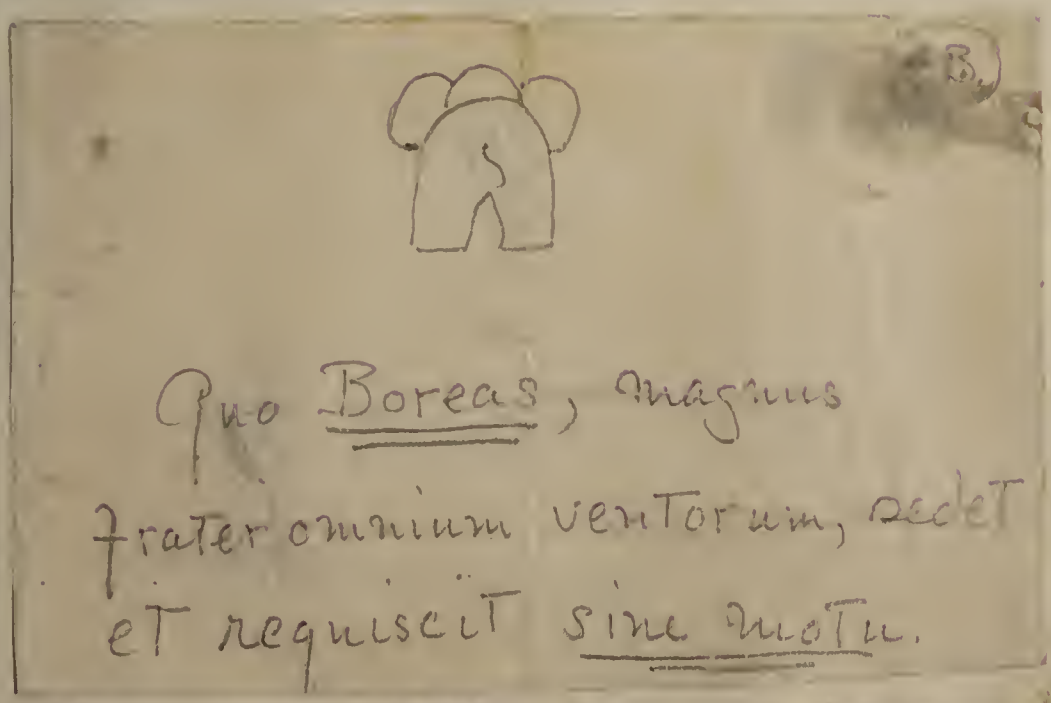
Quite sure that No. 2 clue was at the Land Slide, they started for that point, but failing to discover anything, after half an hour's search, became discouraged and came back to Camp, for information. L.T. said that they were on the right track, so all started back. This time with better luck, for the note was found in a tobacco tin, after a short search.



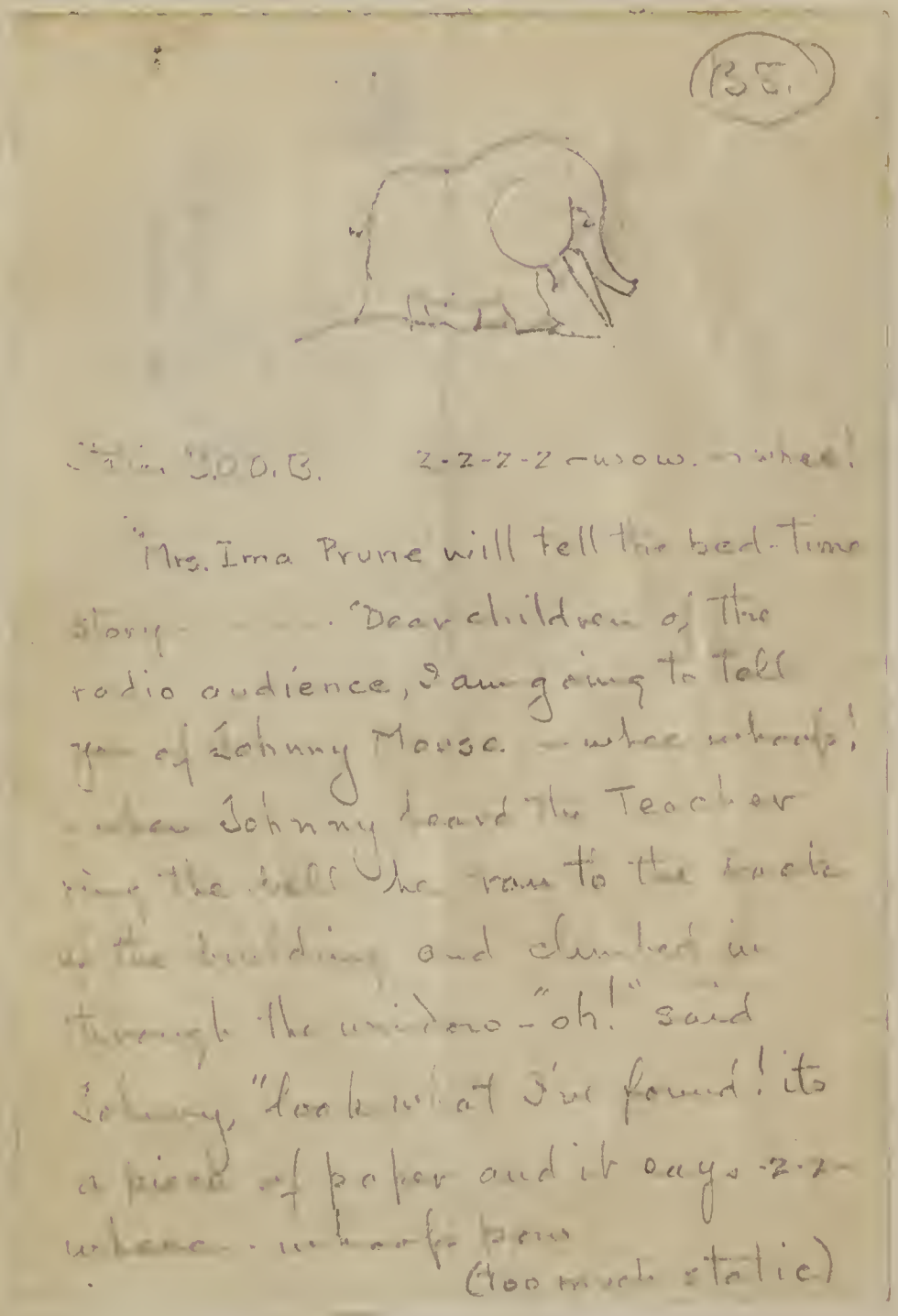
It was quite obvious that this clue was deposited in an elephant's trunk. After some hesitation it was agreed that the only elephant hereabouts was the one used in the charades. Here the third clue was found.



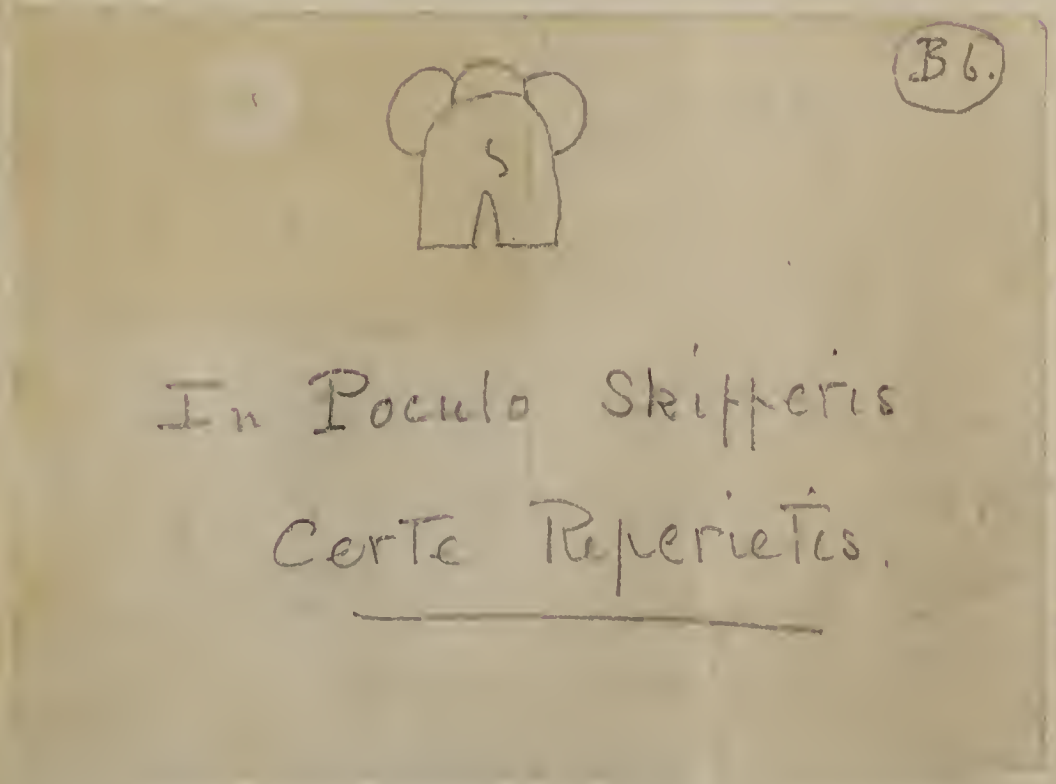
All headed for Merry-weather Beach, as this was apparently the only hint to be derived from the third clue. Here they hunted about for a short while, when Jack Hawes found the fourth clue, under a small tree.



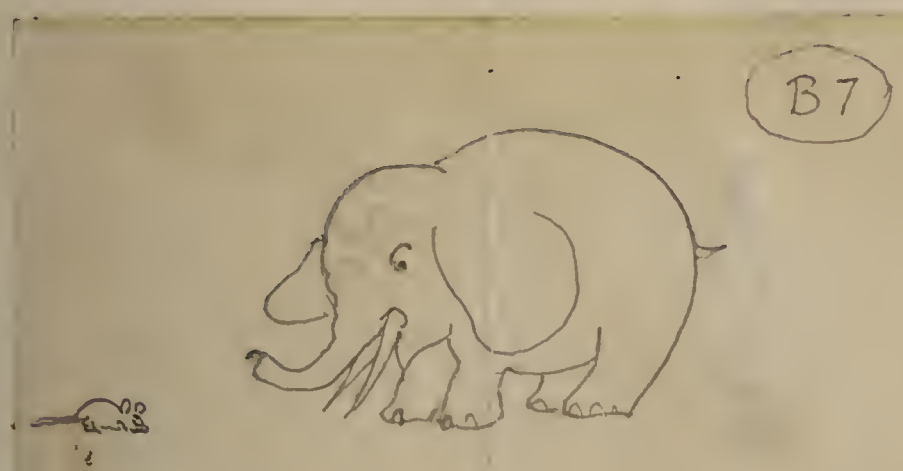
This clue caused a delay because of the Latin. The words, "Boreas" and "sine motu", being under-lined, particular attention was paid to them. It was suddenly remembered that L.T's racing boat was named the "Boreas". This hint proved to be the correct one.


(35.
W.O.W.
Z-Z-Z-Z-wow.-whee!
Mrs. Ima Prune will tell the bed-time story- ---. Dear children of the radio audience, I am going to tell yo- of Johnny Mouse. -whee whoop! -when Johnny heard the Teacher ring the bell she ran to the back of the building and climbed in through the window-"oh!" said Johnny, "look what I've found! its a piece of paper and it says-Z-Z- where- whoop- here (too much static)

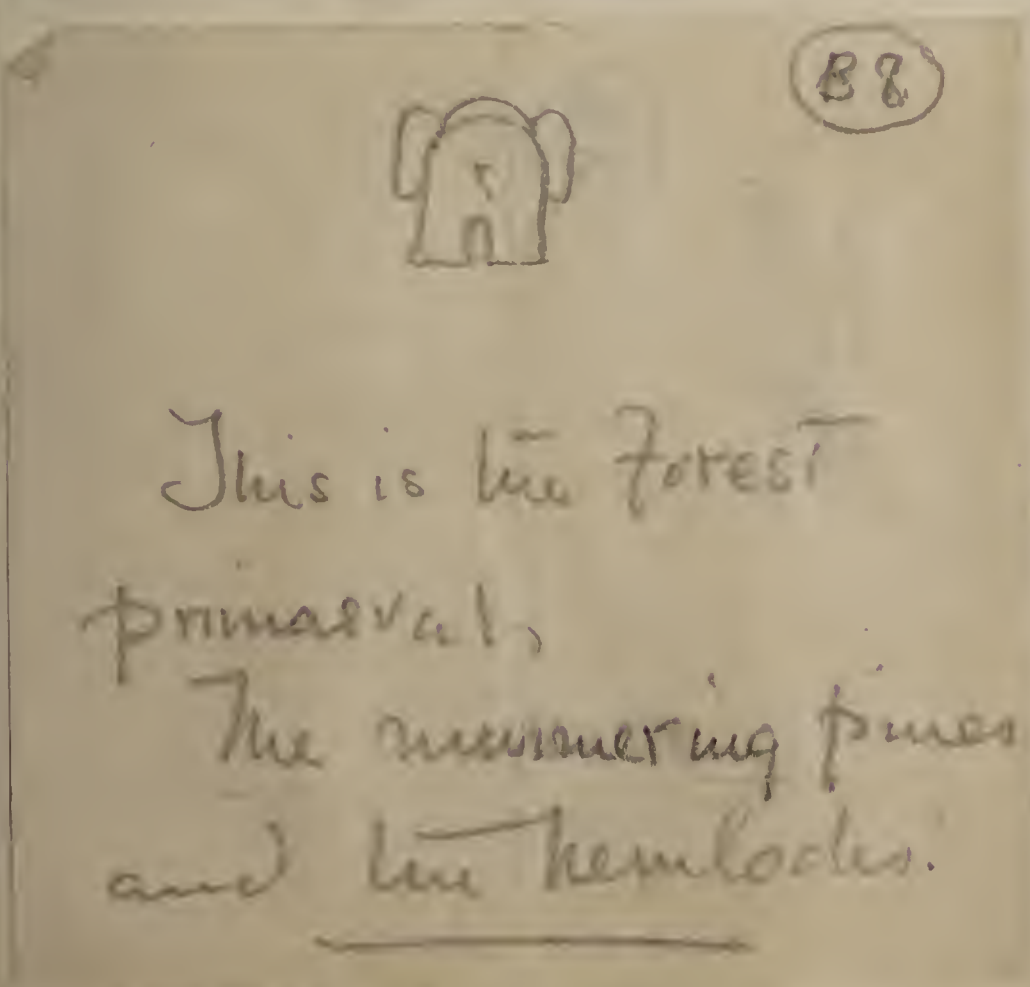
It was immediately decided that the next destination was the school house. It took longer to reach this clue than any other, but it was easily found, where it was hidden on one of the window sills.



Another clue in Latin. This was easier than the other, however, for it quite clearly referred to the Skipper's Cup. All ran back to Camp, thinking that this was the last clue.

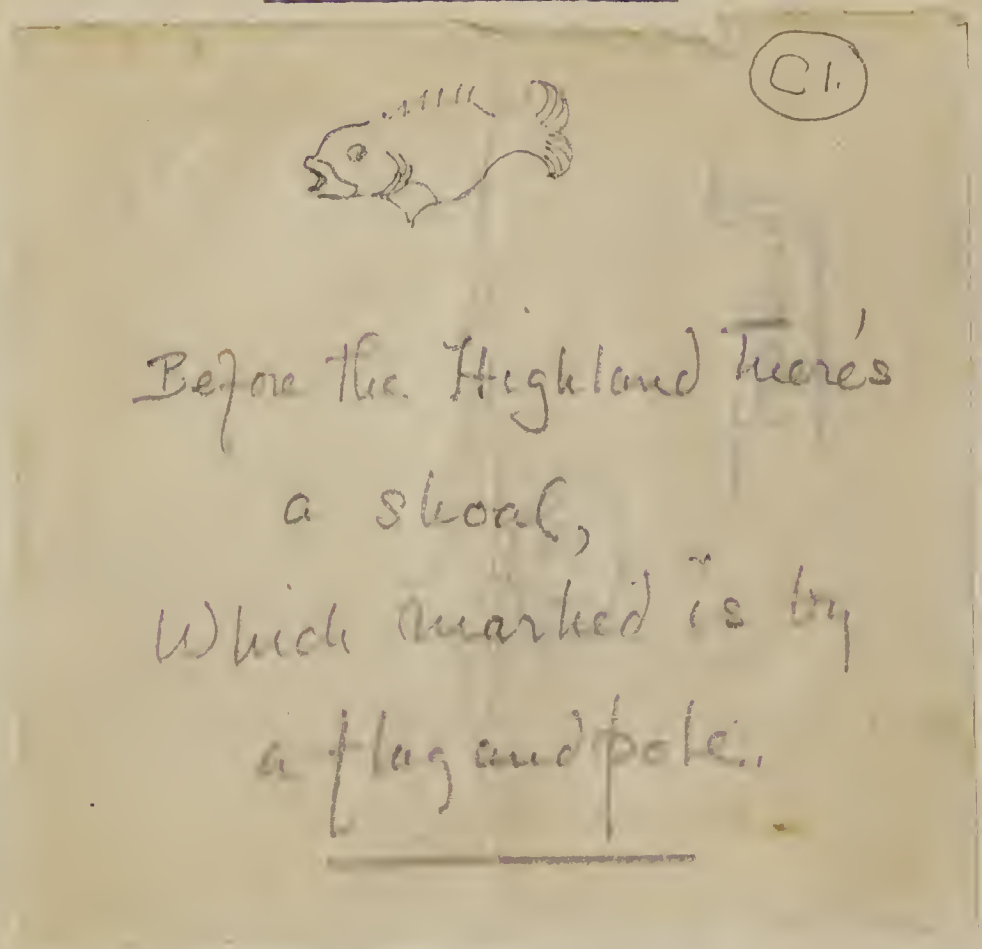


It was a surprise to find another clue. After a short delay, they decided that the mouse trap off Oak Island was their destination. All cheerfully rowed over, and found the next note.

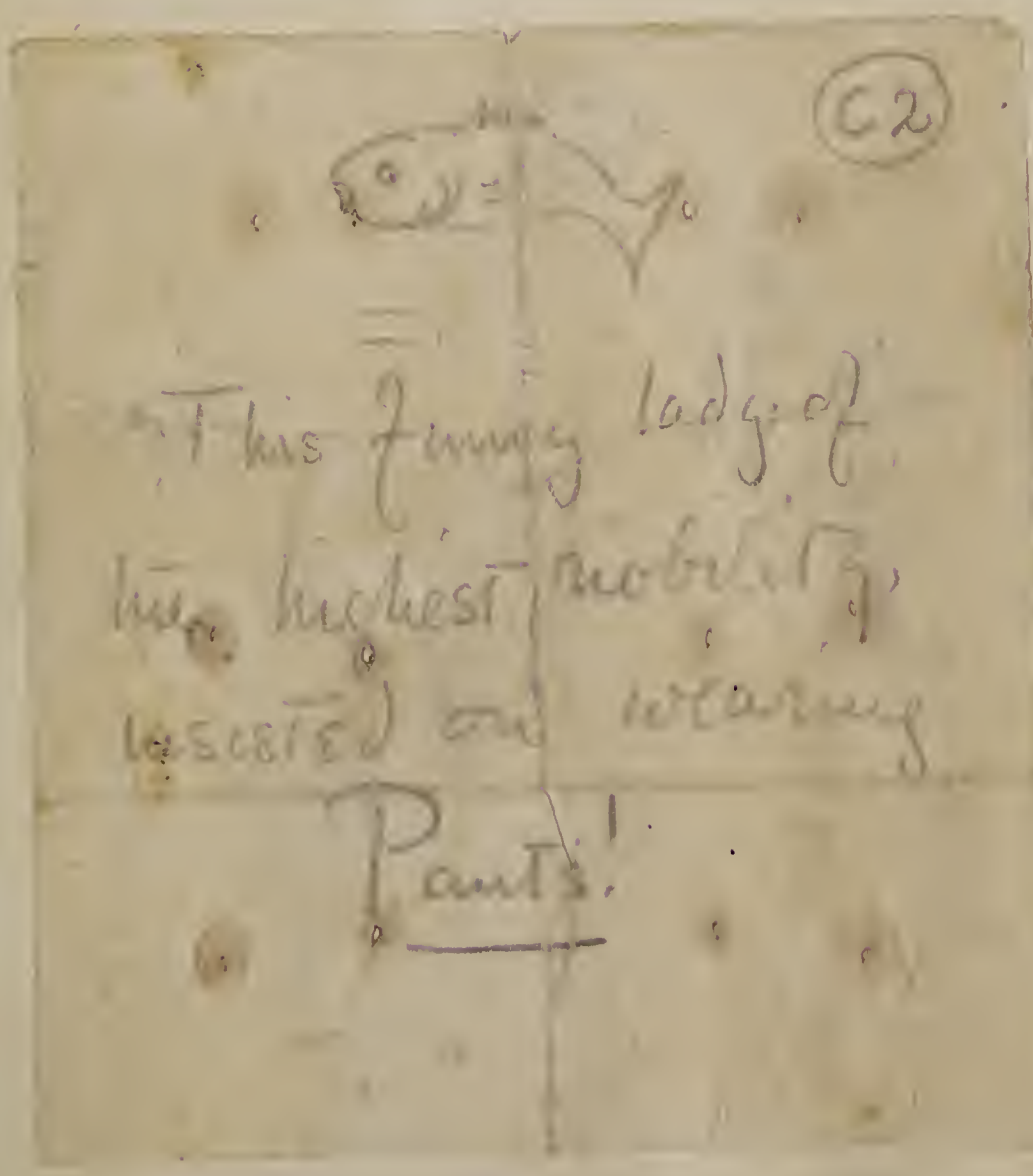


This was the last clue, and it was with sharp appetites that they headed for the Pine Parlour. Here a short swim was enjoyed and then SUPPER!

C. Treasure Hunt. (Monday July 21, cont'd.)



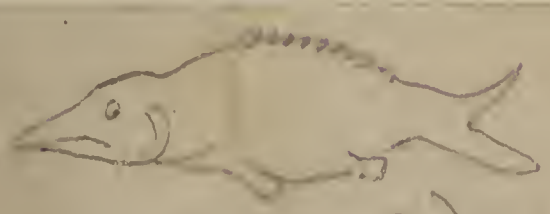
Without any real doping, they started out towards Pine Island. After going a short distance, they were called back. With a slight hint they started towards the Land Slide, where they found the clue on the flag.



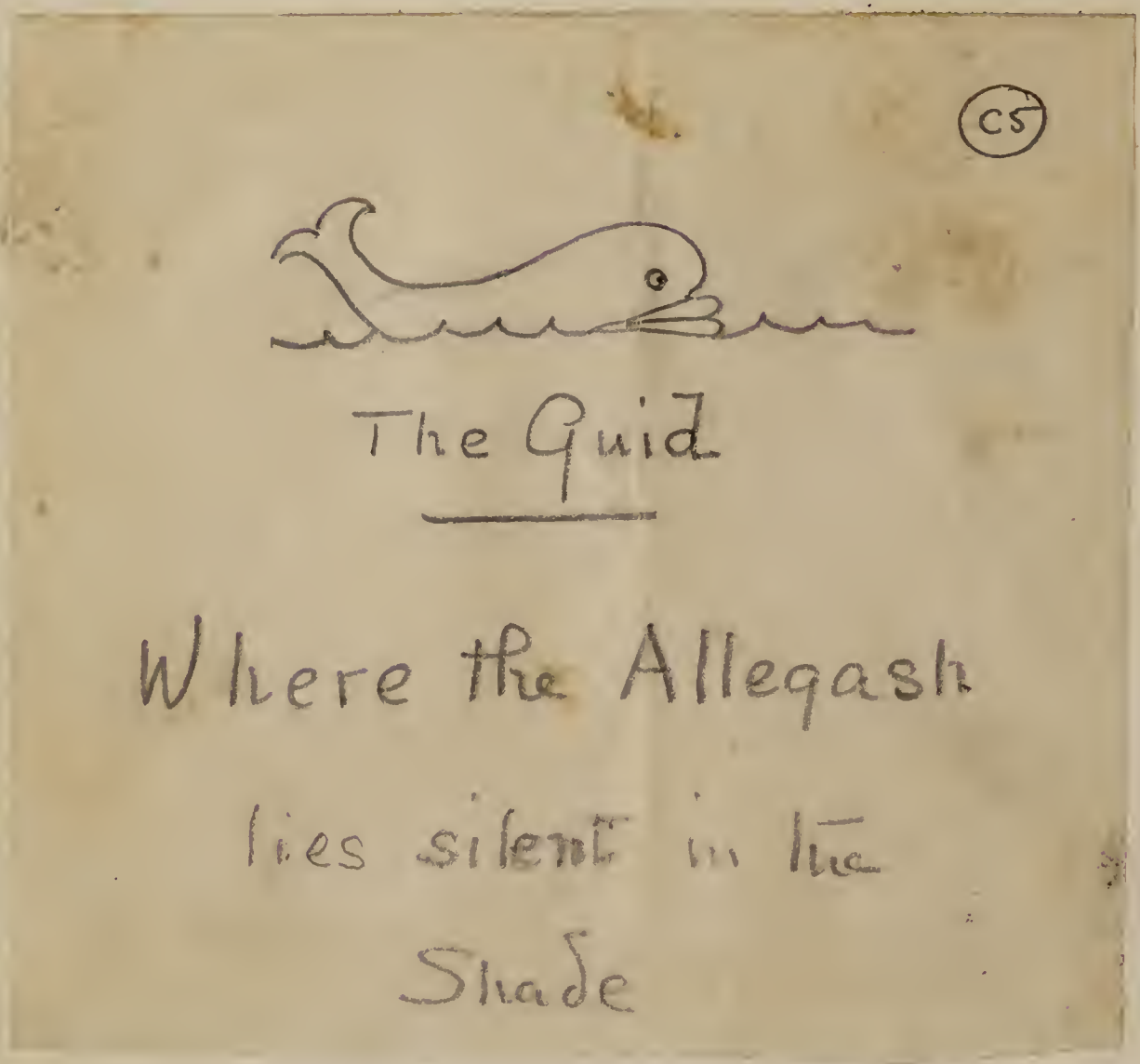
They were at a loss for some time, no one could make any sense out of the clue. R.B.T. then asked what the ranks of nobility were and finally they guessed the Duchess Trousers' advertisement.

(Monday July 21, cont'd.)

This clue was easy to follow. On the way Sturges was stung by hornets and consequently slowed up the others.

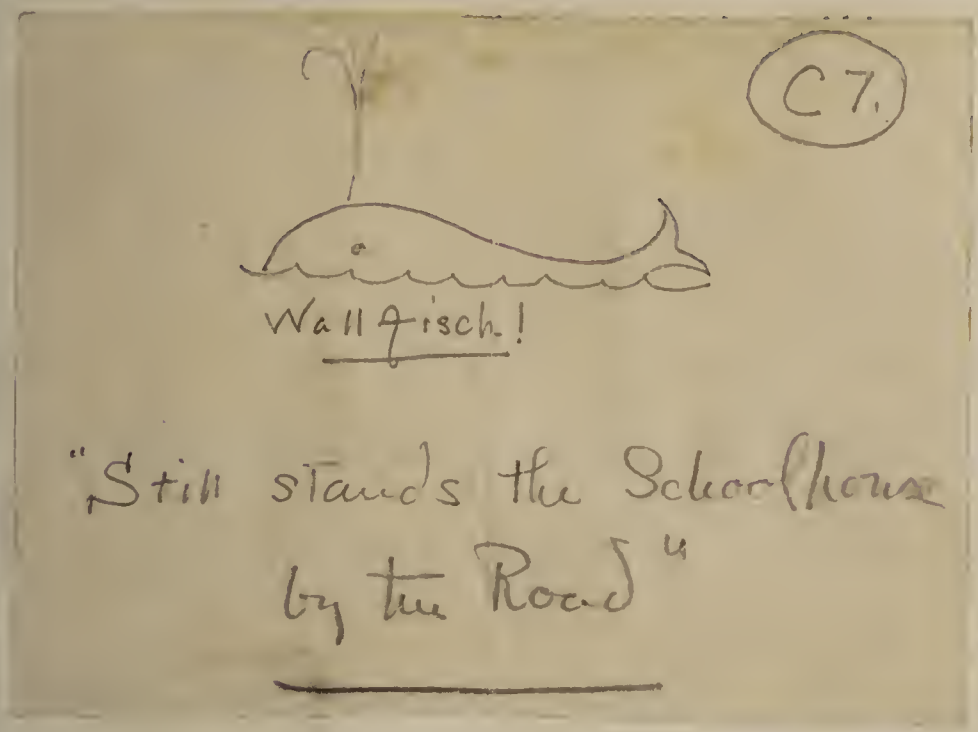


This clue was found on the Gleason sign. After a few minutes deliberation and some slight hints, they decided upon the dictionaries at Camp. The run back was successful except Sturges was forced to stay behind on account of large shoes.

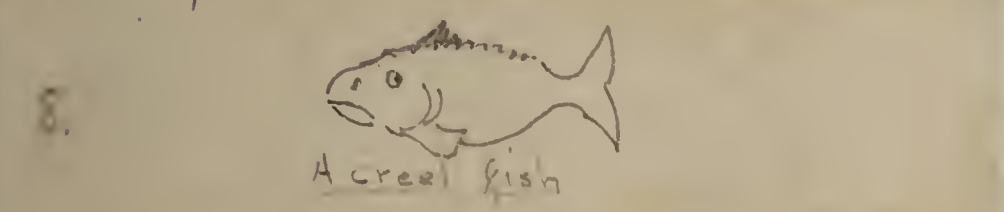


This clue was immediately guessed and the run up to Fourway was short and snappy.

The dog kennel was the first guess but they all raced back, the clue was not there. Then Sturges suggested Woof Hallowell's cubicle and here they discovered the clue.



The tutorium was the first thought, but not finding the clue there, they started towards the school house. They walked most of the way there and found the clue under the door sill.



Cooke translated this and after a little doping they decided on Horse Point as the objective. They ran most of the way back and reached the Point to find the food behind the big rock.

Tuesday
July 22.

Where was Cookey with the Weather?!

A rather easy-going day, after yesterday's strenuousiti

Canoe Navigation did very thorough work, and learned a lot, making turns, doing short stops, figures of eight in among each other, making landings, etc.

Raspberries again! Never was such a season.

Mr. Rawle left us this morning.

J.G.W. took a short trip to Waterville, L.T. taking A. Addyhumps.

A day of many visitors: Mrs. Rantoul, Bob and Talbot's mother; Mrs. Watts and Miss Watts; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Eddy's parents; and a friend; Mr. and Mrs. McAllister and some friends; St. John Smith's father, uncle and cousin; and Mrs. Marvin; fifteen in all.

H.M.W. supped with his family at Gleason's.

C.H.C's Botanists went by the school house road to the old Steven's place, and down by the fallen house to the Big Bog,---the long, flat stretch of typical "dead lake", a deep carpet of velvet crimson sphagnum moss, grown through with cranberries, sundew and other typical bog growth, and small balsam firs; which was plainly once an arm of Great Pond, nearly cutting off Horse Point, and all the higher land up to Goose Beach, into a big island.

Sphagnum bogs are the best places to look for some of the finest orchids; and sure enough they found quite a few of the rare White Fringed Orchids, and some of the beautiful rose pink Calopogan Orchids; besides carnivorous Pitcher Plants, which catch and absorb insects; and other plants, which they brought home wrapped in a good lot of sphagnum, for the Aquarium Island. "An enjoyable time was had."

Botanists.

Williams	Johnson,P.	C.H.C.	Dupee	Jameson
Merrill	Rockwell		Ewing	Hubbard

Fishing.

Willi	Yanner	Erebus	Terror	Iden	Pant
J.G.W.	L.T.	Teagle	I.M.K.	P.N.McD.	M.P.
Smith	Huffman	Bailey,D.	Hoffman	Taylor	Hepburn,A.
Carter	Bailey,W.	Turner	Sturges	Weekes	Sewall
3 chub	perch	0	0	2 bass	2 bass
3 bass					
3 perch					

"But when the breezes blow

Sturges generally goes below,

And seeks the seclusion

Which Terra Firma grants!"

Junior Ball.

Bends vs. Breaks.

Score: 11-5, favor of the Bends.

1st inning.

The game did not start off particularly well; the Breaks not shining very much at bat. For the Bends, however, two good hits were made by Driver and R.L.S.

2nd inning.

A good stop and throw by Davol, and a high fly caught by R.L.S. Stackpole made a run on errors and there was a bit too much wild throwing by the Breaks.

3rd inning.

Two excellent hits to right field by J.C.F. and C.B.H.H.

4th inning.

A well placed hit between centre and right field by R.L.S.

5th inning.

Home Run for the Breaks by J.C.F.!

6th inning.

Another good stop and throw by Davol.

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
1	[illegible]	3 K	3 K		3	3 K							3	0		0
6	[illegible]												0	2		0
5	[illegible]												1	1		0
3	[illegible]												3	0		0
2	[illegible]	3 K											4	1		2
4	[illegible]												2	0		0
7	[illegible]												3	0		1
8	Watson												1	0		0
7	[illegible] E.												2	1		0
	Totals	1 / 1	0 / 1	2 / 3	1 / 4	1 / 5	0 / 5	/	/	/	/	/				

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
4	[illegible]	1 K		K		1 K							4	1		0
2	[illegible]												4	3		3
1	[illegible]												2	2		1
3	[illegible]												4	3		3
[illegible]	[illegible]												4	1		1
[illegible]	[illegible]												1	0		0
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 K											1	1		0
[illegible]	[illegible]		1 K										3	0		0
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 K		1 K									3	0		0
	Totals	4 / 4	2 / 6	0 / 6	2 / 8	3 / 11	/	/	/	/	/	/				

About 5 o'clock, the Campers returned, coming round the Point in the choppy sea in grand form.

"Games on the Hill", followed by "Earth, Air and Water"; followed in turn by Greenmantle.

Various Half-past Niners take turns in sleeping with Billy Driver, to cheer his lonely tent, bereft of Jimmy Worrall.

The Sleepers Out, Bobby Rantoul, Chubbard and Dicky Lawrence, were forced to come back to their dormitories, by the rain.

All of us with Groton connections were excited at learning that a real cyclone had devastated the town, blowing in windows, and blowing three of Mr. Gardner's chimneys completely off.

Camp Edison

"Sleep is a bad habit" — Thos. A. Edison

Ken sprang to the Cobb with his duffle and crew,
Tim kitchen and Penrose and Jimmy Howe too,
While Sturgis and Dick, with some foodstuffs as well,
Leapt into the Worry; in stern, J. A. L.
Laid our course for the hills, on that bright
Monday morn,
To copy Magellan and circle the Horn.

Not a breeze helped or hindered us through
the mill stream;
With the carry soon over, we nibbled ice-cream,
Sent a postal to Fairchild, once more launched canoes,
Bore on through the Narrows - oh, these were good crews! -
Paddled sturdily till Belgrade Stream was in sight,
Then swam and had lunch in a cove to the right.

At starting 'twas squad-time; but when lunch
was through
And we entered the log-ridden stream, it was two;
At the sawmill, hard by East Mount Vernon, 'twas three;
At the railroad bridge, four, just as plain as could be
But the current befriended; we were not dismayed,
And soon after five we were well past Belgrade.

We wanted to use Messalonskee's small island
For a camp-site, but, finding it taken, a highland
On the southerly shore, with a well-sheltered cove
For our swimming and launching, proved real
treasure-trove.
At supper did Pen's fried potatoes delight,
And along about ten we lay down for the night.

Lay down, yes - but sleep! Well, perhaps for
young Study;
Since, despite the mosquitoes, he seldom would bud
And as for
~~Those as~~ the rest, save when Hale began whooping,
Or they slopped on more fly-oil, their eyelids were
drooping;
If they slept not, they dozed, but for prefect and
master
Tongues started at ten, and wagged harder and faster

For hour upon hour; leaving out food and slaughter
Of monstrous mosquitoes, not once did they falter.
While the shooting stars fell, they conversed on
astronomy,
Schools, college, camp, people, e'en touched on economy.
Thus aping the genius for whom the trip's named:
"Sleep - pauh! 'Tis a habit of which I'm ashamed!"

Not till four did they languish; they chattered like
linnets,
Were slaves to bad habits for just a few minutes,
(So it seemed, but it really was two or three hours)
Then we all rose for breakfast; sleep or not, all our
powers
Of eating were sharpened on finally wakin',
So we wolfed down potatoes, mush, coffee, and bacon.

Then we walked up a neighboring hill for the view,
Which was marked by its absence, because the wind
blew
From the smoky sou'west; we threw rocks at a post
(Out of millions of tries, darn few hits could we
boast),
And sauntered back campwards for swim and
collation,
Then let the south wind blow us smack on the
station.

As we painfully toted the canoes to Ellis,
Chas. Anderson passed in a Ford, of all fellers,
And kindly agreed, without squabble or scuffle,
To haul from the station to camp all our duffle.
Being spared such a burden, the canoes felt
lighter
(This being the worst fib ~~do~~ to date by the writer).

The last thing of record is - James flocking
round
As we gobbled up Charles's ice-cream by the pound
And before starting home (which we did without
sweaters on)
We all of us voted to name the trip "Edison".
For, like him, we are confident sleep's a mistake,
And campers a better trip never will take.

J. A. L. jr.

Wednesday,
July 23.

Bar. 29.5
Temp. 72
Wind. S,W.
Weather. Fair.

The Bush-whackers Bush-whacked even more nightily, to get ready for the Game; and again the faithful Raspberriers Raspberried.

Second Scouting Afternoon.

A good West wind made plenty of rustle, but it was very hot on the East.

First Game.

This was a very "tight" game; as all three were. No one was killed till after the first five minutes, when one Iroquois came in.

The Iroquois scoring party on the shore, led by C.H.C., played brilliantly making very fast time, all getting to within two or three feet of the line; but were met by equally brilliant play on the part of the Algonquin guard, L.T., who shot all six. There was some question, at first, as to whether a run had not been scored by the leader, but on going over the line of the boundary, it was found he had not reached it. This left the game a tie.

Second Game.

There was a longer interval before anyone came in killed; then two or three arrived, followed by a lull of fully twenty minutes without shots. The Bone-yard kept very quiet, with no Rubber-Ghosting, and the killed came in very evenly, till one run (H.M.W.) won the game for the Iroquois.

Third Game.

This game started off with the Iroquois chief coming in, killed in the first encounter. The game ended with no runs, but won by one shot for the Iroquois.

The afternoon could not well have been closer, the winning side

being ahead by only the closest margin, and the losing side actually ahead on shots. The Faculty and all the keener scouts, big and little, played very finely. We have never had better playing. It is too bad to have to record that both sides were held back by slack, indifferent play on the part of a few,(only a very few, it should be said) on both sides. H.R. commented on this, at supper, after giving tributes to the brilliant playing done on both sides.

The closest thing of the scouting afternoon was when N.P. Hallowell was killed within less than a foot of the line.

Mrs. Watts and Miss Watts, H.M.W's mother and sister, came to lunch; also Mrs. Stackpole, Steve's mother, and Mrs. Albree; the latter's first visit to camp. It was good indeed to see her and to get first-hand report of Dickie's progress. Though he weighs only 84 pounds, he is feeling really well. It is both hard and good to hear that he is begimning to learn to walk, a few inches at a time! He is very busy with tools and electrical work, and has installed three radio sets just lately.

Green mantle after Sing-Song.

The Poison Ivy acquired at North Beach, is the worst we have had since A.M.R. and L.T's Poison Squad, in 1912, performed their soapy rites on the Float, day after day. Johnny Taylor and Jim Jameson have it quite badly on their faces, and J.C.F. has a really horrid wrist and forearm.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.A.L.	X	–		X	•		v		
L.T.		•••••		X	•		X	••	
J.G.W.	X	••		X			X	••	
K.S.W.	v	–			•		v		
C.B.H.H.	v	–		X				••	
R.L.S.	X	–		X	••		v		
Bailey, W.	v	–		v			X	•	
Carter	v	–		X				•	
Cushing		– •		v			v		
Ewing	X	–					X	••	
Futcher	X	–		v			X		
Hale	X	–		X			X	•	
Hoffman	X	–		v			X	•	
Hubbard		– •		v			v		
Huffman	X	–		v			X	•	
Johnson, E.	v	–		X			X		
Lawrence	X	–		X			v		
Lynch	X	–		v			X		
Merrill	v	–		v			v		
Rantoul, R.	v	–		X	••		X		
Smith	v	–			[skull]		X		
Stackpole		– •		v			v		
Sturges	X	– •		X	•		X		
Taylor	X	–		v				•	
Teagle	X	–		v			X		
Watson	v	–			••••		X		
Weekes	X	– •••					X		

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.H.S.		•		v			X		
C.H.C.	X	••		v				•	
P.H.MacD.	X			v			v		
H.M.W.	v				•	/		•••	
R.B.T.	v			X			X	•	
J.C.F.	X	•		v			v		
Bailey, D.		•		X			v		
Cooke		•		X	••		X		
Driver	v			v			X	••	
Dupee	X	••			•			•	
Davol	X	•		X			X	•	
Hallowell, N.P.	v			X			X	•	
Hallowell, R.	v			X			v		
Hawes	v			X	•		X		
Hepburn, A.		••••		X				•	
Hepburn, R.S.	X	•		X			X		
Howe	v			X				••	
Jameson	X			X			X		
Johnson, P.	X			X	•••		X		
Ladd	X				••		v		
Rantoul, T.	X			X			X		
Rockwell	v			v			X	•	
Richards	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O
Sewall	X			X	[skull]		X		
Thompson	X			v			v		
Turner	X			r			X	••	
Williams	X						X		

(Wed. July 23, cont'd.)

Fourth Sing-Song.

Overture.----------C.H.C.and J.C.F.

Piano Solo.----------Carter.

"Abdulla Bulbul Amir".----------L.T., Lawrence, Williams, Cooke.

Choruses.----------Skye Boat Song, Widdecombe Fair, "The Merryweather Day".

Song,"Gungamon".----------J.G.W.

Stunt, "We are camping to-night".----------J.A.L.Jr., K.S.W., et al

Scene from the life of the Borgia Family.----R.R., L.T., J.H.S., et al

Camp Song.

The evening began with a "bang", our Pianists quite outdoing thenselves in spirit and verve. Sidney Carter, playing, in a different vein, and very nicely indeed, a lovely Mendelssohn melody. Then came an illustrated ballad, our old friend, "Abdulla Bulbul", sung by L.T. in his usual highly agreable manner, and acted with dramatic fire by Lawrence, Williams and Cooke. The two warriors were as ferocious-looking as moustaches could make them, and their combat was truly blood-curdling, while Cooke, as the Muscovite Maiden, touched all hearts by her exhibition of sorrow. The choruses went well, in fact they go better every time, may they continue to improve! Next J.A.L.Jr. and his band of Campers gave a thrilling but painful reproduction of "Camp Edison." It might better have been named "The Camp of Dreadful Night", after Kipling.

Then Mr. Wiggins gave us, to our huge delight, his famous ballad of "Gungamon", which has become a necessity to us. And

then we took a leap into the Middle Ages, and were given a glimpse of "The Borgias at Work"! Lucrezia Borgia, (R.R.) had a busy morning laying to rest, with neatness and despatch, a number of troublesome tradesmen, and her own wicked old Pa. Then entered her brother Caesar Borgia, (L.T.) and a duel of wits ensued, instructive though shocking to witness. It was "diamond cut diamond". Both highly accomplished poisoners, each had determined that it was time to make away with the other. With the intimate knowledge that each had of the other's endearing little ways, this was hard to manage. Lucrezia finally reminded her brother that they had always agreed to "compromise on water". He, assenting, they managed to exchange glasses, (which had been quietly"treated"), drank and died in anguish, bitterly reviling each other. As the author of "Sensational Dramas" observes, "This is the End of Crime"!

Then came the Camp Song, and so the end; to be followed by some thrilling chapters of Greenmantle.

Thursday
July 24.

Bar. 29.5
Temp. 70
Wind. N.W.
Weather. Cloudy.

Camping Trip
July 24

Cushing
Futcher
Hepburn, A.
Watson.

H.M.W
R.B.T.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

Last night Round the Horn, K.S.W. and J.C.F., reached the Float in the midst of first swim. They reported a fine last third of the moon, from the Mills on, and a beautiful night and sun-rise. The logs at the outlet of Long Pond had increased so that it took over an hour to get through them, taking all the time they had counted on for their midnight "nooning" and lunch. The water at the Railroad Bridge still looks so high as to be doubtful for the Ouananiche.

The Camping trip got off merrily in good time.

C.B.H.H. lunched at the Mills. On coming back, he made and rigged a Fish—net, with corks to float at, for the Aquarium.

We forgot to say that early in the week, a good squad changed the Towel and Bathing Suit Line, for the Boiler, to a much better position, running north and south, east of the Ice House. A great improvement in tidiness.

Raspberries again!

Sundry Stunts.

Ouani.
J.A.L.

Carter
Dupee
Sewall
Hepburn, A.
Hubbard
Jameson

Around Hoyt's.

Merrill
Rantoul, R.
Sturges
Turner
Weekes
R.L.S.

Oak Island.

Willi
J.C.F.
Taylor
Huffman
Stackpole

Skowhegan.

Yammer
Driver
Davol
Thompson

Hatchery.

Abol
C.H.C.
Bailey, D.
Rockwell
Hoffman

Cobb
J.H.S.
Johnson, E.
Williams
Lynch

Meadow Brook.

Eben
P.N.McD.
Hawes
Rantoul, T.
Bailey, W.

Fishing.

Iden	Panta	Erebus	Terror
K.S.W.	J.G.W.	L.T.	Hallowell,N.P.
Howe	Lawrence	Teagle	Ladd
Smith	Cooke	Hallowell, R.	Ewing
Johnson, P.			
--------	-----	--------	------
4 perch	1 perch	1 bass	20 perch
1 bass	2 bass	($2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.)	1 bass

A cozy afternoon of Small Sundries, like old times.

The lightest Ouananiche crew ever known, circumnavigated Hoyt's, and--though so light the boat made terrific leeway across the wind--did very well, fininshing with a lively spurt, in very good form.

The Abol and Cobbossee took a pleasant meander along the shore from the Point, exploring Perch Rock Brook and the other small swamp brooks on the way; then up Dameron's Stream to the Mill-Dam, where they carried and went on up to the Hatchery. A good trip.

The Ebenezer went up Meadow Brook, to the First Bridge. Found the water still high, saw several Great Blue Herons, and many little fish.

The Williwaw and Yammerschooner with a very merry bunch, went to Oak Island, where they had no less than twelve games of Skowhegan; four men on one side, three on the other. A joyful and vociferous afternoon.

The fishermen fared rather unevenly. L.T's weight of fish was concentrated into one big $2\frac{1}{4}$ bass, which was hooked as it were fortuitously, taking the outlandish new-fangled casting-bob, which

(Thurs. July 24, cont'd.)

L.T. was trying out for fun, while his boat had hold of K.S.W's, in process of borrowing a spinner from Schmitzu.

J.G.W. and P.N.McD. went out in the evening again, bringing in five more bass, two of them caught at the same time on the same minnow: a total of 25 perch, 10 bass: 35 fish.

L.E.R. went to Waterville, taking Dickie Hale, and coming back with the appaling news that Dickie has Whooping Cough!! We had noticed that it was beginning to sound that way! The victim is sequestered in the Box.

Cheers! In the afternoon arrived J.R. and the long-missing Hal Richards, kept all this time by after-effects of a strepta-coccus throat.

The Dish-Washing Squad did marvels, finishing in very quick tim "ship-shape and Bristol fashion".

Games on the Hill; then "Towel", and several rounds of "Chick-inney, Chickenney, Craney Crow," (a game, by the way, that has it beginnings in the Middle Ages, like Mother Goose) in which we out-did Kennebec and Arcadia, in noise.

We finished Greenmantle; three last tremendous chapters.

Innings - cont'd -

Played at Oak Island.

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X		
Davol	X		
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X		
	4	0	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver			3
Thompson		•	
Howe		...	2
	0	4	5

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X	•	
Davol	X	•	
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X		
	4	2	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver		...	3
Thompson	X		
Howe	X	•	
	2	4	3

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X	•	
Davol			
Taylor	X	•	
Huffman	X		
	3	2	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver		...	
Thompson	X		
Howe	X		
	2	3	0

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole		..	
Davol	X		
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X		
	3	0	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver		•	
Thompson		•	
Howe	X		
	0	3	0

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X		
Davol	X	•	
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X	•	
	4	1	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver		..	
Thompson		•	
Howe	✓		
	1	4	14

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X		
Davol	X		
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X		
	3	0	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver	X	..	
Thompson		..	7
Howe			7
	0	3	0

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole		•	
Davol	X		
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X		
	4	2	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver	X	..	
Thompson		•	1
Howe			
	2	4	0

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X		
Davol		•	
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X	•	
	3	1	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver	X	..	
Thompson		•	
Howe	X		
	1	3	1

Bow Wow

	R.	S.	K.
Stackpole	X		
Davol		•	
Taylor	X		
Huffman	X	•	
	3	2	0

Wool Wool

	R.	S.	K.
Driver	X	..	
Thompson		•	
Howe	X		
	2	3	

Runs.

Wool Wool - 34

Bow Wow - 11

Go As You Please

National Sport

Soccer

Skowhegan aplenty

Waltonians

Ship wrights

Faculty's Delight

Friday
July 25.

All Kinds of Weather for the Campers; a little rain in the night; muggy and louring in the morning, clearing to Canoe Test wind after dinner.

Weather, Cookey?!

A Rangeley Navigation Squad did good hard practice, making quick turns, etc.

J.H.S. moved the Martin House to the north end of the Ball Field. The old place was too near to several pine trees for the martins. They will not nest in a house with any trees near it; so till now we have only had White-bellied Swallows in the house, instead of the much handsomer Purple Martins, for which it was put up.

Go As You Please.

A quiet, cozy afternoon. The wind kept getting up, so only a few fishing boats were allowed out. K.S.W. with Cooke and Ewing; Teagle and Merrill; J.G.W. with Schmitzu and Ladd; the latter catching two chub. A visit to the Shop showed a contented bunch, working at boats and making Boomerangs (Hallowell, R. made a particularly good one) with J.H.S. as presiding angel.

Certain Chiefs took paseare about obscurer parts of the Scouting Field.

A select Raspberry Squad added to the Crimson pile, acquired in the morning.

All this time the wind got up steadily, to full Canoe Test strength, and J.C.F. valiantly tried his luck again. Better luck soon!

Things promised to be lively for the returning Campers. They were made out, putting out into Gleason's Bay, just as the wind grew still heavier, so that one or two Rangeleys went out to reconnoiter, in case of need. The Campers had already made good their landing, however, in the lee; having given a good showing of

how canoes should and should not be handled in a heavy blow.

A bevy of Fair Ones from Gardiner and Farmington came for a cal and later came the arrival, so eagerly hoped for for many summers Frances Porter Adler Herman M. Adler.

In the evening, Games on the Hill, then some excellent Dumb-Crambo. For the Half-past Niners, we played Campendium. P.N.McD showing much, heretofore hidden, knowledge of wierd Jamaican tree and fruits.

Saturday
July, 26.

Wrestling.

Rantoul, T.
Turner. A draw, good scrap.

Bailey, W.
Bailey, D. Bailey, D. on top most of the time. Very good fight.

Lynch
Hoffman Even start-off but Lynch got a good hold which ended the fight.

Rantoul, R.
Sturges Draw, with Sturges on top most of the time, and Robert making it hot for him underneath.

The chief feature of the morning was Canoe Navigation. in a stiff white-cap breeze; an extremely lively performance! Dicky Lawrence and George Davol capsized; then Dicky Lawrence and Stacky; but all did well, everyone taking turns at steering.

A Shore Squad saw four Eagles, the old bird and the young ones, doing aerial evolutions, tumbling, and pecking at each other, for fully fifteen minutes, just above the Land Slide.

The Ouananiche had a good trip to the Mills, in a lively sea. We returned the watch that H.M.W. borrowed from the store on his Camping Trip, and feasted on ice-cream, thus made a quick return. the strong wind with us.

Ouani.
J.G.W.

I.M.K.	C.H.C.
Hepburn, A.	Hoffman
Jameson	Merrill
Sewall	Teagle
Watson	H.M.A.

passengers.

R.R.	Mrs. Adler
Hubbard	Rantoul, R.

Senior Ball.
Piccolos vs. Players.

1st. inning.

This was a great game. In fact the exceptionally good hits of

(Sat. July, 25, cont'd.)

previous games must be recorded here as any ordinary hit, for there were so many that were even better than the so-called exceptionally good ones.

The Piccolos started off the game with three very good hits, by C.B.H.H., R.B.T. and L.T. K.S.W. then made a particularly good hit to right field, getting two basses and bringing in R.B.T. and L.T.

In the second half there was a pretty fly caught by N.P.Hallowell.

2nd. inning.

Good pitching by R.L.S. A two base hit to center field by Davol, followed by another two base hit by R.L.S., bringing in Davol, then a hit by J.A.L. which brought in R.Hallowell and R.L.S.

3rd. inning.

Home Run by L.T. also bringing in R.B.T. Another two base hit by by K.S.W.

4th inning.

A high fly caught by R.L.S. Thompson kept very busy with two three bagger hits to left field, by R.L.S. and J.A.L.

5th inning.

Home Run by K.S.W. bringing in L.T.

6th inning.

A short inning , nothing particular happening on either side.

7th inning.

Hit by Howe to right field, bringing in K.S.W. A good fly caught by L.T.

8th inning.

Fly caught by H.M.W. A forced run by Davol, made on J.A.L's

(Sat. July 26, cont'd.)

Base-on-Balls. The game was called on account of time, and although the score ended rather unevenly (17-9, for the Players) it had been most even and exciting through to the 7th inning.

No.	Players	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
S	Hallowell-R	1 E-4	X X V BB	2 K		X X 1-3 BB	1	1 E-2	X X 4-5				3	2		0
1	R.L.S.	X X H-5	X X V H-7		X 1-2	X X 1-4		X 2-3	X X H-5				6	5		6
2	J.A.C.	BB	H-5		1-2	X X 1-4		X BB	X X BB				3	4		3
3	H.M.W.	3 1-3	3 1-3		X 1-2	3 V-1		X 4-5	X 4-6				6	0		3
6	J.C.F.	3 K		X BB	X X BB	E-5		2 K					4	1		1
4	Cushman	X X BB	X BB	2 K		1 E-1	3 K						3	1		0
7	Hale	1 K	1 K	3 K		4 K-			X BB				4	1		0
8	Fulton	2 K	2 K		5 K	X H-6		1 K					4	0		0
9	Cook	1 H-B	X		X 1-3	3 2-3			X 3-4				5	3		3
	Totals	0 / 0	4 / 4	1 / 5	2 / 7	3 / 10	0 / 10	2 / 12	5 / 17	/	/	/				

No.	Pickles	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
9	Cooke	1 E-4 BB	2 K		2 K-1		1 1-3		2 K				4	0		0
1	Smith	X X H-5	2 K		2 1-3		2 1-4		2 2-3				5	1		2
3	R.B.T.	X X H-5		X X BB		X X BB	2 K						2	3		1
2	L.T.	X X H-5		X 2-3		X X H-5		1 2-3					4	3		3
5	K.C.W.	X 1-3		X 2-3		X 1-2		X BB					3	2		3
8	Hawes	2 K		1 K		1 K		2 2-3					4	0		1
7	Thompson	BB		2 K		X X BB		1 1-2					2	0		1
5	Dixon	2 1-2		2 K		E-6		2 K					4	0		0
4	Hallowell-P		1 1-2		1 1-2	2 1-2			1 1-2				4	0		1
	Totals	3 / 3	0 / 3	2 / 5	0 / 5	3 / 8	0 / 8	1 / 9	0 / 9	/	/	/				

Bug League.

Pens vs. Inks.

The Pens were at bat first and Hawes started off with a first base hit, due to a balk by the pitcher he was safe at second.

(Sat. July 25, cont'd.)

then Lawrence made a hit bring Hawes home. Johnson, E. made a double play catching Stackpole's hit and running to third thereby putting out Lawrence too. For the Inks, Bailey, D. made a good hit, which Lawrence caught but the first-baseman failed to catch, so he was safe but later got put out at home. Johnson, E. made a good two-bagger hit, getting to 3rd on an error, and home, thanks to Carter's single. Sturges got to first on balls, but the next man was out, putting the side out.

The next inning was short and snappy due to the ability of the 2nd base-man, ably backed by the first base-man. Johnson, P. was put out at first by an excellent catch of the short-stop's, Smith got to 1st on an error, and Weekes was out being touched by a foul ball.

In the third inning, Taylor made a single backed up by Rantoul doing the same, but the former was out at home. Lynch was out through his foul being caught by the catcher and the pitcher caught Lawrence out.

Dupee took Rockwell's place in the 4th inning, while Lawrence and Taylor swapped places .

In the fifth inning Ladd took Johnson P's place at right field. The one run that was made was done by Huffman, making the score 6-4 for the Inks. For the Pens, Hawes was out on a pop fly, while Lynch hit a fly off 3rd that was caught by Sturges.

In the 6th inning there were some changes made in the field. Richards taking Ladd's place, while Turner took Carter's. Turner was another victim to be included by the ball, so went limping to 1st and was put out at 2nd.

For the Pens, Rockwe.. was out at 2nd. Bailey, W. made a fine

two bagger and got home while Taylor was put out at first; thus ending a seven inning game with the score 10-4 in favor of the Inks.

In the evening another most welcome arrival. He has'nt bee here for five years; may it never be so long again!

No.	Penn	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B
1	Howes 5															
2	Lynch 3															
3	Lawrence 4															
4	Stachpole 1															
5	Rockwell 8															
6	Bailey w. 7															
7	Hall p.s. 6															
8	Taylor 2															
9	Pabst T. 9															
	Totals	1 / 1	0 / 1	0 / 1	3 / 4	3 / 4	0 / 4									

No.	Tufts	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B
2	Lewis 4															
1	Bailey D. 8															
3	Collins 5															
4	Lewis C. 6															
5	Cobb 7															
6	Sweis S. 5															
7	Hutchinson 2															
8	Johnson P. 9															
9	Smith 1															
	Totals	1 / 2			0 / 5	1 / 6	4 / 10									

Sam Peabody

Sat. July 25th, cont.

Fourth Charade evening.

I. J.A.L.Jr. Domestic.

Scene I; "Dough." A hold-up in the street. Citizen set upon by ruffian, masked and cloaked; robbed and murdered. Enter police. Scuffle, sensation, curtain.

Scene 2, "Mess. Jacob and Esau, (J.A.L.Jr and H.M.W.,). E.'s birth-right sold for the mess of pottage. Jacob very crafty, not to say villanous. Esau hungry and confiding. Painful result!

Scene 3. Tick. Scene in inn or camp. Travellers go to bed, and are bitten by ticks. Objurgatiins; despair!

Scene 4. Domestic. Family circle, J.A.L.Jr as Papa, H.M.W. as Mamma. Children more or less troublesome; Papa annoyed. Mamma promises a stor y, on which t he seene closes.

II. L.T. "Nottingham."

Scene I. "Knotting." "Houdini, at Keith's (or elsewhere). Davol as H., Hoffman as showman. L.T. and K.S.W., called from audience, tie H. up. Screen is drawn before him, and being withdrawn, reveals him free. Amazement of audience! great tr iumph of H. and Showman.

Scene 2. A restaurant, cafeteria style. Eloquent and efficent waiters, hungry and clamor ous customers. A ham sandwich is asked for, and proves to contain a beanbag, neatly wrapped in paper. Sensation!

Scene 3. "Nottingham."

The merry adventure of Midge the Miller, from "Robin Hood". Muhh play with quarterstaff, etc." very effective scene.

III. C.H.C. "Cupboard."

Scene I. "Cup" A picnic; C.H.C. and boys. They are waited on by Crummett and James, (Thompson and Howe,) two extremely dignified and imposing waiters. Much demand for cups.

Scene 2. "Board. A really terrific pirat e scene. The good ship (C.H.C. master,) is boarded by a pirate crew, with every circumstance

of cruelty and ferocity.We tr ust some of the ship's company escaped,but the cu rtain closed too soon for us to be sure.

Scene 3. "Cupboard."Mot her Hubbard(A.D.H.)and her famous dog,. (Hallowell R..) This was v ery touching,not to say pathetic.. The dog,a faithful and beautiful animal,was hungr y.His affectionate mistress opened the cupboard hopefully;: alas ! it was bare !. To console him,she put him thr ough his various tricks,which we hope amused him as much as they did us..

IV.. J.G.W."LION."

Scene I. Lie.

Another street robbery and murder..(Come to think of it,there was no murder in "Dough",only xassault and robbery.) J.G.W.was the villain:J.C.F.,his accomplice,refusing to join in the crime,on account of the youth of the victim,(Ladd..) The police appearing,the villain told an appalling series of lies,throwing the blame on J.C.F..who was hurried from our horrified sight to be hanged,or lynched,we were not clear which.

Scene 2. "Yon."J.G.W.appeared this tim e as a Scots shepherd,. very crabbed,telling,the tale of his sheep,(lambs extremely playful !.) and directing travellers "yon",in a most amusing manner..

Scene 4."Lion."

This scene showed King Darius,(J.G.W.) very angry,his commands having been disobeyed by Daniel,(Dupee.) The culprit being pr oduced,proved intractable,and the order was given to produce the lion.The animal,a peculiarly savage-looking one,appeared,. but at sight of Daniel fawned upon him ,and in every way showed his affection.King and attendants threatening to interfere,the monarch of the forest turned savagely upon them,and would doubtless have destroyed had not Daniel restrained him.

Sunday
July 27.

Bar. 29.9.
Temp. 66.5.
Wind - Calm
Weather - Fair.

Good weather.

Special details for the week:

Merryweather Light--------Davol.

Flag----------Lawrence.

Weather----------Carter.

The three Non-swimmers are getting ahead a little, steadily, especially Dupee. The other two could stand bucking up a little.

Picnic to South Beach.

Ouani.		Late Starters.
J.A.L.		
I.M.K.	S.E.P.	K.S.W.
H.M.A.	Driver	Johnson, E.
F.P.A.	Richards	
Davol	Lawrence	
Stackpole	Sewall	
passengers		Non-Com.
L.E.R.	R.R.	
M.P.	Hubbard	Smith
Rantoul, R.		

Abol	Eben	Corker	Worry	Cobb
C.B.H.H.	H.M.W.	R.B.T.	J.G.W.	J.H.S.
Carter	Cooke	Ladd	Bailey,W.	Cushing
Johnson,P.	Hallowell,N.P.	Hawes	Huffman	Bailey,D.
Lynch	A.D.H.	Howe	Futcher	Hale

Erebus	Terror	Willi	Ident	Yammer	Pant
J.C.F.	R.L.S.	L.T.	C.H.C.	P.N.McD.	Thompson
Hepburn,A.	Watson	Teagle	Hoffman	Taylor	Hallowell,
Dupee	Ewing	Hepburn,R.	Jameson	Rockwell	Sturges
Turner	Williams	Rantoul,T.	Weekes	Merrill	

A particularly good picnic, at South Beach, with perfectly absurd Skowhegan along the narrow and very rocky point. Jack Hawes went a long way on L.T's shoulders. P.N.McD. scored the only run, by strolling unconcernedly along, as if dead. Best of all, J.A.L. Jr., just after a game had started, put on a skirt and blouse, and M.P's hat and--his most unfeminine cast of countenance to the contrary---successfully played and was shot at as the hat's owner, by most of the players!

South Beach is certainly one of the very prettiest of the picnic places; and it was good to see H.M.A. and S.E.P. paddling again!

When we got home we found the delightful arrival of:

In the evening, after hymns, we began John Russell's splendid and terrible sea story, "Jonah".

J.H.S., Hoffman and Sewall took the Oak Island Swim, doing it easily. Taylor, Stackpole and Ewing swam to Pickerel and back.

We forgot to say that C.B.H.H. and Sam Lynch besides getting bladderwort for the Aquarium this afternoon at the picnic, made a splendid catch of fish for the Aquarium yesterday. C.B.H.H's net working perfectly. They caught the best lot we have ever had at one time, and of a good variety; chub, dace, white and yellow perch, bream, and one or two small salmon.

Monday
July 28.

Bar. 30
Temp. 62
Wind- S.S.E
Weather. Fair.

Camping Trip
July 28

Hoffman
Johnson, P.
Lynch
Williams

C.H.C.
C.B.H.H.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

A wild scrimmage getting off both Camping Trip and Sundry Stunts,---and with the Secretary on the Trip! We had to count sandwiches without him, and very nearly went crazy.

First Sundry All Day Stunts.

The first All-Dayer was one of the very best ever; perfect weather, including a good stiff white-cap breeze to make things lively.

Sappers and Miners.

Erebus	Terror
J.C.F.	K.S.W.
Bailey, W.	Futcher
Stackpole	Hepburn, R.

Monataka's Landing.

Ouani
J.A.L.

I.M.K.	S.E.P.
Hallowell, N.P.	Merrill
Huffman	Rantoul, T.
Watson	Lawrence
Carter	Cooke

passengers

R.R.	Rantoul, R.
Hubbard	

Worry	Eben	Cobb
P.N.McD.	H.M.W.	Driver
Ladd	Davol	Bailey, D.
Hawes	Johnson, E.	Cushing
A.D.H.	Hallowell, R.	Hale

Yammer	Ident	Willi	Pant
J.H.S.	R.L.S.	R.B.T.	Thompson
Howe	Hepburn, A.	Taylor	Teagle
Ewing	Rockwell	Dupee	Sturges
Jameson		Turner	

The Royal and Rocky trips made good easy time across the Pond, (most of the Canoes and Rangeleys going through the cut way on

Monkey Point) and down the stream to the Mills. The Carry, though the first one for the Ouananiche, this season, went extremely well and quickly. The Canoes and Rangeleys were taken up and across in good time. The Crews found that the regular landing south of the Store, was impossible for the Ouananiche, but J.H.S. found a good chance at the landing north of the store, and carried back word, and the big Golden Flagship soon came up and across the road and down, in quick time without a single set-down. A Roman sight, of which the Super cargoes felt extremely proud.

Good time across Long Pond, then lunch (extremely good) at the beloved Monataka Landing. Indeed lunch was a Red-Letter one, for Moore Huffman had us all share his truly wonderful birthday cake, (In all Etruria's Palace was no such a Birthday Cake found: two feet across, full of presents, hearts, thimbles, coins etc. and decorated with a battle squadron, with life-boats manned, and wreaths of ferns and yellow daisies!)

Alas, there are no Smedbergs at Monataka this summer; nor last. The old house was empty, and quite a few of the Long Steps have rotted away: but the beautiful place is as beautiful as ever.

The Royal Trip.

After lunch we divided up, about 20 of us going to Rocky and 20 of the huskier brethren, to Royal.

We tore gaily up the Steps, counting them as we went and varying largely as to the amount. Then we followed a country road for about 2½ or 3 miles, until we came to a spring, where we drank and rested for a bit. From here we went up a steep hill-side through a field, and at the top got a lovely view and another breathless

rest, while R.B.T., Driver and Hallowell,R. covorted around with some horses which they discovered in a field. More climbing through pathless woods, led by R.B.T. who certainly deserves credit for excellent sense of direction, for although we were all sure that we were going continually too far to the right, he brought us successfully out on the ledges, a little way down on the west side. Here there was quite a different view, not so many lakes to be seen, but more rolling hills.

All feeling the need of water, we decided to descend to a farm house a little way below us and from there to follow a road around the hill and so back to Monataka. We started down, but before we had gone half way to the farm-house, we were suddenly hailed by a most vicious looking individual. With indeed terrifying words, he informed us that the land had been fully "posted", and what did we mean by tramping through his fields? Words failed us. He went on to tell us of a party of Boy Scouts (here R.B.T. was gently prodded from behind) who had come with pliers and cut down his wire fences, and when he had twice told them to beware and they had still persisted to pay no attention to him, he and his brother-in-law plus a rather hazy uncle or two had resorted to shot-guns, revolvers and pistols not to speak of blunderbusses and axes, and had chased them away. After hearing this account, we all gazed in rather stony silence at the tops of our boots, while the diplomatic J.A.L. and R.B.T. softened the heart of the vicious one with many well-timed and earnest questions as to the state of the crops, not lacking an occasional sympathetic sigh here and there, as to the hard winter he must have spent, etc.

This treatment worked wonders, and we were soon drinking the

most delicious ice-cold water from the well at the farm-house, and being highly entertained with stories from the now quite appeased vicious one.

We were soon under way, once more, taking the road to the south, then striking a cross-road to the east, and so back to the spring where we took mighty draughts, rested and indulged in a few mild water-squirting fights!

From there it did not take long to reach Monataka's Landing and a well won swim.

This is about the longest trip that has been taken so far (about 12 miles) and everyone, even the shortest legs on the trip, kept up mighty well.

The Rocky Trip.

The Ouananiche and the Worry, with J.H.S. and H.M.W., paddled the 2½ miles to Rocky Mountain Brook, before a fresh wind, in good time. We put up Old Man Eagle, with very white head and tail, at the mouth of the brook. --Found the beautiful place much the same as ever; water low among the rocks, but running well, and very cold and good. Cardinal Flower and Purple Fronged Orchis just opening. Going up the brook, jumping from boulder to boulder, a la Chamois, was good fun. -- We struck off through the heavy woods, and up the slope to the left, then up the steep patch to the cliff at the top, making it in good time, with no stragglers. The view, looking down on the two little ponds at the foot, down on the tops of the big stretch of forest, looking, from that height, like moss, and away to the hills by the sea, is one of the most beautiful in this whole part of the country.

We explored about the rocks and cliffs, took photos, and came

down, repeating the Chamois process. Saw some fresh Raccoon tracks.-- Some lively jumping at the mouth of the brook, from rock to rock; H.M.W. clearing about twelve feet (more or less!), and Billy Ewing rolling in all over. Quite a paddle back, against a stiff white-cap breeze. We reached Monnataka just three minutes before the advance guard of the Royal party, the closest connection between the two parties on record. -- Swim, and very good supper(Cold baked-beans, in ice-cream boxes, deli--ciously indegestible). The return Carry at the Mills was done very snappily, though it was from a much more difficult place than the regular landing, and J.A.L. jr. went in up to his waist to lift the Ouanny's stern.-- A lively wind, all the way home, with white-caps, and some wallowing in the trough of the heavy sea, as we came straight across from Oak; but we kept a first rate line and landed well, after an absolutely A.I. trip, from start to finish.

Sappers and Miners.

The expedition started in the Terror and the Erebus against a strong Southwest wind. Arriving at Bog Brook at about 11 o'clock. We started clearing immediately. Soon one crew scouted around for a lunching place, but as all thereabouts was swamp land, at 12.30 we rowed down to South Beach and prepared for a swim. After a very welcome luncheon, we stripped ourselves and the boats for action and again headed for Bog Brook. Log after log we sawed in two or hauled out of the way, clearing the middle of the stream as best we could. After a couple of hours of strenuous pushing and pulling by both crews, we found the afternoon prac-tically gone and returned again to South Beach, for another swim

and supper.

The wind was still Southwest when we started for home, therefore we thought to ourselves, why should we row when we might just as well sail? And sail we did with the boats lashed together, sneakers as bumpers and sweaters as sails. Ten minutes out to sea and we divided into Pies, and sang all the old ditties, ending with John Brown's Body, as we neared Camp. Making it a thoroughly successful voyage in less than thirty minutes and thoroughly successful and enjoyable day.

We forgot to say that before we set out, Dr. Adler gave us one of the most interesting talks we have ever had in Camp. He was formerly head of the Psychopathic Hospital in Boston. During the war he was one of the officers in charge of the Military Prison at Fort Leavenworth. He is now State Criminoligist, in Illinois. He told us breathlessly interesting things, of how criminals fool themselves; not starting in worse than other people, but strengthening their weaknesses rather than their strength, and fooling themselves with excuses, till they almost believe the excuses themselves, and live in a world of fake. The most extraordinary incident he told was of a condemned murderer, whom he finally persuaded to give up lies and fake insanity, and make a full confession, for his family's sake.

We found the Monkey in Sight when we teached home, in the evening; for the Half-past Niners, we finished John Russell's story "Jonah".

Fish as follows:

2 chub.
4 bass.
14 perch.

Tuesday
July 29.

Bar. 29.9.
Temp. 62
Wind. S.W.
Weather. fair.

A hot day, and rather sleepy; eveyone a little aware that we had an expedition yesterday!

Alas, Dr. and Mrs. Adler went back to Mt. Desert, this morning. It has been a joy to have them.

P.N.McD. gave the last of his very interesting morning talks on his trip to Hudson's Bay, two years ago. A tremendously interesting and difficult trip, a great deal of it through practically unmapped forests.

The last Raspberry Squad! This was actually the 9th. Eight times we have picked enough for desset for the whole Camp, besides ever so many Faculty Suppers. This beats every previous record.

Stackpole, Futcher, Weekes and R.B.T. in one group, while Ewing, Rockwell and R.L.S. in another, swam to Pickerel and back.

Junior Ball.

Cannibals vs. Blood Drinkers.

1st inning.

In the first half, two good hits by Hallowell,R. and Howe; and in the second half, three hits to left, center and right fields, o by Driver, a tremendous three-bagger by R.L.S., bringing in Drive and R.B.T., and one by Stackpole, bringing in R.L.S.

2nd inning.

In the first half there was a rather appalling number of Bases-on-Balls, bringing in three forced runs(.Hawes, Watson and J.C.F.) There was a very pretty hit to right field by K.S.W.

In the second half, Cushing made three successive strike-outs.

3rd inning.

A run by Driver from 3rd. on an error by Lawrence.

4th inning.

A two-bagger hit to right field by Hallowell, R.

5th inning.

Two great hits, both to center field, by J.C.F., a two-bagger, and K.S.W., a three-bagger. In the second half, Driver was put out at home by some rather exciting playing between J.C.F. (catcher) and Lawrence (3rd base-man). R.B.T. made a two base hit.

6th inning.

A fine two-base hit by Howe.

7th inning.

A particularly good hit by R.L.S. Also a hit by Davol, one by K.S.W. and one by R.B.T., the last one bringing in Huffman and Davol.

The game was a very good one and fairly close. The Blood Drinkers did well to get 6 runs in their last inning. The final score was; 19-13 for the Cannibals.

(The score is on the following page.)

Fishing.

Yammer	Willi	Ident
J.G.W.	H.M.W.	Teagle
Hallowell, N.P.	Carter	Johnson, E.
Ladd	Dupee	Sturges
8 fish.	4 fish.	2 fish.

Skowhegan.

L.T., P.N.McD., J.H.S.
and
All the others.

(Tuesday July 29, cont'd.)

Junior Ball.

Cannibals vs. Blood Drinkers.

Score: 19-13 favor Cannibals.

No.	Blood Drinkers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
6	D. [illegible]												5	1		1
1	D. [illegible]												3	3		2
3	L. R. [illegible]												3	3		2
2	R. L. S.												4	3		3
8	Stodgels												3	1		1
7	[illegible]												2	1		0
4	Cole												4	0		0
5	Veals												4	0		0
9	[illegible]												2	1		0
	[illegible]															
	Totals	3/3	0/3	2/5	0/5	2/7	4/7	6/13	/	/	/	/				

No.	Cannibals	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
1	[illegible]												5	2		0
2	T. C. [illegible]												5	5		4
3	K. S. N.												6	2		3
4	Hallowell-R												4	4		2
6	[illegible]												4	1		3
5	[illegible]												5	0		1
8	[illegible]												3	1		1
7	[illegible]												4	1		0
9	[illegible]												3	3		0
	Totals	2/2	5/7	0/7	1/8	3/11	5/16	3/19	/	/	/	/				

Skowhegan at the Point.

Runs:

Fish----17.

Meats----5.

)

ish	I.	II.	III.	IV.
ylor	X	X	/	X •
eburn	X ::	X ••	X •	•••
ibern S	/	X •	X •	X
ole D.	X /	X •••	••	X •
ole, W	/	X	X •	X
ewall	X	X /	X	X
errill	X	X •	X ••	X
ibrary	X	X	•	X
H.S	X	X •	X •	X ••
imeson	X	X •	X	•
	8 4	10 /	/	

Meats	I.	II.	III.	IV.
Smith	X	X	X •	X
Rantoul T	• /	X	X	X •
Weekes	X	X •	X •	X •
Ewing	S	X	X •	•
Rockwell	• /	X ••	•	•
Turner	X	X	X	X
Rantoul	/	X •	••	•
Richards	/	X	X	X
Pike	X	• /	X •	X
	# 7 2		/ 8	0

ish-	V.	VI	VII
ylor	X •	X	X
eburn	• /	X	X •
ibern S	X •	X	X ••
ole D.	•	••	X /
ole, W	X	/	X
ewall	• /	S •• /	X •
errill	X	• /	•• /
ibrary	•••	•	X •
H.S	X •	X • /	X /
imeson	X	X	/
	6 8 2	5 7 4	0 11 3

Meats -	IV.	V.	VI.
Smith	X	X •	•••
Rantoul T	X	X	X
Weekes	X ••• /	X	X •
Ewing	•	X ••	X
Rockwell	X •	X	X •
Turner	X	X	••
Rantoul	X •	X	X
Richards	X	X	X
Pike	X	X	
	5 6	9	6

)

(Tuesday. July 29, cont'd.)

Skowhegan. (continued)

Fish	Last Game			Meats		
Taylor	X		1	Smith	X	•
Hebbron A.		•		Rowtel T.	X	
Hebbron S.	X	•	1	Weekes	X	
Bailey D	X			Swing	X	...
Bailey W			2	Rockwell	X	
Sewall		..	1	Turner	X	
Maxwell	out of Bounds			Rowtel R	X	
Hebbard		•		Richards	X	
Lee	X			R. Nill	X	
Simpson			3			
			9			

Wednesday
July 30.

Bar. 29.7
Temp. 62
Wind - S.S.W.
Weather - Cloudy.

Hot and muggy. Many arrivals.

Soon after breakfast, came, to our joy, the first of all Merryweather Prefects: William Thadd with: W. F. Ladd Jr.

On Squads, Johnson, P., Williams and the Gold Dust Twins did noble work at the Point, clearing the Camping Kit.

Cushing and Howe made new steps for the Infirmary, doing a good job, and Hubbard and Sturges made over the fire-place at Pine Parlour.

One of the best happenings in two years came at Swim. Dupee passed the Test, after steady hard work, both last summer and this.

The afternoon was mostly Rehearsals and Soccer.

Junior Soccer.

Lawrence Academy vs. Groton.

Lawrence	Huffman
Bailey, D.	Teagle
Williams	Hepburn, S.
Futcher	Weekes
Stackpole	Cooke
Ladd	Rantoul, T.
Rockwell	Johnson, E.
Sewall	Hepburn, A.
Johnson, P.	Taylor
Carter	Merrill
Ewing	Turner
Smith	Richards
Dupee	Hubbard
Jameson	Watson
Rantoul, R.	Hawes

In the first quarter, Bailey, D. kicked a ball which careened off Smith, who was on his own side, and thence through the goal. Everyone played hard, but the ball spent a good deal of the time going out of bounds. In the second quarter, Futcher made a good kick, narrowly missing the goal.

Lawrence Academy's captain and Taylor, for the Grotonians, were

strong but not silent!

In the last quarter, Bailey, W. took Bailey, D's place. Williams and Watson landed rather heavily on terra ferma, on top of one another. Bailey, W. made a goal in the last few minutes of play for Lawrence Academy. The game ending, 2-0 for Lawrence Academy.

Senior Soccer.

Cedarhurst	vs.	Woodmere.
C.H.C.		J.G.W.
J.H.S.		J.A.L.
J.C.F.		P.N.McD.
R.L.S.		H.M.W.
R.B.T.		L:T:
C.B.H.H.		K.S.W.
Driver		Thompson
Howe		Hallowell, N.P.
Cushing		Hoffman
Davol		Lynch
Bailey, W.		Hallowell, R.

The sides were almost the same as in the previous games. There seemed to be a great deal of contact between the head and the ball A goal was almost made by L.T's side, J.A.L. almost ruining the goal-post in order to reach the ball. R.L.S. kicked a goal against his own side, following C.H.C'c example earlier in the game, making the score 2-0 for Woodmere...

The game was very violently contested. R.L.S. tore around quite a bit and Hallowell, R. collided rather heavily with the ground, but no one seemed to be much the worse for it.

Lynch just stopped a goal for C.H.C's side. L.T. booted the ball great distances, not to mention K.S.W. and others.

Visitors through the day were: Mr. and Mrs. Johnson with a friend; Mr. and Mrs. Perry; A.G.D, Miss Wiggins, Mr. Watson, and Dr. and Mrs. Hawes (the latter, alas, come to take Jackie). The last five were here for Supper and Sing-Song.

In the evening, for the Half-past Niners, we played "Limericks", at which we are not, as yet, very adept. However, the choicest verse is as follows:

There was a coy lady named Margie,
(Though neither too thin nor too large, she!)
She used to mend clothes
Which was rather a pose,
Oh why lay upon her this charg-y?

Fifth Sing Song.

1. Overture----------C.H.C. and J.C.F.

2. Merryweather Quartette.

3. Choruses----------Water Rats, Highlands, Merry Merryweathers.

4. Cornet Solo----------R.B.T.

5. "An Incident of '64".

Cast.

Colonel Carter---------- H.M.W.
Reginald Carter---------- J.H.S.
General Grant---------- J.R.
General Siegel---------- J.G.W.
Scipio, a faithful slave----------L.T.
Sergent---------- P.N.McD.
Courier---------- J.A.L.Jr.

This Sing Song will be memorable in the annals of the summer. The Overture was admirable, in fact it grows better every time, and we shall have to lay in a new stock of adjectives to do it justice. The Merryweather Quartette (its first appearance) gave the "Bulldog on the Bank" most acceptably; R.B.T.'s cornet solo was greeted with warm applause; and the choruses were good and spirited.

But,-----"the play's the thing!" and the great feature of the evening was "An Incident of '64".

It was first produced in 1922. The text of the play (written by J.G.W. and T.L.) may be found in the Log of that year. We thought then that it was as good as anything of the kind could be; but this time it was even better. Two new scenes were introduced, brief but telling. The kindly and massive dignity of General Grant, the fiery explosiveness of General Siegel, were even more impressive (if that were possible) than in the first

performance; while Scipio moved his audience even nearer to tears by his simple pathos. We count ourselves extremely fortunate in having with us these three of the original actors.

H.M.W. made an excellent Colonel Carter, the very picture of a southern gentleman. J.H.S. in the rather difficult part of Reginald Carter, did extremely well; J.A.L.Jr as the courier and P.N.McD. as the sergent, were soldierly and efficient. The music played "off-stage", bugle calls, patriotic songs,etc., helped to bring back the deep feeling of the Civil War days; and when an unseen quartette sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground", it would have been a callous heart that did not thrill responsively.

Altogether this was something above and beyond the merry Sing Song Stunt; it was a real play, admirably performed, and it will give us all something good to remember.

Thursday
July 31.

Bar. 29.60
Temp. 62.5
Wind - S.E.
Weather. Fair.

A day of mixed sadness and joy, with perfect weather for the travellers, both ways.

The dear July people all got off, after an hour of puppy play, with rocks in all their suit-cases, and N.P.Hallowell's and Woof's well supplied with puppy biscuit for the journey. We miss them horribly!

Carroll Perry and Bill Ladd 3rd. are already established; the rest of the August Brethren arrived, to rejoice us, on the regular train.

An afternoon of very pleasant and cozy Small Sundries.

Ouani
J.H.S.

R.L.S.	Dupee
Hoffman	Lynch
Hepburn, A.	Howe
Richards	Sewall
Taylor	Turner

passengers

Jameson	R.R.
Rantoul, R.	

Abol	Cobb	Corker	Worry	Eben
J.A.L.	K.S.W.	C.B.H.H.	R.B.T.	L.T.
Bailey, D.	Cushing	Bailey,W.	Johnson	Hepburn,S.
Lawrence	Stackpole	Rantoul,T.	Rockwell	Weekes
Perry	Thompson	Driver	A.D.H.	M.P.

Erebus	Ident
J.C.F.	Knox
Futcher	Hamilton
Hubbard	Ewing
Sturges	

Fishing.

Willi	Yanner	Terror
J.G.W.	H.M.W.	W.F.L.
Cooke	Huffman	Ladd
Smith	Carter	Merrill
-----	------	------
20 fish	15 fish	1 fish

The Ouananiche with J.H.S., went to Hoyt's Island, landing at the Dry Dock; R.R. actually the only one on board who had ever

lunched at what used to be one of our frequent picnic places!

The crew had a merry swim, then came up the wood path to the open field of golden red and milk-weed, round the cellar hole of the old farm. It is a good deal more grown up than when we came last, several years ago, and is even more beautiful. The Raspberries about the cellar hole have incresed a great deal-- enough to feed ten camps--, and are still of enormous size, as big as garden raspberries. The buildings which were moved away on the ice about seventy years ago, must have been unusually large and substantial for this far-away place. Two of the cellars are very large indeed, and walled up high with cut stone.

Most of the crowd bent birches,(J.H.S. sailing gaily down on the highest one we have ever seen bent; Hoffy and Johnny Taylor having some difficulty with theirs, but conquering them), and we got home in good time.

Crooked Island, with J.A.L.Jr. and K.S.W., in the Abol and Cobb., spent a pleasant hour on the beautiful little island, the prettiest in the lake. Could not swim, as a party were ensconced at the north end. Found blueberries nearly ripe, threw sticks and stones, and came home.

R.B.T. and C.B.H.H. in the Worry and Corker, set out for Bog Brook. We found that the Sappers and Miners had done an excellent job, although there is still quite a lot more to be done. We managed to go fairly far up the Brook, getting out frequently to balance on logs while we hauled the canoes over them. It seemed to get late very quickly and as we found that it would be impossible to go further without continually getting out, we decided to return. Dexteriously guided by the stern men, we made

rapid progress back down the Brook, until, however, a slight incident occurred which caused a check in the proceedings. We had come to a log where it was necessary to get out. A.D.H., feeling quite as agile as the rest, hopped gaily out on to a firm though rather slippery looking log. No sooner had both feet been nicely planted on the log, and all connection with the Worry been entirely severed, than slowly but quite surely the lady began to sink. At this point, much hue and cry was raised by the onlookers in the Corker, and their imaginations were set going at such a rate, that by the time we reached home and had had supper, it was common gossip that R.B.T., the black vilain, had purposely run into a log thereby upsetting A.D.H. in all her finery, into the middle of the slimy waters of Bog Brook!.

J.C.F. and crew, went to Otter Island; had a good swim; looked about for Canes; Hubbard, however, was the only one to get a good one. Found two little lean-tos on the island. Came home under sail (J.C.F's sweater) like a Roman Galley.

The trip over towards the Mills (L.T.etc.) explored a stream at the south end, and ran across a bittern, a duck and a turtle. After going further up and finding it impossible to proceed further, we landed and went up Yarlarly hill, passing a partridge en route, and finding a deer at the top. She was rather wild but evidently had an owner, as she was dragging a rope and had a collar on. She almost took L.T. off his feet as the rope caught round his ankle. After partaking of raspberries and blue-berries, we returned to the canoe and wended our way homewards. A most successful afternoon as far as Natural History went.

On returning, we found many joyful arrivals; the August Brethren, as before mentioned,

A.H. Hamilton
Dudley Knox
John W. Hallowell, Jr.
Beaumont Newhall.
P. S. Dalton Jr
Sumner Putnam

Philip Allen

and, per Silas and the Pierce-Arrow, Wm Amory 2nd

Half-past Eight Boston, (L.E.R. supped at Fourway) and then we began Mr. Standfast, the third in the Greenmantle Series.

Fish Totals for July.

Bass.	Perch.	Pout.	Chub.
107	269	3	13

Total Fish.

392

Friday
August 1.

Bar. 29.7.
Temp. 58.5
Wind. E.SE.
Weather. Fair.

A perfect north-west day. Golden rod just coming out.

The Aquarium now seems a happily established little community. It is receiving good care, and is a pleasure to everyone. We would like also to say that this week's Lanterns have been a pleasure to everyone, their globes perfectly clean, so that they are all right for reading; and the Knives are the brightest that we have had all summer.

The Bush Whackers and Foresters have really done mighty work. The pile of felled logs at Upper Faculty Coffee would do credit to professional lumberers; and Gen. Knox, solus, felled a good sized pine.

The afternoon was a pleasantly mixed one.

Ouani.
J.H.S.

M.P.	A.D.H.
C.B.H.H.	I.M.K.
Bailey, D.	Bailey, W.
Huffman	Rantoul, T.
Carter	Watson

passengers

W.A.G.	R.R.
Hubbard	Weekes

Fishing

Pant	Willi	Yammer	Ident
L.T.	J.G.W.	H.M.W.	R.B.T.
Johnson	Lawrence	Futcher	Hepburn, R.
Smith		Perry	Dupee
---	---	---	---
3 bass	4 bass	3 bass	1 bass
4 perch	8 perch	8 perch	2 perch
	1 pout		1 pout

Skowhegan

C.H.C.	J.C.F.
P.N.McD.	R.L.S.
J.A.L.	K.S.W.

and
All the rest.

The Ouananiche with J.H.S. went again to the Dry Dock, on Hoyt's and though short of time, (twelve fishing suppers had to be got ready at short notice, before we started), the berries were so big and in such quantities that we got two big bowls full.

Putting on Supper was a wild flurry. The Ouani had a hard time landing, in the fairly heavy blow, so that the Table Setters landed at just about 5.45. Milk, Butter, honey, water, ice, tea, Shredded Wheat, Corn Flakes, to put on, no fire in the Stove, all in no time whatever, and Skipper, with calm confidence in his establishment, blew the Horn relentlessly! With about sixteen willing and quick extra hands, and everyone flying about at lightning speed, it was done, however, with all food on by the time everyone was seated, and only a crimson-faced and panting crew to tell the tale.

. . .

The Fishers had very fair luck. Smithy, however, lost his special minnow, one of the best in Camp, carried off by a good sized bass.

Quiet Games, as it was Dish-washing night, with the Cookees away. Very good volunteer squad cleaned the fish, with a swim, followed by Malted Milk and cookies as a slight "douceur"

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. . .

. . .

	S			N			S			N			S		N	
Cooke	X			X			X			X		1				
P.N. McD.	X			X					1	•		1				
J.A.L.		•		~			••		1			1				
Lynch Thompson		••		~			••		1	X						
Driver	X	•••		X	••		X	•	1	X	•••					
Knox	~			~					1			1				
Newhall	~			X	•					X						
Taylor	X				••		X			X						
Hoffman	X				•			•		X	•	1				
Howe	X	•		~				•				1				
Stackpole	~				•					X						
Merrill	~				•		X			X	•					
Jamison	~			X				•	1	X		1				
Ewing	~			~				••			···X	1				
Rainboth	~			~			X	•		X	•					
				5	8		5	11	5	9	13	8				
		N			S			N			S			N		S
Turner	X			~			X			X						
J.C.F.	X			X			X	•		X						
R.L.S.	X	•		~			~			X						
Thompson Logan	X			X	•				1	X	•					
Hamilton		•		~			X				····					
Putnam		••		X	•		X			X						
Dalton	X					1	X	•		X	•					
Sewall	X			X	•		X	••		X						
Cushing	X			X	••		X	••		X						
Rockwell Merrill	X	•		X			X			x	••					
Sturges	X			X			X			X						
Rantoul, R.																
Ladd	~			~			X			X						
Richards		•		~						~						
Thomas E	X			X			X			X	•					
				2	3	1	11	6	1	12	9					

Saturday
August 2.

Bar. 29.80
Temp. 56.5
Wind - N.W.
Weather. Fair.

A splendid day.

H.M.W. gave us the last of his very interesting talks on his stay in Mexico, where his uncle has a large ranch. He told a great deal that we had never heard, of the different ways, customs, sports etc; of some most exciting and really dangerous adventures, mountain climbing up one of the great snow peaks, and coasting down on a railroad truck with no breaks; and lastly told very interesting things of the remains of Aztec and Toltec civilization.

J.R. went by train on a solitary expedition to Moxie Pond

Wrestling.

Driver --------- Lynch	Driver downed Lynch through greater strength.
Merrill --------- Cooke	Cooke downed Merrill easily.
Weekes --------- Smith	Smith won after a hard struggle, having been under half the time.
Thompson --------- Allen	Allen downed Thompson by a fierce head-lock.
Lawrence --------- Cushing	Draw. Quite even throughout the match.
Rantoul, T. --------- Ladd	Ladd better through his knowledge of the art.

A.G.D. came to lunch, with Mr. Hepburn, Andie and Sturgis's father; Johnny Taylor's father and brother also came, Johnny supping with them at the hotel, later.

A memorable afternoon with all three Base Ball Leagues, Senior, Bug and Flea, for the first time,(but may it not be the last!) this summer. To the onlookers, the Fleas' game was perhaps the

best of all three.

Senior Ball.

Carters vs. Catherwoods.

1st inning.

A fly to right field caught by Dalton and a good hit by Driver.

2nd inning.

A pretty catch and throw by P.N.McD. too late, however, to put out R.B.T. at first. C.B.H.H. scored three successive strike-outs in the second half.

3rd inning.

Two excellent hits to right field; one by J.C.F. and the other, a two bagger, by J.A.L.Jr.

4th inning.

In the first half, a hit by C.B.H.H. and in the second a hit by Perry and a high fly cought by Howe, at center field.

5th inning.

In the second half of this inning, the game began to improve. There were three runs made, a hit by Driver and a difficult fly caught by L.T.

6th inning.

A fly to second base, caught by Driver.

7th inning.

A two base hit to center field by J.C.F. In the second half half, Howe caught another high fly, and there was also one caught by K.S.W. at short stop.

8th inning.

A three base hit by L.T. bringing in C.B.H.H.

9th inning.

A "lost ball" hit by Allen, Dalton making a brave attempt to get it en route. This was followed by two two-base hits; one by J.C.F., bringing in Allen, and the other by C.B.H.H. R.L.S. pitched very well throughout the game.

Final score: 9-4 favor of the Carters.

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
6	H.												4	0		0
1	R L S												5	1		1
2	J A L												2	3		1
3	H. M.W												5	1		2
4													4	1		2
5	W.N.McD.												5	2		3
7	Knox												3	1		0
8	P												4	0		1
9	La Hue												4	0		0
	Totals	1/1	0/1	0/1	1/2	3/5	0/5	2/7	2/9							

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
4	C.H.												4	1		1
3	J. C.F.												4	1		3
6	K S.W.												5	0		1
1	C.B.H.H												3	1		2
3	L.T.												5	1		1
5	R B.T.												4	0		1
8	H												3	0		0
9	C												4	0		0
7	Wiggins												4	0		0
	Totals	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	0/0	2/2	2/4						

Bug League.

Schneakspies vs. Schweinhunde

Stackpole's team started things off with three runs, the Schweinhunters getting two. Smith caught Bailey,W's hit and also Lynch's. Stackpole took Futcher's place at pitcher in the second inning. One run was accomplished by Smith's team tying the score. In the 3rd inning, Stackpole's team made various errors letting Huffman in, and Watson made a home run, bringing Johnny Taylor home. Bailey, D. was hit making him the third victim! 2 runs were brought in for Stackpole's side, making it 7-6 in their favor. Sturges substituted for Huffman in the last of the 4th inning. The fifth was quite successful for the Schneakspies as they scored 10 runs! Stackpole made a double play, putting both Watson and Weekes out and making the last of the inning very short and snappy.

During the 6th inning,Stackpole's team got 3 runs and Smith's also got 3 runs, ending the game: 20-9, in favor of the Schneakspies. Score follows on the next page.

Flea League.

The Fleas had a glorious game, captained by the Rantoul Brothers. The 5 runs, for the Rantoul, T's, in the 5th and last inning, were the feature of the game. The final score was 13-7 for the Rantoul, T's.

The score follows on the next page.

Sat.
Aug. 2:

Bug League Game

No.	Schumacher	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B
4	Weeks															
8	Marshall															
3	Hamilton															
6	Fraser E															
1	Ewald															
9	Hellman Swiger															
2	L&D															
7	Taylor															
5	Wilson															
	Totals	2 / 2	1 / 3	3 / 6	0 / 6	0 / 6	8 / 9									

No.	Schumacher	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B
6	Pauk															
7	Carter															
2	Pearce															
8	Bailey D															
3	Thompson															
4	Stackpole															
1	Fuller															
9	Bailey W.															
5	Lynch															
	Totals	3 / 3	0 / 3	2 / 5	2 / 7		10 / 17	3 / 20								

Flea League Game

No.		1	2	3	4	5
	Crawford R					
	Merrick					
	Dawson					
	C Wagner					
	Pearce					
	Bullard					
	Dupee					
	Totals					

No.		1	2	3	4	5
	Rawtell T					
	Packard					
	Turner					
	Wagner					
	Totals		2 / 3	3 / 6	2 / 8	5 / 13

J.G.W., fished, catching 9 white and 1 yellow perch. The Hepburn family also fished, but caught nothing.

J.R. returned having found Moxie Pond a beautiful place, with Mosquito Mountain rising right up from it.

Charades in the evening.

Fifth Charade Evening.

1st.
Harmonica. C.H.C.

Scene 1. "Harm".

A.D.H. with pet cat, (Knox) recites with much feeling the nursery rhyme: "I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,

And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm!"

Scene 2. "On".

Flodden Field. Sharpshooters facing each other, keeping up a deadly fire. Enter C.H.C. crying "On, Stanley! on!" Furious charge. Curtain.

Scene 3. "Nick".

C.H.C. as Santa Claus, dressed to perfection, crosses stage driving his team of eight reindeer (Campers various!) shouting, "Now Dasher! now Dancer!" etc. etc. Very effective!

Scene 4. "Car".

Motor traffic in New York. Traffic policeman manipulating sign. "Go"and"Stop"! Cars passing and repassing. Scene ends with collision.

Scene 5. "Harmonica".

Fine orchestral effect, all the harmonicas in Camp. C.H.C. superb as conductor.

2nd.
Scintillate J.A.L.Jr.

Scene 1. "Sin".

The Garden of Eden. J.A.L. as Adam, J.H.S. as Eve, R.B.T. as the serpent. Serpent tempts, our first parent yields and eats the apple. Mutual recrimination and general disaster. Serpent alone rejoices.

Scene 2. "Till".

Outside the Garden. Adam tilling the ground, Eve lamenting. Continued repinings and reproaches. Very sad state of things!

Scene 3. "Late".

Camp breakfast. J.A.L. blows horn and sits at head of table. Boys enter one by one, half dressed, tying shoe-lacings, neck-ties etc. as they come. Great confusion. "Have you brushed your teeth?" Exeunt omnes in tumult. Curtain.

Scene 4. "Scintillate".

Infant Phenomenon, (Lawrence) exhibited by doting mother, (J.H. S.) to admiring audience. "He can answer any questions without the least preparation!" Questions are asked, "What is twice two?" "What does C-A-T spell?" etc. etc. Audience deeply impressed, mother triumphant.

3rd.
Wigwam. L.T.

Scene 1. "Wig".

A District Court in 1777. P.N.McD. very impressive as judge. Clerk, Cooke; Prosecutor for the crown, Putnam; Counsel for defence Allen. Prisoner, L.T. Plea of non compos mentis: verdict, "Guilty". Enter K.S.W. as courier from General Gates, with plea that the prisoner be sent to General Burgogne, his clothing riddled by bullets, as (imaginary) proof of Indian Treachery. Plea accepted.

Scene 2. "Warm".

A night scene, also Colonial. Soldiers changing guard. It is cold and they rub their hands to get warm.

Scene 3. "Wigwam".

An Indian Pow-pow; warriors assembled in front of wigwam; fine effect of red blankets. Enter L.T. who urges them to flee before

(Sat. August 2, cont'd.)

advancing army of white men. General stampede. Curtain.

To our great regret, there was not time for J.G.W's charade; but next Saturday he shall come <u>first</u>!

Sunday
August 3.

Bar. 30.2
Temp. 61.25
Wind. Calm S.W.
Weather. Fair.

Special Details for the Week.

Merryweather Light-----Dalton.

Flag----------Futcher.

Weather----------Huffman.

A brilliantly clear day. The little five-minute boats (made in or near five minutes) are doing some very pretty sailing, these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came over for a call, and Dr. and Mrs. Bailey came to dinner.

Chubbard passed the Swimming Test! This is good work, indeed; and Bob Rantoul will pass soon, having done a good two thirds of the way to-day.

Picnic at Tracy's Beach.

Ouani
J.G.W.

I.M.K.	Dupee
Hepburn, A.	Ladd
Lynch	Newhall
Merrill	Dalton
Wiggins, J.	Watson

passengers

W.A.G.	R.R.
	Richards

Eben	Abol	Worry	Corker	Cobb	Rip
C.H.C.	J.A.L.	L.T.	H.M.W.	P.N.McD.	J.H.S.
Futcher	Johnson	Lawrence	Rockwell	Stackpole	Weekes
Huffman	Cooke	Smith	Cushing	Carter	Rantoul,T.
M.P.	Allen	R.R. or Wiggins,J.	A.D.H.	Putnam	Howe

Willi	Yammer	Ident	Panta	Erebus	Terror
J.C.F.	R.L.S.	K.S.W.	Thompson	R.B.T.	C.B.H.H.
Sewall	Driver	Knox	Perry	Hamilton	Taylor
Hubbard	Turner	Sturges	Hepburn,A.	Jameson	Ewing
	Rantoul,R.	Wiggins,C.			

The Picnic at a longer distance frome Camp than usual, was a very good one. The Fleet made the 3 miles to Tracy's beach in good time. The new cottage by the beach is a pity, and it was hard to see the beautiful great Sugar Maples up the slope, all

cut, but three or four, but otherwise the place is undamaged.

The greater part of the Faculty, with Newhall and Richards, climbed the Bluff. They found the view perfect, the distant mountains sparklingly clear. J.H.S. and Newhall ran most of the way down.

Skowhegan played in the beautiful opening in the balsam woods, near the Balsam Brook, was very good. It is an ideal place, and the three games were fast ones. The Red Swans (Putnam's side) won two games, the Gray Geese (Dalton's side) won one. Many runs were made on both sides. Much bending down of birches between games.

The advance guard of the Tracy's Bluff climbers, J.H.S., first then Newhall, came tearing down about five minutes after the Skowhegan party were settled under the bif oak. A rather hurried supper, then a good stiff paddle home, a fairly strong south wind having sprung up. Several of the canoes were a little too high in the bow, and splashed a good deal. L.T. obviated this in the Worry, by putting a good sized rock in his bow. Not very good order at landing.

Owen Wister's "Timberlines", in the evening after hymns.

Heights of the August Brethren.

Putman----------	5'5"	Perry-----	5'6⅝"
Wiggins---------	5'5¾"	Ladd--------	4'9½"
Dalton----------	5'3¼"		
Allen-----------	5'7"		
Hamilton--------	5'8¾"		
Knox------------	5'4¼"		
Newhall---------	6'1½"		

J.G.W. caught 1 bass.

Monday
August 4.
Bar. 29.95
Temp. 61.5
Wind. S.S.W.
Weather. Cloudy.

Camping Trip
Aug. 4

Cooke
Hamilton
Johnson, E.
Perry
J.H.S.
C.B.H.H

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

A totally new departure! At breakfast, J.G.W. announced that the influence of the Merryweather University having established its value, it was a good thing to extend this valuable influence still further. Various of the Campers were therefore invited to the University Building at 8 o'clock, and there took a regulation intelligence test. Some of the interesting facts deduced are given below:

Combustible things will break.

The day before Thursday is Friday.

Diamonds are obtained from oysters.

Are two more than four? Yes!

The larynx is in the abdomen.

Indigo is a drink.

Monogamy is a term relating to electricity.

The feathers on a bird's wings help him to fly because they keep the air off his body.

Are future events definitely predictable? Yes!

We see no stars at noon because they have moved around to the other side of the earth.

Are eggs good to eat? No!

Wool is obtained from a plant.

Are integrity and obedience virtues? No!

The day before Thursday is Tuesday.

The commander of the allied armies was Wilson.

Turpentine is obtained from rivers.

Should school teachers be continually tardy? Yes!

Command and obey are the same.

If you are lost in a forest, what is the thing to do? Hurry to the nearest house you know of.

Why does it pay to get a good education? Because it makes work for teachers.

Emeralds are usually yellow.

Why are chairs made of wood? Because wood burns.

Are patriotism and elocution synonyms? Yes.

Lax and strict are the same.

In spite of a solid southerly breeze and lumpy sea, with white-caps, the Camping Trip got off with neatness and snappiness "excelled by none".

L.E.R. went in town for the day.

J.R. went to Oakland to take the Kineo train, but it has just been taken off, so he returned.

The general lowering settled into rain, early in the afternoon, so the A and B walks were changed to runs, at 5 p.m., with Go as you Please till then.

Hands and Feet.

Boat-Building	Runs			
K.S.W.	A.			B.
Allen	C.H.C.			J.A.L.
Cushing	P.N.McD.			L.T.
Dalton	J.C.F.			R.L.S.
Driver	Bailey,W.	Bailey,D.	Hepburn,R.	Ewing
Dupee	Hepburn,A.	Howe	Hubbard	Hoffman
Futcher	Huffman	Knox	Jameson	Turner
Stackpole	Lawrence	Lynch	Merrill	Sturges
Newhall	Putnam	Sewall	Rantoul,T.	Carter
	Thompson	Watson	Rantoul,R.	Rockwe

Fishing

Ident	Willi	Yammer
R.B.T.	J.G.W.	H.M.W.
Ladd	Richards	Weekes
Wiggins, J.	Wiggins, C.	Smith

The Fishermen went out in rubber coats, in a good solid rain. We fear their Suppers Out were very soggy, but they came in at about 8 o'clock, soaked but jubilant, to be cheered by hot cocoa, and bringing in a good catch.

J.G.W's boat caught: 6 bass, 2 perch, 1 pout.

H.M.W's boat caught: 1 bass, 17 perch, 4 pout.

R.B.T's boat caught: 3 perch, 2 pout.

In the evening, besides various Sing-Song rehearsals, we had Digestion Club (one of the Red Saunders stories), Dumb Crambo, and the first Clothes Pin Match (won by J.R's side), followed by a chapter of Mr. Standfast.

The winners in the afternoon runs were as follows:

A. run.	B. run.
1. Driver	1. Hepburn,R.
2. Lynch	2. Rantoul,T.
3. Howe	3. Hubbard

As we snuggle around the fire,
With our bodies and garments dry,
We laugh at the Campers' ire
As their soaking food they fry.
On Long Pond's shore they lie
'Neath the bough of some dripping tree.
Would we care to camp in a spot so damp?
— Nasty wet rain! — Not we!

Their duffle is sodden through;
Their tent in a pool is set;
Their bodies with cold are blue,
For their clothes are sopping wet.
But we, with our appetites whet

(Mon, August 4, cont'd.)

By a brisk run just before tea,
Would we choose that shore for a place to snore?
— Nasty wet rain! ——Not we!

When the cold grey morning wakes
And on mouldy mush they've fed,
They'll shiver with chills and aches
And revile the sky a'erhead.
But we'll be cozy in bed
Until six-fifty-three.
Would we move from our fire for a spot so dire?
—— Nasty wet rain! ——Not we!

J.A.L.Jr.

This morning J.A.L.Jr. began his most interesting talks on his experience in the British Air Force during the war, and also telling of what was expected of the airplanes during the war in France.

Tuesday
August 5.

Bar. 29.72.
Temp. 70
Wind- Calm
Weather- Fair.

A partial clear off, into one of the very muggiest and hottest days of the summer.

J.R. went off at nine o'clock. This time there really was a train.

The Helgramites, that J.G.W. recently got from Philadelphia, have worked so well, the bass taking right hold of them, that a Four Paddler, with R.B.T., Watson, Cushing and Lawrence went over to the Mills to bring back a supply for the Camp.

Special thanks are due to the Fish-cleaning Squad. It is horrid work, especially on such a very hot day, and they did it quickly and well.

Bill Ladd passed the Swimming Test. R.Rantoul did not do as well on his last try, but will make it soon.

FIRST TRIAL WATER SPORTS.

In spite of the heat, the Water Sports went off finely. We have never had them better, indeed, or more snappily run off without a single hitch or delay. It makes a fine record.

Senior Single Canoes.

First Heat.

Driver in Grayling	1
Thompson in Squannacook	2
Sewall in Pink	3
Taylor in Hecuba	4

Driver paddled in notably fine form, winning over Thompson (who had made a bad start), by about four lengths. Sewall did well, though he was weak in steering and had to change sides too often. Taylor was awkward but worked hard. A very good race between the first two.

Second Heat.

Howe in Squannacook	1
Watson in Hecuba	2
Wiggins, J. in Pink	3
Putnam in Grayling	4

Putnam got the best start but was soon overhauled by Howe, who had it with him neck and neck for a little while, then drew steadily ahead, and won easily by about 10 lengths paddling a very pretty race. Watson also soon drew ahead, paddling well and finished second. Wiggins made a very poor start, getting on the wrong side of Pickerel. The others trailed most of the way, but spirted finely at the end.

Third Heat.

Hallowell in Grayling	1
Hepburn, A. in Hecuba	2
Dalton in Squannacook	3
Knox in Pink	4

Hallowell and Dalton raced neck and neck through three quarters of the course, then Hallowell drew ahead and won by about six lengths over Hepburn, who just at the last, although he had started poorly, pulled up to second place over Dalton. Knox showed lack of practice, wobbling a good deal and nearly going over.

Fourth Heat.

Allen in Pink	1
Lynch in Grayling	2
Newhall in Hecuba	3
Hoffman in Squannacook	4

Allen pulled ahead at the start and soon led by many lengths, finishing about 8 lengths over Lynch, who, although he showed poor balance, finished 6 lengths over Newhall, the latter making a poor start. Hoffman also made a poor start and showed lack of knowledge in handling a canoe.

Junior Double Canoes.

First Heat.

Cushing (stern), Carter (bow), in Pink	1
Richards (stern), Bailey,D. (bow), in Squanny	2
Futcher (stern), Hepburn,R. (bow), in Grayling	3
Huffman (stern), Ladd (bow), in Hecuba	4

It was very close for the first half, then the Grayling and the Hecuba fouled. The Pink drew ahead, finishing first, Squannacook second, and Grayling third. Huffman would have done better if he had not watched the other boats so much and had worked harder.

Second Heat.

Merrill (stern), Rantoul,T. (bow), in Hecuba	1
Stackpole (stern), Smith (bow), in Squanny	2
Bailey,W. (stern), Ewing (bow), in Grayling	3
Lawrence (stern), Weekes bow), in Pink	4

A good start and a splendid race all through, finishing with all boats lapping; the best race so far. Squanny was fouled by the Grayling close to the finish, but neither disqualified for the next race, the finals.

Finals of Senior Singles.

Allen in Pink	1
Hallowell in Hecuba	2
Howe in Squannacook	3
Driver in Grayling	4

Allen won by 2 lengths, Hallowell second by 2 lengths over Howe who came in two lengths ahead of Driver. Howe, however, was disqualified because of fouling Hallowell almost at the start.

Finals of Junior Doubles.

Stackpole (stern), Smith (bow), in Pink	1
Merrill (stern), Rantoul,T. (bow), in Hecuba	2
Richards (stern), Bailey,D. (bow),in Squanny	3
Cushing (stern), Carter (bow), in Grayling	4

A good race. It was neck and neck between the Hecuba and the Pink nearly the whole way. The Grayling fouled the Hecuba near the start. The Pink won by about a foot from the Hecuba.

Special Rangeley Race.

Wiggins,C. in Yammerschooner	1
Dupee in Terror	2
Jameson in Pantasote	3
Sturges in Williwaw	3
Rantoul, R. in Identical	4
Hubbard in Erebus	5

Wiggins got a strong lead and held it consistently, winning by 4 lengths. Dupee also rowed well coming in about 4 lengths ahead of Sturges and Jameson who tied. Hubbard and Rantoul,R. steered too far north.

Rangeley Doubles.

Carter, Weekes, Jameson (cox), in Pantasote	1
Huffman, Ladd, Dupee (cox), in Terror	2
Hepburn,R, Rantoul,T, Wiggins,C.(cox), in Yammer	3
Cushing, Smith, Rantoul,R (cox), in Identical	
Futcher, Turner, Hubbard, (cox), in Erebus	
Merrill, Ewing, Sturges, cox), in Williwaw	

Identical and Erebus disqualified because of finishing inside the eggs. The Williwaw also disqualified because the cox paddled. The race was a good one and very close all along the line.

Senior Double Canoes.

First Heat

Sewall (stern), Driver (bow), in Squanny	1
Allen (stern), Dalton (bow), in Pink	2
Hepburn,A. (stern), Hallowell (bow), in Hecuba	3
Thompson (stern), Taylor (bow), in Grayling	4

Driver took the lead from the start, but a very close race all through.

Second Heat

Putnam (stern), Watson (bow), in Squanny	1
Hoffman (stern), Knox (bow), in Grayling	2
Wiggins,J. (stern), Howe (bow), in Pink	3
Newhall (stern), Lynch (bow), in Hecuba	4

The Squannacook soon pulled out to a good lead. The Pink had a good chance but was repeatedly fouled by the Hecuba.

Junior Four Paddlers.

Stackpole, Lawrence, Ladd, Bailey,W. in Abol	1
Bailey,D, Merrill, Wiggins,C, Wiggins,J,in Corker	2
Carter, Sturges, Hubbard, Ewing, in Worry	3

A fine race, one of the best of the afternoon.

Finals of Senior Doubles.

Sewall (stern), Driver (bow), in Squanny	1
Putnam (stern), Watson (bow), in Pink	2
Allen (stern), Dalton (bow), in Grayling	3
Hoffman (stern), Knox (bow),in Hecuba	4

A good start, and a splendid race. The Pink came in second by only half a length behind the Squannacook.

Junior Four Paddlers.

Second Heat

Smith, Hepburn,S, Rantoul,T, Huffman, in Worry	1
Ewing, Jameson, Turner, Futcher, in Abol	2
Cushing, Dupee, Weekes, Richards, in Corker	3

The Abol came in about 2 lengths behind the Worry, and was closely followed by the Corker. A fine race.

Senior Four Paddlers. Out to Pickerel and back.

Driver, Sewall, Hepburn,A, Hallowell, in Corker	1
Hoffman, Wiggins,J, Knox, Howe, in Worry	2
Newhall, Watson, Lynch, Putnam, in Eben	3
Thompson, Dalton, Taylor, Allen in Abol	4

The Corker was the first to turn, about three lengths ahead of the others. A fine race; some of the sternmen doing well in using their voices.

Finals of Junior Four Paddlers.

Smith, Hepburn,S, Rantoul,T, Huffman, in Eben	1
Bailey,D, Merrill, Wiggins,C, Wiggins,J, in Corker	2
Stackpole, Lawrence, Ladd, Bailey,W, in Worry	3
Ewing, Jameson, Turner, Futcher, in Abol	4

All ended about a foot apart. The best race of the afternoon.

It was one of the best Water Sports afternoons that we have ever had, all through. There were times when the steersmen of the Four Paddlers could have got more speed out of their crews by using the voice, calling the strokes, etc. But this afternoon could not well have been better in pep and general good work shown. And, once again, the running off of 17 races in 2¼ hours, without a hitch or delay, was a real feat, on the part of the Regatta Committee. A grand simultaneous plunge off the Float, of all the participants finished the afternoon.

The Campers were made out, paddling easily as ducks aver the absolutely flat pond, during the latter part of the races, and soon they came in, in highest feather, after, apparently a perfectly

corking time entirely undamaged by yesterday's pouring rain. They had their tents all up, and Camp made, well before the rain began, so stayed snug and dry; and to-day, in spite of the heat, they climbed Beaver and part of Royal. A thoroughly snappy trip.

We forgot to say that Sam Lynch's family came for a call at noon.

"BOATS"in the evening, one of the few times this summer, a joyful occasion, further cheered by the echoes of Choral Rehearsal, on the Point. J.G.W. and R.B.T's boat fished, getting 2 bass, and 5 white perch, 2 bass, and 1 yellow perch, respectively.

J.H.Hall, an old Faculty member, the "Captain Jack" of early years, with Mrs. Hall and the eldest of their three little children are staying at Gleason's and came for a call in the evening.

Tom Dabney also came for a call to-day, on his way to Farmington.

Mr. Standfast in the evening.

Camp Notosmet

Camp Notosmet started for Long Pond in a fine southwest breeze with the idea that no mountain was too high to climb. The Cochon, manned by Hamilton, Cooke, and J.H.S., moved itself superior to the abol with Perry, Johnson, and C.B.H.H. as crew, because it was not delayed by the lagard at Monkey Point. The abol pretending to be aground in the "cut-off" was really charmed by certain sirens on the bridge, and it was only by superhuman effort that C.B.H.H. managed to force his crew to work again.

After this trial the mills with the lure of ice cream proved easy to get by, and in very short order we were launched on Long Pond. There the waves were just high enough to make Cooke appreciate the great responsibility of a steers-man. The only trouble was that he forgot again as soon as we got in the calm water beyond Pine Tree Island - which is about a hundred yards from Beaver Spring. We landed in Beaver Brook and found a fine camping place there.

Guided by divine inspiration, we put up the tent, cut firewood and put it under a shelter, and tied everything down; just in case it might rain. We then ate our lunch and started for the far away tops of the mountains. Guided by the unerring sixth sense of true woodsmen we had no trouble in arriving at the top of the ridge between Royal and Brown which we christened Little Brown. C.B.H.H. and J.H.B. decided to get a view and climbed a tree. From that observatory we could see everything that we desired and besides that we saw an enormous rainstorm rapidly approaching. The rest of the party were content to sit on the ground and view the tree tops.

Just as we started along the ridge for the top of the next Brown mountain the rain struck us full force. We continued with our ardor slightly decreased, and about half way along the ridge came out on a bare spot, where the view would have been glorious except

for the solid wall of rain below us.

This made us feel that the top of Beaver would do very well as it was, and we struck back toward our camp along an old road. This proved to lead to a grove of maples with a still in the very middle, - at least it would have been a still if it hadn't been used for boiling down the maple syrup.

By the time we had explored an old farm - where all the dead cows in the county seemed to have left their skulls - and reached the road it had stopped raining, so we all climbed the little knoll opposite the mills and everyone managed to see the surrounding country this time.

We got safely to Beaver by driving and had no trouble lighting a fire with our wood which had stayed dry. Everyone took off his wet clothes and ate clad in a dry sweater and a wet slicker - which is the custom in Boston society we hear.

The next step was to retire to tent and listen to Eddie Johnson - who regaled us with selected bits from college humour. It was discovered that we would all smother within a very few minutes, however; if we left the flap of the tent down so J.B.S. elected himself to make a front porch out of it. C.B.H.H. meanwhile was amusing himself by sitting cross-legged reading the essays of Elia. He marked the ones that he read, so he would not read them again when he got back.

For some reason the inside of the tent stayed dry all night and we were perfectly comfortable and by morning were ready to attack Westgate.

This proved a small obstacle and we were soon at the top, in spite of the fact that we went up the wrong side of Beaver Pond and had to ford it. Once at the top our view to the East was enough to make up for all yesterday's rain, though it was still too misty to see the mountains to the North and

west. C.B.H.H. distinguished himself by rolling an enormous boulder over the edge; which crashed down the hill and bounded down two small trees before it finally stopped in a gully.

The rest of the trip was not marked by any great excitement until we arrived at the hills, when we fed the large fish — all but Percy who refused to believe that there were any and stayed away till we had used up all the worms.

On coming through Mackay Point we could see that the whole Camp was lined up on the Boat to receive us. We felt delighted that they appreciated us, and were only slightly chagrined to find that another reason for their being on the Boat was the fact that rubber water sports were in progress.

Wednesday
August 6.

Bar. 29.72
Temp. 70
Wind - Calm
Weather. Cloudy.

Very hot and muggy and still again. In Shell Navigation, Perry and Lawrence sought the watery depths, but all made progress.

The Chinning for Class B. was as follows:

Rockwell---11	Sewall ------ 6	Ewing ----- 5	Cooke --- 2
Watson ----- 7	Hepburn,S.--- 5	Turner ---- 4	Dupee --- 2
Weekes ----- 7	Lawrence ---- 5	Bailey,D.-- 3	Ladd ---- 2
Merrill ---- 6	Rantoul,T.--- 5	Carter ---- 3	Hubbard - 2

It being so hot and still, a huge fishing company went, with good results.

Fishing.

Yammer	Willi	Iden	Panta	Erebus	Terror
J.G.W.	H.M.W.	C.B.H.H.	R.L.S.	M.P.	R.B.T.
Cooke	Bailey,D.	Bailey,W.	Carter	Dupee	Ewing
Lawrence	Rantoul,T.	Lynch	Hoffman	Knox	Taylor
		Jameson	Sturges	Watson	Turner
1 bass			1 bass	0	4 bass
14 perch	4 perch	5 perch			3 perch
					1 hornpout

N.B.	Arklet	Chub	Wobbler	Hornpout
J.C.F.	Futcher	Putnam	Newhall	Wiggins
Hepburn,A.	Hepburn,S.	Ladd	Merrill	Waggins
Smith	Rockwell	Rantoul,R.	Sewall	Richards
1 bass		2 bass		
7 perch	1 perch		4 perch	4 perch

Total Fish.

9 bass
41 perch
1 hornpout

As you like it.

Hamilton	Huffman	Dalton
Driver	Johnson	Perry
Howe	Hubbard	Thompson
Weekes	Cushing	
Allen	Hallowell	

All's well that ends well.

Stackpole

The As-you-like-its spent a friendly afternoon. Dalton, Allen and Hallowell and Hubbard made long peaceful Kayak voyages.

(Hallowell by the way has a horrid thumb, having driven a big splinter deep under his nail, to the full depth of the nail.) There was Boat-building and much reading.

Walter Hoffman's parents, and the Hall family, came to call in the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to supper. Just after supper there was lively excitement, caused by J.H.S's lightning ascent of the Flag Pole.

We forgot to put in its proper place the wrestling of the morning, it was as follows:

Huffman / Carter — Huffman being heavier was on top quite a bit, but Carter could hold his own and a draw resulted.

Hallowell / Putnam — A draw. An excellent match, very even. Putnam on the defensive towards the end, Hallowell having more enduran

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Knox / Hamilton — A slow match, Hamilton having the upper hand at the beginning but Knox got a good headlock and rolled him over on his back.

Sing-Song in the evening.

How it happened we do not know, but we completely forgot to mention one of the great events of the day. Bobby Rantoul passed the Swimming Test in a very plucky fashion. 3 cheers, no more non-swimmers!

Wed,Aug.6th,cont.

Sixth Sing Song.

I.. Overture;----------C.H.C.& J.C.F.

2. Songs;---------- L.T.

3 Round singing.----------R.R.,C.H.C.,M.P.,K.S.W.,A.D.H. et al.

4. Choruses. Baseball Song,John Peel,Camp Chantey.

5. Stunt,"My Man John".----------Sumner,Dalton,Smith.

6.. Stunt,"John Gilpin".---------Cushing,Newhall,Rantoul R.,et al.

7. Violin solo.----------M.P.

8. Camp Song.

We promised a new adjective for the Overture this time,and we have found it.Superior ! it certainly was;and it was received with appropriate demonstrations of delight.Next came L.T.who gave us in his inimitable way his "Song of Indigestion"(we know no other title !) and the immortal "Irish Christening."
Then,a select semi-chorus,in very effective scarlet headgear, sang several rounds,to our great enjoyment.They began wit"Man's Life's a vapor",and ended with "Little Bo-peep",a charming eight-part round which was new to many of the audience.

The choruses followed,sung with a hearty will;so hearty that we were glad of a little quiet afterward,to hear M.P.play for us on the violin,a lways a great treat.
Then came the two stunts,both old friends to most of us."My Man John" was given with admirable spirit,by ~~the~~xx perhaps the best cast we have yet seen in this popular ballad-play.The pensive melancholy of the lover,(Putnam) the cheerf ul,bracing confidence of his Man John,(Dalton),in ultimate success for his "dearest master";the coyness of the fair maiden(Smith),first

cold,but finally melting into tender ness;all were charmingly rendered.Nor was t he second stunt,"John Gilpin",less successful.The immort al linen-draper(Cushing) was all that could be desired,and too much cannot be said in praise of his riding.. Away he went,neck or nought,car eering round and round the stage, disappearing now and then,only to reappear galloping more furiously than ever."The d ogs did bark,the children screamed"all according to schedule,all with fir e and expression.Mrs Gilpin,(Rantoul R,.) made a fitting helpmeet f or her doughty spouse,and spoke her telling lines with much spirit.Betty,(Rantoul T.),and the Calendar , (Newhall),also filled their parts well;while C.H.C.recited the ballad,stringing,as it were,the various pearls on a golden thread.. ("This was lofty",as Nicholas Bottom says !.)

Finally,the Camp Song closed a very merry evening.

Thursday
August 7.

Bar. 29.52
Temp. 67
Wind- S.S.W.
Weather - Very Cloudy.

Another muggy day.

The Campers got off briskly and seemed in high spirits.

During Swim there was most exciting Water Scouting. The North and South sides jumping in backwards off opposite ends of the Float at a given signal.

In the afternoon there was Sherlock Holmes. A slightly less energetic performance, with more brain power and less running (on account of the heat) than Robinson Crusoe.

Camping Trip
August 7

Allen
Carter
Putnam
Rantoul, T.
H.M.W.
R.B.T.
Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

Team A.

Hoffman (cap.)	Hepburn, R.	Smith
Bailey, D.	Huffman	Taylor
Cushing	Ladd	Watson
Dupee	Merrill	J.H.S.
Futcher	Perry	J.C.F.

Team B.

Newhall (cap)	Johnson	Weekes	
Bailey, W.	Lawrence	Wiggins, C.	
Dalton	Rantoul, R.	J.A.L.	
Ewing	Rockwell	C.B.H.H.	
Hallowell	Stackpole	R.L.S.	
Hubbard	Turner		

Team C.

Hamilton (cap)	Cooke
Hepburn, A.	Driver
Jameson	Howe
Richards	Knox
Sturges	Lynch
Thompson	Sewall
Wiggins, J.	C.H.C.
	K.S.W.

Hoffman's Team. Team A.

1. "Way up yonder in the Frozen North
In the land of the Eskimo."

The ice-house and the north parlour seemed to be the only thoughts for the first twenty minutes, but when the team was asked what Eskimos use, Cushing was able to find the next clue in one of the Kayaks.

(Thurs. August 7. cont'd.)

2."Slide! Kelly! Slide!"

The Ball Field and various landslides were tried without success. Finally Ladd thought of the Slip and Huffman found the next clue.

3."One if by land and two if by sea."

This was almost too easy as it took only a minute to dope the lamp shed.

4. "We won't get home until morning."

The Point was the first idea but nothing was found there. The barn was suggested as the cause of keeping us out all night, but most of the side looked into it before Futcher found the clue.

5. "Do you ken John Peel?"

All the song books were tried without success, and the whole song was carefully read without success. Ken Walker's cubicle was then suggested and the search there was rewarded with:

6.

As a clue had been seen in the Ouananiche, it did not take much doping to guess that this was the Ouananiche song.

7. (The map on the opposite page.)

Martin House

W

S

Raspberry Bird

Surveyed by
Dr Buzzlenose 1952
Scale: 1 in to 2 yds.

(Thurs. August 7, cont'd.)

Newhall's Team. Team B.

1. "Good Lord, Holmes!", I cried, "the whole affair is incomprehensible to me".

Some looked in the various Sherlock Holmes books, but soon all were ransacking Watson's cubicle, where, after some maltreatment of his hat, by all hands, Stackpole found the clue in the lining.

2. "Two men had twenty baseballs between them. If A had had three times as many, and B had had twice so many, each would have had the same number. What was the difference between their amounts?

The problem was soon worked out, but no one could tell what to do with the answer. At length the clue was found behind the Pine Island Baseballs.

3. Till a voice,as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On a never-ending Whisper day and night repeated so;
"Something hidden, Go and find it,
Go and look behind the Ranges-
Something lost behind the Ranges,
Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

Everyone looked behind the kitchen ranges in vain. The clue was discovered by Rockwell behind the map.

4. On that fatal day did England declare war on Germany!

Hallowell quickly found this clue in the 1914 Log, August 4th.

5. Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

This was puzzling. The song books were tried; some thought that the clue must be somewhere in the corn. ThenJohnson remembered that another Ruth is now famous, and Weekes found the next on the end of the"Babe" Ruth bat.

6. NQUV VJKPIU IQ KP VJG RKCBBC OKB. Subtract 2.

It took everyone some time to decide what should be subtracted. When Dalton suggested that from each letter two letters should be subtracted, the code was found to read:

"Lost things go in the piazza miz."

7.

7. It was hard to decide whether the map referred to the new Infirmary or the old. After the new Infirmary had been thoroughly searched, Bailey, W. found the treasure in the closet of the old Infirmary.

Remarks.

The doping was good, but the searching of any spot was done in a hit-or-miss manner. The whole side, with the exception of Ewing, worked well, but should have known that clues are not meant to be easy to find.

Hamilton's Team. Team C.

1. "He was the noblest Roman of them all."

This precipitated a rush for all the copies of Caesar's commentaries in Camp, but soon led by Capt. Hamilton the paper was unearthed.

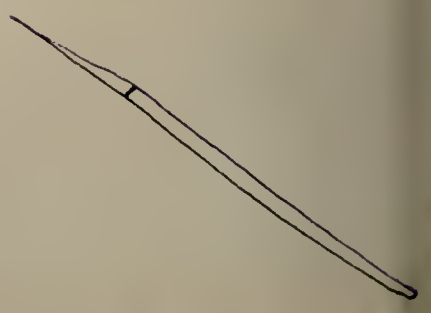
2. Prometheus
Pandora
Epimetheus
Box

This clue, a copy of a card in the Mythology Game, sent hunters to the Game Closet but most went straight to the Box, the end tent in Bachelor's Row.

3. "As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

This quotation though erroneously supposed to be from Kipling and Byron, led the Sherlocks to a search of the various ships in the big room, where back of the cardboard ship's weathervane they found:

4.



4. This had been previously viewed and caused little or no trouble and no doping.

5. My first is required on camping trips.

My second the faculty takes in sips.

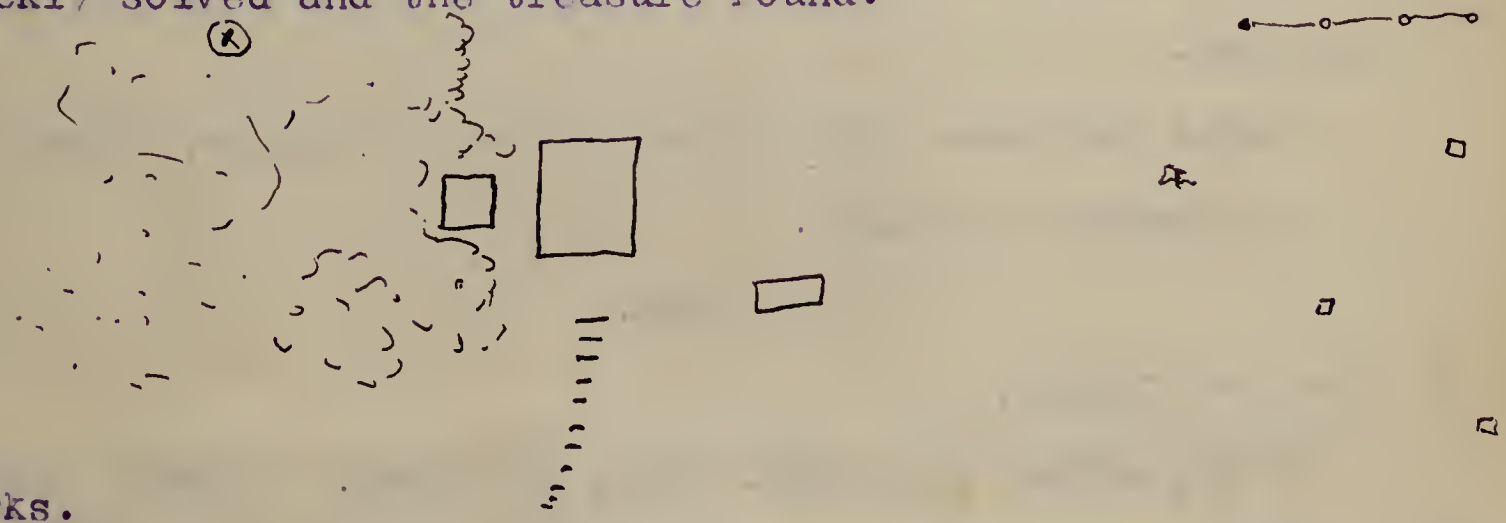
My third will follow a boat in motion.

My whole is hovering near the ocean.

This cute little riddle though not round on the ends or high in the middle, was guessed very successfully by Driver, who led the treasure seekers to the boathouse where a search of the Kitiwake proving at first fruitless finally revealed the 6th clue.

6. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."

This simple biblical quotation caused untold anguish. A search of Genesis was started, Bibles were pawed over. Then followed a general searching of Camp, some suggested Mr. Lowell's cubicle, the shop, Mexico, and finally the Agricultural Dept. Here a cursory glance revealed nothing but exhorting and appealing led to a thorough search where on the ceiling was found the map, which was quickly solved and the treasure found.



Remarks.

Those who followed the starry trail found it rather a prim rose path for the first few clues; but on the last one were held up for a while.

(Thurs. August 7, cont'd.)

Just after supper, A.D.H's sister:

Alice F. Hubbard arrived.

She is motoring up to Nova Scotia with her father and mother, and is staying for a short visit over Sunday.

In the evening we had the famous game of Spin the Platter. Johnny Sturges figuring often when it came time for the forfeits to be claimed. We were highly amused (perhaps the contestants did not enjoy themselves quite so much) by the Merryweather Match Race between Perry and Cushing. The former won by about four lengths after being enticed on to a further and further distance by the wanderings of the finishing line (K.S.W.).

For the Half-past Niners we played Telegrams. Some of the gems of the evening were as follows:

(The subject was, The Deluge. The word was, Absolution.)

"All being soaked on land, Ararat easily stops old landlubber.

signed: Mr. Hippo."

"Noah to a late applcant for passage.

All berths sold out. Last unicorn taken in on Newyears."

"To Shem.

Awful business, storm over, lions unclaimed, tigers irate, outlandish nuisance.

Ham."

"Noah to friend.

A big shower oncoming. Look up there. I offer navigation."

"Noah broadcasting from the Ark.

Animals behaving so oddly, leopards using tooth brushes industriously, owls naughty."

"Mrs. Noah.

Ape bit Shem ogrishly leaving us two injured. Order narcotics.

Japhet."

"Ham to medical friend left behind.

Aboard bedraggled scow. Oldun's lumbago uppish. Tried Ippekak. Only nausea.

Medical friend to Ham.

Am bivouacked somewhere on lonely upland. Tiresome inundation ominously near.

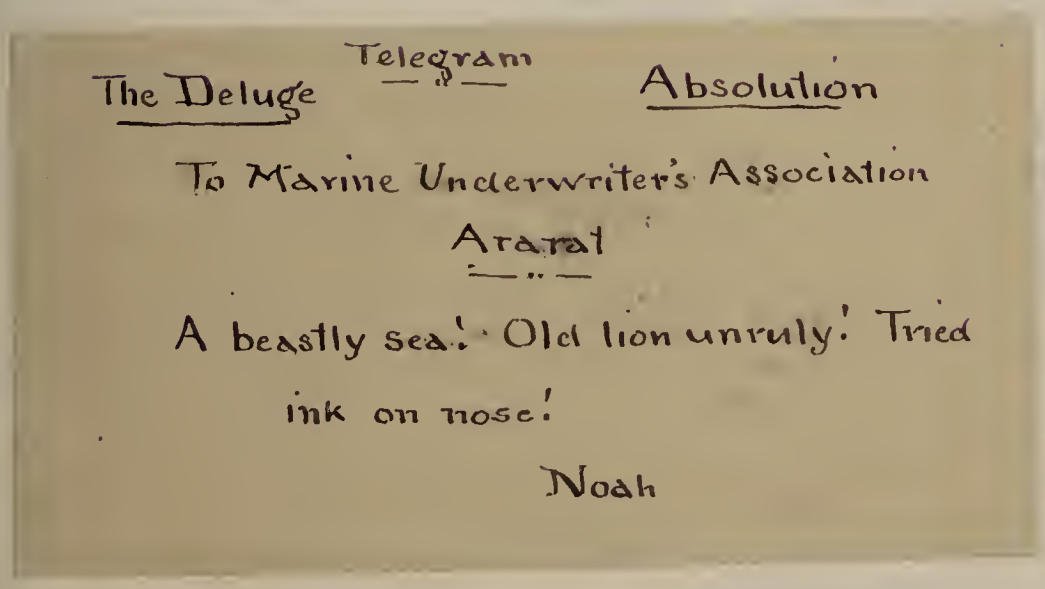
Ham to same friend.

Ask Beelzibub solution of linament useful to inebriate old Noah."

"To Noah's uncle on Mt. Ararat.

Ark bravely sailing over London. Upheaval terrific. Insects overcoming nausea.

Noah."



In the afternoon and evening combined, J.G.W. and P.N.McD. caught 5 bass, 14 perch, 1 pout.

Dr. Adler is paying us a minute visit and will spent to-night with us.

This afternoon R.R. went to Gardiner where she will spend the night with A.G.D.

Friday
August 8.

Wind - Calm
Weather - Fair

At last a good day for an All-Dayer!

There was much bustling about making sandwiches, etc., and we all got off about 10 o'clock.

Beaver Brook and Muskrat.

Eben	Ident	Panta
J.A.L.	R.L.S.	P.N.McD.
Bailey, W.	Hepburn, A.	Hoffman
Futcher	Knox	Lynch
A.D.H.	Stackpole	Ladd

Hornbeam

Worry	Cobb	Yammer	Willi
J.H.S.	Driver	C.B.H.H.	Newhall
Cushing	Lawrence	Perry	Taylor
Dalton	Smith	Wiggins, J.	Huffman
A.F.H.	M.P.	Merrill	Rockwell

Elephant Mt. and Caves.

Ouani
C.H.C.

I.M.K.	Hepburn, S.
Dupee	Ewing
Hamilton	Richards-- Rantoul, R.
Sturges	Watson
Turner	Wiggins, C.

Hubbard

Sappers and Miners.

Rip	Hec
K.S.W.	J.C.F.
Cooke	Howe
Bailey, D.	
Hallowell	

Seeking Knowledge.

J.G.W.	(Leaders)	L.T.
Weekes		Jameson
Sewall		Thompson

Entertainer.

Johnson

Beaver Brook and Muskrat.

The trip started late, but made good time and a quick carry and were at Beaver Spring by 11.45. After a swim and lunch, the start was postponed until 1.15, to let some threatening clouds go by.

We followed the brook up to the road, missing the short cut through the fields, then to the Beaver Dam. Here, since we could find no path, we struck off in the general direction of Muskrat until we came on a path which took us to the deserted farm house. Here we found a sheep imprisoned in the cellar; he had fallen through the rotten floor and could not get out. After many vain attempts at rescue, R.L.S. pinned him against the wall; we soon had his hind legs lashed together by belts and hoisted him out. When he first smelled ~~free~~ grass, he seemed stupified, but soon walked off eating at a tremendous rate.

We toiled up the steep meadows to the top, and had a good look at our own devious course. On the return trip, the path to the farm house was so easy that we walked off it and had to follow the beaver pond back to the brook. Because of this delay, the thundershower which might have found us sheltered at Beaver Spring, caught us just at the road, but everyone was so hot that the rain was welcome.

When we got to the spring, we were soaked and bedraggled beyond description; Lynch, however, quickly started a fire, showing excellent Promethean form. So we all warmed ourselves, and gorged on sandwiches and watermelon.

On the home trip we met the Hornbeam party in the Mill stream, and the Ouananiche at Monkey Point, then proceeded home in a good line. To wind up a most adventuresome and successful day, boats

and duffle, in contrast to the home-coming of last Sunday, were stowed away in very quick and neat fashion.

Hornbeam.

The trip up Hornbeam was a bit circuitous to start with, but after J.H.S. had clambered up a large pine tree he found we were going in just about the right direction. On reaching the top we had quite a heavy shower, which was welcomed by all. On the way back we stopped at the Coon farm, but no coons were to be seen, and though the farm looked very well kept, there was no one at home save cows and chickens. After reaching the foot, another swim was had, and then we had supper around a bon-fire while an attempt was made to dry wet shoes, stockings etc. as we had had a second shower on descending.

The bunch left for home at about six o'clock, connecting with the Muskrat trippers by the Mills, and the Ouani at Monkey Point, so we all came home together in fine style.

Sappers and Miners.
(Bog Brook)

We had it flat as a looking glass all the way down. We landed successfully on South Beach, stripped for action, then paddled up the brook, leaving the food and most of our clothes cached by the beach.

We paddled up to where we left off work last time, to where a big 1½ foot log stopped the stream. This we sawed through and cleared out of the way. We worked till we thought it felt pretty lunch-inney (we had forgotten to bring a watch), and paddled back for food. We learned from a fisherman that it was just 1.15 showing the internal clock in pretty good working order.

Just as we got to the beach, a drenching shower came on, and as

there was no shelter we stuck the food and clothes under as over-hanging rock and got into the water to keep warm, lying there in the pelting rain with only our heads out, for about twenty minutes! Then the shower cleared and we came out and built a fire, and got nicely warmed in a good hour's nooning. Paddled up the brook and went to work again, clearing a good long distance to where a 2 foot log stops the way, near a fish trap in the stream. While there a second shower, a perfect torrent came on, and we just "sot and tuk" it, though a really tremendous rain. It cleared at last, and showed the first quarter of the moon, riding white in the blue opening.

There was a third shower, a small one, as we paddled back down the brook. Just as we came round a turn two Great Blue Herons got up, and just afterwards we saw a surprising sight; a Great Osprey, carrying a fluttering Kingbird in his talons. He released it and it made its escape, just as he was passing us, and after a few wobbles it flew away all right.

We swam again, had supper by this time in bright sunshine. The wind had been north, and quite strong, during the shower, but it shifted to a fair south wind for us coming home, and we got back at 8 o'clock.

Elephant Mountain.

We paddled in the Ouani up Northwest Brook and ate our lunch sitting on the bank.

Then we started out and walked northwest for several miles, to Elephant Hill in the town of Rome. The chief events were our visits to some tame rabbits with very long ears and to a well of the best and coldest water that ever was.

From the last, we struck out across a bog where Ewing, of course,

went in. We continued through the woods without a path to the clearing half way up Elephant Hill, which was our destination. There was no use in going higher because there was no look-out. We rested under a tree and had a battle of acorns.

On the way home the party found Rocky Mountain Pond most refreshing for a swim. It shelved off suddenly and was very deep. Then we came back to our base of supplies and a welcome supper.

We paddled back on the further side of Hoyt's Island and at the southern end met the two expeditions from Long Pond. If we had tried to meet we could never have timed it so perfectly. The fleet arrived home in very good form.

Much to our sorrow Mr. Gardiner had to leave this morning.

J.G.W. caught 1 bass on a fly.

L.T. made a record for Single Sculls around Oak, making it in 16.13; last year's record, also made by him, being 16.33.

Camp. Lassitude August 7th.

The boats well packed, wisp o'er the lake.
Thru monkey point, their way they take -
  on to the hills.
With cones and sweets we make the carry -
But Belgraunites cause us to tarry.
  We're out for fish.
Down long Pond way with spinners whirring -
Three bass aboard. - the fish are stirring.
  They're undersize.
Lunch on the point just thru the narrows;
With good fresh bread we fill our marrows.
  a swim before
  Enjoyed galore
Then up thru muddy Broad Jump Brook
With bated breath and baited hook
  We poke our way.
At last small Eagle Pond we spied -
And round and round, our boats we plied
  on fishes bent.
Nick Hurbert's line at last was struck,
As does on sideboards hockey puck.
And Thru the roar of rising gale -
All five of us could hear him wail -
  as broke the line,
  as broke the gale.

This storm had been a-rising fast,
We hoped to find it would not last;
But last it did.
Up Eagle Bluff in pouring rain
We lugged our duffle hearts a-strain
To lassitude, our camp.
While lightning round about us stabbed,
Its darting rays stretched forth and jabbed
At many a tree.
With ridgepole strong we raised our tent
And gladly threw our blankets in't
And supped on mire—
And brans.—
The tent upon a slope did slant
And while we oped our throats to chant
The rocky ground did us decant
On Carter S. And Rautoul J.
"Why not? Be men." Quoth We.
The morning found us gay but dead,
Our feet hung down like lumps of lead
So to the crew I bravely said,
"Go fish. I'll cook the breakfast."
Now every scout in manual six
Does in his memory firmly fix
Do Keep Your Matches Dry.
Am I a scout? Not I.

I laid them out upon a rock
By many a wet and limpid lock;
And by them too myself I laid
And for this act I clearly paid
I fell asleep.

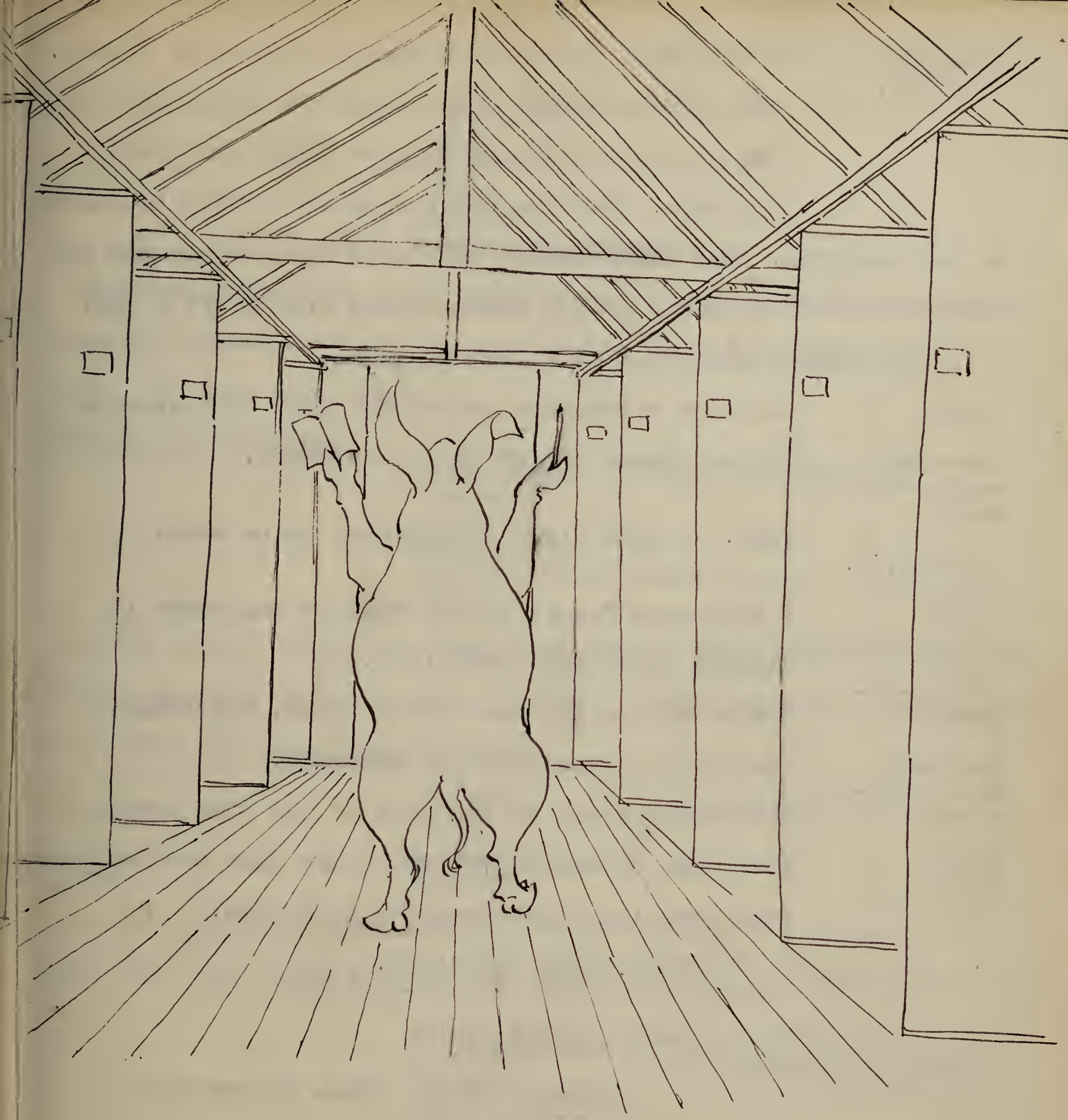
Autumn and Allen soon returned,
And with vile words the air they burned.
I'd failed my trust! I'd slept like log!
I was not ~~eager~~ fit for hog.

With spirits raised by eggs and bacon -
And all our duffle blown we'd taken -
We left the place.

We washed our kit in quiet cove,
From narrows rocks we swam and dove;
So hills we raced with campers three
Who seemed to come from Cobbosee.

Once more a carry, one more cove -
And down the stream we all had flown
By Whillaway pursued.
Across the lake - this time like deer
We drew the camp soon very near
And shelter found. — and Skippy.

Thus passed a trip of storm without,
And joyful peace within,
We liked the trip — to think of it —
But wont go back again.



Putnam inspecting

Saturday
August 9.

Although the weather seemed to promise a good day for Scouting, after lunch the wind fell and we had an exceptionally good Track and Field instead. For the first time in the Camp's History we had hurdling. The table horses were used for hurdles and the ruling was that knocking down a hurdle would disqualify a man.

In the morning there was wrestling as usual.

Dalton Lawrence	Dalton's experience proved too much for Lawrence and he downed him after a good fight.
Perry Wiggins, J.	Draw. A good fight throughout, quite even.
Allen Driver	A very good fight, Driver finally succeeded in downing Allen by a head-lock.
Weekes Rockwell	Weekes was on top most of the time, and finally succeeded in putting down Rockwell.
Weekes Smith	Weekes was again on top most of the time having a good head scissors, but could not make both shoulders touch and the fight resulted in a draw.

THIRD TRACK AND FIELD.

Class A.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat. Time, 13 seconds.

Driver
Allen
Hepburn, A.
Dalton

Driver won without hurrying too much. Hepburn just beat Dalton for third place.

Second Heat. Time, 13 seconds.

Lynch
Thompson
Perry
Putnam

Lynch did not have to extend himself to win.

Final Heat. Time, 12.1 seconds.

Lynch
Driver
Allen
Thompson
Perry and Hepburn tied.

Lynch won handily in very fast time, running with excellent form. Allen just beat Thompson for third, and Perry and Hepburn tied for fifth. A very close race.

Hundred Yard Hurdles.

First Heat. Time, 15.4 seconds.

Allen
Dalton
Hallowell nad Hepburn tied.
Knox

Dalton showed by far the best form but Allen's speed between the hurdles won the race for him. Driver, running second, knocked over one hurdle and was disqualified.

Run Off. Time, 15.2 seconds.

Hallowell
Hepburn

It is interesting that Hallowell and Hepburn in running off their tie, both made faster time than Allen did in winning the heat.

Second Heat. Time, 15 seconds.

Lynch
Putnam and Perry
Thompson
Wiggins, J.

Lynch won easily enough in spite of his poor form in taking the hurdles.

Final Heat. Time, 15 seconds.

Lynch
Putnam and Perry
Allen
Dalton
Hallowell

Lynch again showed poor form over the hurdles, but his speed was

sufficient to win for him. The real race was for second place, when Putnam and Perry finally tied, closely followed by Allen.

440 Run.

Driver	Time, 1.05.4
Lynch	
Thompson	
Allen	
Dalton	

This was by far the best race of the afternoon. Lynch stuck close to Driver throughout the first 300yards, and several times nearly managed to pass him. Just at the end he faltered, however, and Driver won by several feet. The others were some distance behind.

Broad Jump.

Lynch	15'10"
Allen	15'4"
Driver	15'½"
Newhall	14'10"

Lynch has greatly improved since the last meet. Allen on an extra jump covered over 16 feet and should do better next time.

High Jump.

Lynch	4'8"
Wiggins, J.	4'7"
Hallowell	4'6"
Perry	4'6"

Lynch has improved greatly in this event also. Wiggins showed good form in getting second.

Shot Put.

Driver	25'4½"
Lynch	23'6½"
Thompson	23!

Driver, on his last try, did two feet better than he has done before and won.

Class B.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat. Time, 14.1 seconds.

Hamilton
Cushing
Bailey, W.
Bailey, D.

Hamilton had less than a foot to spare in beating Cushing. The real race was for third, when Bailey, W. just barely beat Bailey, D.

Second Heat. Time, 14.3 seconds.

Hoffman
Merrill
Johnson
Lawrence

Hoffman showing much better than he had before beat Merrill by a foot. Lawrence was evidently saving his strength.

Third Heat. Time, 14.4 seconds.

Sewall
Watson
Smith
Stackpole

Sewall just beat out Watson for first.

Final Heat. Time, 14.1 seconds.

Cushing
Merrill
Hamilton
Hoffman
Sewall
Watson

Cushing won easily enough, but Merrill had only a few inches over Hamilton.

Hundred Yard Hurdles.

First Heat. Time, 16.3 seconds.

Hamilton
Bailey, D.
Futcher

Both Cushing and Bailey, W. looked as if they could place when

they were disqualified for knocking down their hurdles.

Second Heat. Time, 18 seconds.

Merrill
Hoffman
Lawrence
Johnson

None of the competitors in this race showed good form and the time was very slow.

Third Heat. Time, 16.3 seconds.

Sewall
Smith
Watson
Stackpole
Taylor

Sewall ran well and turned in fairly good time.

Final Heat. Time, 16.2 seconds.

Bailey, D.
Hamilton
Merrill
Sewall
Hoffman
Smith

Bailey, D. and Hamilton were very close, and Merrill just beat Sewall for third.

440 Run.

Hamilton Time, 1.18.4
Bailey, D.
Watson
Merrill
Sewall
Bailey, W.
Hoffman

The race was Hamilton's from the start. His stride was good and he seemed to be running well within himself from the start. Bailey, D. and Watson were very close all the way. Merrill seemed content with fourth.

Broad Jump.

Hamilton	13'8"
Cushing	12'
Bailey, D.	11'8"
Watson	11'1"

This event was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Class C. turned in a far better performance throughout.

High Jump.

Hamilton	4'1"
Bailey, W.	4'
Bailey, D.	3'10"
Hoffman	3'10"

Hamilton utilized his long legs well in winning.

Shot Put.

Hamilton	17'4"
Hoffman	17'1"
Taylor	15'6½"

Hoffman had to yield his first place of last time to Hamilton. Cushing was bothered by a bad finger.

Class C.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat. Time, 14.4 seconds.

Carter
Cooke
Hepburn, R.
Dupee

The first three were all close until the very end, when Carter pulled away to win.

Second Heat. Time, 14.2 seconds.

Rantoul, T.
Jameson
Huffman

Rantoul had plenty to spare in winning and pulled up at the end.

Third Heat. Time, 15 seconds.

Turner
Weekes
Wiggins, C.
Sturges

Turner had plenty to spare in beating Weekes by two feet.

Final Heat. Time, 14 seconds.

Carter
Rantoul, T.
Turner
Weekes
Cooke
Jameson

Carter ran well and won by some distance. Rantoul had to do his best to hold off Turner.

Hundred Yard Hurdles.

First Heat. Time, 18 seconds.

Carter
Cooke
Dupee

Class C had much more trouble taking the hurdles than the others.

Second Heat. Time, 18 seconds.

Rantoul, T.
Huffman
Jameson

Rantoul, T. showed good form in winning over Huffman.

Third Heat. Time, 18 seconds.

Turner
Weekes
Rockwell

Turner had to run his best to beat Weekes.

Final Heat. Time, 16.4 seconds.

Carter
Rantoul, T.
Cooke
Weekes

Carter just beat Rantoul, but both were several yard ahead of Cooke.

440 Run.

Weekes Time, 1.21.
Turner
Carter
Cooke
Huffman
Wiggins, C.
Rantoul, T. and Hepburn, R. tied.

Turner took the lead at first but Weekes passed him just after the backstop and came in very fast. Wiggins, C. just beat Rantoul, T. and Hepburn, R.

Broad Jump.

Carter	13'11"
Rantoul, T.	13'2"
Cooke	12'

Carter's winning jump would have won in Class B. Rantoul, T. jumped over fourteen feet twice but both times he barely fouled.

High Jump.

Hepburn, R.	3'11"
Carter	3'10"
Rantoul, T.	3'8"
Cooke	3'7"

In this event also Class C did nearly as well as Class B.

Shot Put.

Cooke	19!5"
Hepburn, R.	19'4"
Carter	19'2"

Cooke improved surprisingly and one especially good put gave him first place.

Charades in the evening.

For the Half-past Niners we had some more of Mr. Standfast.

(Sat. August, 9, cont'd.)

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Name.	Games	A B	R	H	B B	S O	Average
R.L.S.	3	15	10	11	0	0	.733
C.B.H.H.	3	14	7	8	1	1	.571
L.T.	3	15	4	8	0	2	.533
J.A.L.	3	14	8	7	4	3	.500
R.B.T.	2	7	6	3	3	3	.429
H.M.W.	3	15	2	6	0	0	.400
J.C.F.	3	13	2	5	1	3	.385
K.S.W.	3	13	6	5	2	3	.385
Davol	2	8	3	3	0	3	.375
Hallowell, N.P.	3	12	1	3	0	2	.250
Thompson	3	8	0	2	3	6	.250
Watson	1	5	0	1	1	2	.200
Driver	2	9	0	1	0	3	.111
P.N.McD.	2	11	2	1	0	5	.091
Howe	3	12	1	1	3	5	.083
Cooke	3	10	0	0	2	4	.000
Cushing	2	7	1	0	3	5	.000
Futcher	2	8	0	0	1	6	.000
Hale	2	7	2	0	1	6	.000
Hallowell, R.	2	5	4	0	6	2	.000
Johnson, E.	1	4	1	0	1	2	.000
Lynch	1	4	0	0	0	1	.000
Worrall	1	3	0	0	1	2	.000
H.W.P. (Guest)	1	4	1	0	1	2	.000

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY. (Sat. August 9, cont'd.)

Name	Games	A B	R	H	B B	S O	Average
C.B.H.H.	2	8	5	7	1	0	.875
R.L.S.	3	12	8	9	1	0	.750
J.C.F.	2	9	6	6	1	1	.667
Howe	2	9	2	5	2	1	.556
K.S.W.	1	6	2	3	0	0	.500
Driver	3	10	7	5	4	0	.500
Hallowell, N.P.	1	4	0	2	1	1	.500
Hallowell, R.	3	10	6	5	6	1	.500
Worrall	1	5	0	2	0	0	.400
Davol	3	14	2	4	0	3	.286
Lynch	2	7	1	2	0	1	.286
R.B.T.	3	11	4	3	3	2	.273
Watson	2	4	1	1	3	2	.250
Stackpole	3	11	2	2	3	6	.182
Lawrence	2	6	1	1	5	1	.167
Thompson	3	7	1	1	6	5	.143
Cooke	3	12	0	1	1	4	.083
Cushing	3	12	3	0	2	7	.000
Futcher	3	10	1	0	1	3	.000
Hale	2	8	0	0	0	4	.000
Hawes	3	7	5	0	7	2	.000
Huffman	1	2	1	0	2	2	.000
Johnson, E.	1	2	1	0	1	0	.000
Ladd	1	3	0	0	1	2	.000
Smith	1	4	0	0	1	1	.000

Sixth Charade Evening.

Barometer.
(J.G.W.)

Scene 1. "Bar."

A bar. J.G.W. as an all-too efficient bar-tender. Customers enter demanding various beverages. H.M.W. calls for "New Orleans Delight", while others will have nothing but "Kennebec Kick" or "Tin Roof". Finally Turner asks meekly for lemonade to be told savagely that "we sell no hard liquor here!"

Scene 2. "Rome."

A street in Rome. Citizens assemble and convene in Latin; soldiers march through in full panoply; J.G.W. enters dressed as an old-clothes man, and chants a Latin version of "London Cries", to the rapture of the audience. Finally enters a dancer, (or a Bacchante? anyhow her initials were H.M.W!) capering wildly about, her golden tresses waving with great effect.

Scene 3. "Met her."

Impassioned meeting between maiden (H.M.W.) and lover (C.B.H.H.). Ardent embrace! He is so glad to meet her! Enter stern parent, (J.G.W. ferociously red-bearded) tears the lovers apart, and bids daughter choose between him and her swain. Despair! tragedy either way! Curtain.

Scene 4. "Barometer."

A ship at sea. Storm coming on; glass falling rapidly. Officer after officer enters each reporting a lower figure. "Captain! the glass is down to 30!" "The glass is down to 20!" The Captain, (H.M.W.) remains calm in the midst of despair. The ship rolls and pitches violently as shown by motion of table. All hands cling to

anything solid; glass still falling. Catastrophe veiled by curtain.

Odysseus.
(J.A.L.Jr.)

Scene 1. "Odd."

Gamblers (Howe and Cushing) practising their disreputable game. Enter greenhorn, (Rantoul,T.) and is persuaded to join them. They throw dice, the odd one is the loser, and the strangers soon part with all his money.

Scene 2. "Dice"

The fatal ship of the Ancient Mariner, with the "spectre bark" alongside, with "Death" and "Life-in-Death" playing dice for the Mariner's soul. "'The game is done; I've won! I've won!, quoth she and whistled thrice.'"

Scene 3. "Shoes."

Cinderella and her sisters trying on the glass slipper. This we were afterward told was intended to represent "shoes"!!

Scene 4. "Odysseus".

The Cyclops' cavern. Polyphemeus (J.A.L.) siezes and devours one of Odysseus' men; a shocking sight! Odysseus (Lawrence) is questioned and gives his name as "Noman". Presently the Cyclop sleeps and Odysseus and his friends put out his eye in the traditional painful manner. He roars with anguish; enter other Cyclops asking who has injured him. Hearing "Noman! Noman hath destroyed me!" they retire. Odysseus and his men, following the story closely, escape clinging to the sheep, which are certainly fine large animals. Polyphemeus remains in darkness and despair.

Pathogenecity.
L.T.

Scene 1. "Pathe."

This was really three scenes, representing a series of "Pathe"

(Sat. August 9, cont'd.)

film pictures. Mayor and Mrs. Curley, watching a marble tournament of newsboys on Boston Common; the launching of a ship at Washington; and Mayor Hylan of N.Y. reviewing the Elks in procession.

Scene 2. "Genie".

Oriental interior, magician producing various startling phenomenae for the benefit of rapt audience; at least, amid smoke of incense etc., there rises a frightful Genie, (L.T.) who terrifies everyone out of their senses.

Scene 3. "City".

Double scene, showing A., a boy leaving his country home, and B., the city (crowd of newsboys, boot-blacks, etc. etc.) where he comes to seek his living.

Scene 4. "Pathogenecity":

P.N.McD. as exponent of the very latest development in medical science, treats several patients in succession, producing truly astonishing results! We have always felt that this young man would go far in his profession; we only hope he will not go quite out of sight.

Sunday
August 10.

Bar. 29.78
Temp. 67
Wind. N.W.
Weather. Fair.

Still muggy in spite of the various showers.

Special Details for the week:

Merryweather Light-------- Allen

Flag---------- Taylor

Weather---------- Richards

J.G.W. caught three good bass, two of them on a fly.

Lord's Beach.

Ouani
L.T.

K.S.W. — Newhall
Johnson — Sewall
Perry — Futcher
Thompson — I.M.K.
Knox — Cushing

passengers

R. Rantoul — Wiggins, C.
L.E.R. — R.R.

Ladd

Abol	Corker	Eben	Cobb	Worry
M.P.	Allen	Howe	Wiggins, J.	A.D.H.
Rantoul, T.	Carter	Smith	Dalton	Lawrence
Bailey, W.	Watson	Putnam	Stackpole	Weekes
R.B.T.	J.H.S.	J.G.W.	Driver	J.A.L.

Willi	Pant	Terror	Erebus	Yammer	Ident
C.H.C.	P.N.McD.	R.L.S.	C.B.H.H.	H.M.W.	J.C.F.
Hallowell	Hamilton	Hepburn,A.	Hoffman	Taylor	Lynch
Dupee	Ewing	Rockwell	Turner	Merrill	A.F.H.
Sturges	Bailey, D.	Cooke	Hepburn,R.	Richards	Huffman

An extra good picnic, at Southwest Beach (Lord's Shore), in spite of being rather hemmed in on both sides, both by people and fish-heads. It is one of the prettiest places on the lake, with hemlocks and ferns growing along the most marked Pressure Ridge on the whole shore, and a pasture full of boulders and pink hard-tack, and half grown firs and cedars.

We had the first Wolf of the season, a grand time of it. A black looking shower was coming up, so we hurried through supper, and launched the Fleet, just as the rain began. It proved fairly light, after, all, and we made fast time home.

(Sun, August 10, cont'd.)

On landing, we heard a few pages written by one of the Old Boys, Charles P.Burgess, of the Aeronautic Bureau, on the disaster and escape of the great airship, Shenandoah, on which he was present as observer, last January. It was a breathlessly interesting account.

After hymns we had Murray's translation of the beautiful chorus from the Bacchal, and"The Tomb of His Ancestors."

Monday
August 11.

Bar. 29.85
Temp. 64
Wind N.W.
Weather. Fair.

Northwest at last, with live air, for the first time for a week, though, alas, it only lasted for part of the day, the heavy southerly air getting back in the afternoon.

First morning of Knots and Splces. This, though a small thing, is one of the best we have, teaching everybody what they ought to know. This morning the ends of the ropes were whipped. The three squads began well, under charge of J.H.S., R.B.T., and Driver.

Smith and Watson are in the Infirmary with slight upsets.

Canoe Navigation with some of the very Junior Brethren went exceedingly well.

Mr. Summers, Bob's father, with a friend, Mr. Fletcher came to call, also Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; and Mr. Lynch and Paul Lynch, Sam's father and young brother came to lunch. Also Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard came to get A.D.H's sister.

Third Scouting Afternoon.

The good weather failed, falling suddenly to a hot calm just before the game was started, and made the playing as difficult as any we have had, and a hard test of endurance.

The first game was almost a standstill; the first man shot came in at the end of twenty-two minutes, the second at the end of thirty-one, and the third and fourth at the end of fourty minutes, tying the score. Except for these four shots, the game was passed in complete silence, at the Bone-yard. Just before the All-In was called, J.A.L.Jr. was killed, this one shot giving the game to the Iroquois, with one of the lowest scores on record, 2-3.

The second game was one of the hardest played ones, on the part of a few, that we have ever seen from the Bone-yard. In the first

place, both sides had relays of almost record length (that of the Iroquois extending well into the woods beyond the Bone-yard). Both relays were very fast, that of the Algonquins almost of record speed, for two of its leaders, J.A.L.Jr. and J.G.W., with L.T. a little to one side, tore down the middle of the Ridge, reaching the limit of the Bone-yard cover, just as the Iroquois' advance, led by Driver, tore up on the other side. It seemed impossible for them to keep from a head on collision; but both sides dropped in time, and a most exciting and intricate piece of play followed. After a little, Driver slid down hill to a lower level, and went forward, just missing seeing J.G.W., who, the minute he had passed, slid down after him, back-tracked and killed him, then went on down the hill, and turning north, scored the only run of the game for the Algonquins.

The Iroquois, meantime, killed the Algonquin guard, near the Ball field, and in spite of the stillness, the blazing heat, and also a big bunch of smaller warriors concentrated against them, the following scored runs; J.H.S., C.H.C., H.M.W., P.N.McD., Hepburn, R.S. and Cooke.

The third game. A very little breeze, just stirring the air, and the setting sun, made the third game easier. The forward playing as in both the others, was done chiefly by the Faculty and a few of the best players among the Brethren, who all outdid themselves coming in entirely done up. No runs were made, and the Algonquins won by two shots.

One doesn't want to be unjust in comment. It was an extremely difficult afternoon for Scouting, so hot and still as to be pretty exhausting. Still, it must be said that more than half

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.A.L.	X	—		✓				✓	
L.T.	✓	—		✓			X		
J.G.W.	X	—			•	/	X	•••	
K.S.W.		•		✓			X		
C.B.H.H.	✓	—		✓				••	
R.L.S.	✓	—			••		✓		
Allen		•		✓			✓		
Bailey, W.	✓	—		✓			✓		
Carter	✓	—		X	•		✓		
Cushing	✓	—		✓			✓		
Ewing	✓	—		X	•		X	•	
Futcher	✓	—			••••		X		
Hoffmann	✓	—		✓			✓		
Hubbard	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Huffman	✓	—		✓			X		
Johnson	✓	—		✓			✓		
Ladd	✓	—		✓			✓		
Lawrence	✓	—		✓			X	••	
Lynch	✓	—		✓			✓		
Merrill	✓	—		✓			X	•	
Rantoul, R.	X	—		✓			✓		
Smith	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Stackpole	✓	—		✓			✓		
Sturges	✓	—		X			✓		—
Taylor	✓	—		X			✓		
Watson	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Weekes	✓	—		✓			✓		

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.H.S.	✓	•			••	/	✓		
C.H.C.	✓			X		/	X		
H.M.W.		•		X		/	X		
P.N.MacD.	✓					/	✓		
J.C.F.	✓			✓			✓		
R.B.T.	✓			X			✓		
Bailey, D.	✓				•		X		
Cooke	✓					/	✓		
Dalton		•			•		✓		
Driver	✓			X					•
Dupee	✓			X			X		
Hallowell	X			✓			✓		
Hamilton	✓			✓			✓		
Hepburn, A.	X			✓			✓		
Hepburn, R.S.	✓					/	✓		
Howe	✓			✓			✓		
Jameson	✓			X			✓		
Knox	✓			X					•••
Newhall	✓			✓			X		
Perry	✓			✓			✓		
Putnam	✓			✓			X		••
Rantoul, T.	✓			X			X		
Richards	✓			✓			✓		
Rockwell	✓			✓					•
Sewall	✓			✓			X		
Thompson	✓			✓			X		
Turner	✓			X			✓		
Wiggins	✓			✓			X		

(Mon. August 11, cont'd.)

of the players completely "lay down", under the hard conditions, in a way hardly to be equalled, in all the traditions of the game. On the other hand a small band, consisting of Faculty, and the finest players among the boys on both sides, played to the last bit in them, playing harder and more brilliantly just because the conditions were hard and exhausting. It is this spirit that has made the game what it is.

The evening being calm, BOATS were very welcome, and everyone had a pleasant, peaceful time. Several boats tried to light marsh gas, but got no flame. Half-past Nine Boats followed the Half-past Eighters.

The Editor completely forgot to mention (and hates to admit that the date is now Sept. 6th and she has just remembered it!) that Elizabeth and Johnny Shaw arrived to-day.

Tuesday
August 12.

Bar. 29.87
Temp. 65
Wind - S.W.
Weather. Cloudy - Rain.

Camping Trip
August 12

Hallowell
Knox
Stackpole
Wiggins

J.A.L.
C.B.H.H

Aboljockamegus
Caugheomgomock

A grey day, turning soon to fairly steady light rain. The Campers, however, got off well, before it settled in.

Shell Navigation at Squads, everyone making good progress.

The Forestry Squad got in a good start, getting in the big poplar logs cut last month. The Grey Birch Squad continued the good work of cutting the myriad little grey birches that threaten to overwhelm the ball field's surroundings.

First Prometheanism.

The first Prometheanism of the summer was one of the best throughout that we have ever had, showing good thinking out, and good woods and Camp sense. The rain was only a light one, instead of the downpour we have often had, still, when we remember how very many Squads have fed their fires with green blueberry leaves till they expired, or failed to get any flame at all, in forty minutes and on all ten matches, this afternoon's work is certainly a fine showing for all hands.

Squad.	Captain	Team	Observer
1.	Cushing	Bailey, D. Richards Wiggins, C.	Driver
2.	Hepburn, A.	Lawrence Merrill Huffman	Putnam
3.	Dalton	Hamilton Bailey, W. Turner	J.C.F.

(Tues. August 12, cont'd.)

Squad	Captain	Team	Observer
4.	Lynch	Hepburn, R. Sturges Carter	K.S.W.
5.	Hoffman	Rockwell Ladd Rantoul, T.	R.B.T.
6.	Newhall	Cooke Weekes Dupee	R.L.S.
7.	Howe	Ewing Perry Jameson	H.M.W.
8.	Allen	Futcher Taylor	J.H.S.
9.	Thompson	Johnson Rantoul, R. Shaw	P.N.McD.

Boat Building.

Watson
Sewall
Smith
Hubbard

Squad 1.

Cushing's squad chose a good place for their fire, except that it was on a steep down hill slope, so that two of the squad had to hold the kettle-stick in place through the whole time, leaving too few to collect fuel. They got pretty good wood, but it was not all white pine (they left a good white pine, with dead wood, just above them, untouched), and they did not keep it up steadily enough, so that it kept going down.

Water boiling in 39 minutes; potatoes cooked after 1 hour, 11 minutes from start; one match used.

Squad 2.

Hepburn A's squad chose a poor situation, a Red Pine grove.

They showed lack of cooperation: one of them going off for twenty minutes to hunt for fuel, and coming back with some wet pine needles. The put red pine underneath, and birch bark (not realizing that it would burn when cut) on top. They got no big wood, using only twigs, so their firs went out a good many times. Once they nearly put it out with a big dose of pine needles.

Water boiling in 1 hour, 27 minutes; potatoes cooked after 1 hour, 55 minutes from start; 4 matches used.

Squad 3.

Dalton's squad cut two forked sticks, with a good green stick to lay accross it; the only squad that took time to put up this best of cooking arrangements. They had some difficulty with their first match (also with their second and third!). Bailey, W. put out their first fire by putting his coat on it to keep the smoke down; one or two other fires went out.

Water boiling in 1 hour, 33 minutes; potatoes boiled in 1 hour, 40 minutes (they must have been nearly cooked by this long, slow boiling!); 4 matches used.

Squad 4.

Lynch's squad went out to the Point, and started their fire in a good dry place, underneath the shore. It took them 32 minutes to gather a good supply of wlld, mostly dry (but one of the number kept getting wet wood consistently). Their first match failed. They had difficulty in arranging their pail on the stick, so one had to hold the stick all through.

Water boiling in 1 hour, 10 minutes; potatoes cooked in 1 hour, 35 minutes; 2 matches used.

Squad 5.

Hoffman's squad selected a very good place, between two boulders with a good draught, and found dry leaves to start with, Rockwell getting birch bark and shredding it up. They did not get a green stick for their pail so that it nearly burnt. They started by collecting good white pine wood but didn't have enough reserve supply , so that at the end they were picking up almost anything.

Water boiling in 28 minutes; potatoes cooked in 44 minutes; 2 matches used.

Squad 6.

Newhall's squad chose a good rock to build their fire by, well sheltered and dry. They got plenty of birch bark, but made the great mistake of putting red pine on top of it, instead of white.

Water boiling in 53 minutes; potatoes cooked in 1 hour, 13 minutes 10 matches used.

Squad 7.

Howe's squad chose a good well sheltered place, but did not notice a good white pine, just above them, and went far afield for fuel. They got a wet dead pole for the pail to hang on, and took a bit too much time making a notch for the pail to hang in. They got the fire going but finding the pot too low it had to be taken off which delayed them. Then Ewing almost upset the bucket. The notches evidently did not work very well, and the pail kept slipping so that 2 boys had to hold the stick. They made the mistake of having no big logs in reserve and feeding the fire continually on small sticks. It took 3 matches to get the fire lighted and luckily for them, the fire did not go out for they threw the other matches onto a rock where they were soon soaking wet.

Squad 8.

Allen's squad chose a none too good situation, on a slanting rock, near Pine Parlour. They got a lot of very good white pine and birch bark but no big sticks for the moment when the fire should finally be going. They had a hard time to get the fire started, due to an enormous pile of sticks on top of the birch bark, leaving no draught. However it finally got going on th 8th match, and from then on,they made fairly good time. The chief criticism being that they lacked any big wood.

Squad 9.

Thompson's squad were slow, taking far too much time, going long distances many times, for very little fuel each trip. They managed well, though, and there never was any doubt, from the first, that they were going to do it all right.

Squad 10.

The ladies got a good place between two rocks, on which they suspended their stick with the pail on it. R.R. succeeded in getting the fire nicely going on the 1st match, and with much diligent peerings underneath overhanging rocks by the shore, dry twigs and leaves were found. They collected quite a lot of white pine but made the mistake, like a number of the other squads, of not getting any large sticks for the moment when the fire should be fairly going. They had a few nervous moments, i.e., when the stick started slipping and the water almost boiled completely away. However at the end of 56 minutes, they greatly enjoyed some deliscious potatoes.

(Tues. August 12, cont'd.)

Order	Matches	Team Captain	Time Boil	Time Total	Cooking Time.
1.	2.	Hoffman	28	44	16
2.	1.	R.R.	27½	56	28½
3.	8.	Allen	36	57	21
4.	3.	Howe	29	1-00	31
5.	1.	Cushing	39	1-11	32
6.	10.	Newhall	53	1-13	20
7.	6.	Thompson	52	1-17	25
8.	2.	Lynch	1-10	1-35	25
9.	4.	Dalton	1-33	1-40	7
10.	4.	Hepburn, A.	1-27	1-55	28

After supper we had Digestion Club, R.R. reading a perfectly awful and creepy ghost story. Then the Observers of the afternoon Prometheanism gave their several reports.

For the Half-past Niners we had some most hilarious Boston.

Camp "Wet on the Edge, but Dry in the Middle."

The reason for the name of our trip is not in the least obvious even to ourselves, unless it be that we wanted subconsciously to adapt a title to the cute little riddle. But the only way that you can ~~judge how apt~~ judge of the ~~no~~ name's aptness is to read the chronicle thus begun.

We started on Tuesday, August 12, facing a very light southeast rain, and paddled up Damren's stream. Here, upon landing, we experimented with the recently acquired canoe wheels and found that, if the duffle was properly adjusted in the canoes, the labor of carrying was appreciably lightened. At Anderson's we ate ice cream and waited for the mail; by the time we had set out again the rain was more purposeful. We had to stop ~~a~~ after a few minutes' paddle up Ellis Pond toward McGraw because we found

that ~~&~~ our axe had been forgotten. J.A.L.ji. plodded back through wet fields to Anderson's for ~~another~~ to borrow another - never has he seen such a mockery of a noble weapon - and when he again reached the canoes the rain ~~was~~ had soaked us all thoroughly. We kept warm after a fashion by paddling to the head of McGraw Pond; then, completely disregarding a sign on a boathouse which said: "Keep Out", we put on a few dry garments and lunched with a roof over our heads.

The rain showed no signs of letting up until the next day, but nevertheless we decided to tackle the Pitchfield Carry and camp on East Pond. So, putting on our wet clothes again, we hauled duffle and canoes to the road and set about arranging a rope harness by which we might use our shoulders to haul the canoes. This proved ineffective for Knox, Wiggins, and J.A.L., the crew of the Worm, but C.B.H.H., Hallowell and Stackpole found it very useful. Off we started in the rain, which fell ~~cool~~ without ceasing, but the exercise of carrying so warmed us that we did not mind it. The Worm crew,

with two hauling the bow by hand and one pushing in the stern, managed by short spurts and regular alternation of positions to make quick time; the "Cobb" crew was slower, but with their harness the work was less tiring.

We finally launched in East Pond at four, tired by the carry (for, although the wheels made it easier than usual, ~~they~~ one must still work hard) and thoroughly wet. We meant to camp on an island, but couldn't find enough wood on any of them, and the one vital necessity to our further existence was a large fire. Finally C. B. H. H. found a site on the road which leads up from the end of the pond over the highland on the north shore. It could have been improved upon as a spot in which to pitch a tent, but it was very near an old pile of discarded slabs of wood. With these we soon built a & roaring fire, and my! How good it felt! We lugged up blankets and water, got the tent nicely pitched, and cooked a hot and delicious supper. The rain had providentially ceased before we started to cook; our garments were rapidly drying; and we were a very different

outfit, after supper was over, from the one which had shivered about trying to find a camping-place. When C. B. H. H. and J. A. L. went to bed, they slept dry in the clothes which they had worn all day.

By next morning the sky was clear. We ate and broke camp leisurely - still more so as Stacky dropped a couple of spoons in East Pond for which we had to search - and paddled down the Smithfield brook until we came to the divide between two wooded ridges through which one must go to get to Smithfield. This we passed, for we wanted to explore Clear Brook. We found that this brook is navigable to within ten feet of a field adjacent to the Woonsocket road. After taking certain bearings for the future guidance of the Sandy River trip and borrowing a drink of water from a neighboring farmhouse, we went back, paddled again to the divide, and set out for Smithfield, which we reached at noon.

Here we feasted on icecream and bought some food to make our lunch more sumptuous, being most unfavorably impressed all the while with Smithfield's atmosphere; then we paddled to Little Pond for a swim and lunch. On the way Hallowell

and C. B. H. H. trolled casually and had several big strikes in Little Pond, little realizing that they were breaking the law by fishing there. During our stay Knox and Stackpole discovered a strange clay of robin's-egg blue which lies ~~de~~ just under water near the beach and made gorgeous mud pies therewith.

Lunch being eaten, we ~~sat~~ headed for Meadow Brook. Why tell you, gentle reader, about our passage down it when you know exactly what happened anyhow? We saw a few weird cameopuls, and got stuck on impedimenta now and then; we passed blithely over the log which ~~used to~~ hampered navigation for so many years until C. H. C. and C. B. H. H. cut it out and sank it; and, just as the Wonyp~~er~~ was going under the second bridge, Messrs. Cushing and Fulcher, chaperoned by the latter's family, passed over it in a Ford. Odd encounter! Finally we came out of the brook to face a south wind on Great Pond.

Never have canoes felt so heavy to paddle as those two on this last leg of our journey. Only by terrific efforts could we ~~seem~~ make them seem to move; but ~~finally~~ at last we rounded Stony Point. A little further on a motor-boat most

impudently cut across our bows, but all folks
ain't got manners, and some have no sense either.
We arrived back at five-thirty, very tired and
trip-worn, but rejoicing in the fact that we
had put through an arduous trip under poor
conditions in pretty good style.

Now, has the name of our trip any point,
or has it not?

Wednesday
August 13.

Bar. 29.77
Temp. 63
Wind - Calm
Weather. Fair

A soft, mild clear-off, fine weather for the Campers.

P.N.McD. took Dickie Lawrence over to Waterville, to have the Dentist look at his poor teeth. The report was on the whole favorable, and nothing is to be done till he goes home, by which time they may have strengthened again all right.

C.H.C. and I.M.K. also went to Waterville, on various errands.

There was a thrill of mystery, a stir of "Something Doing", (the Faculty often conspicuous for their absence) all day, of which more here after.

Junior Ball.
Shieks vs. Vamps

Due to the atrocious hot weather, the game was most awfully slow. R.L.S., however, made two 2 base hits in the 1st and 2nd innings; and Howe and Putnam also made hits, both to center field. In the 4th inning R.L.S. made another 2 base hit btinging in Putnam who walked most nonchalantly home as the hit had been a long one.

In the 5th inning too many Bases on Balls, forced K.S.W. home giving the Sheiks their fifth run. Also in the inning Perry made a pretty hit to right field bringing in J.C.F.

In the 6th inning, Putnam caught a difficult fly and there was a good hit by J.C.F. With the 7th inning, the game ended with the score 14-7, favor of the Vamps.

There was also a Bug League game, which was about as slow as the Junior Ball; one side running up a far higher score than the other.

Two fishing boats went out: J.G.W. and Smith who caught 4 bass; and Newhall, Richards, and Rantoul, R. who caught 1 perch.

Wed. Aug. 13. cont'd.

Junior Ball

Vamps vs. Sheiks

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
7	[illegible]												3	2		0
1	[illegible]												2	3		1
6	K. S. W.												4	1		2
2	J. C. F.												4	1		2
3	Allen												2	0		0
4	Thompson												2	0		0
8	Perry												4	0		2
5	Cook												4	0		0
9	Upton												4	0		0
	Totals	1 / 1	0 / 1	2 / 3	0 / 3	3 / 6	1 / 7	0 / 7	/	/	/	/				

No.	Vamps	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
5	[illegible]												4	2		0
1	[illegible]												5	4		3
6	[illegible]												5	3		3
2	R. I. C.												5	4		3
3	R. C. T.												4	1		2
4	[illegible]												5	0		2
	[illegible]												4	0		0
7	Shaw												3	0		0
9	Lynch.												5	0		0
	Totals	4 / 4	2 / 6	0 / 6	4 / 10	0 / 10	1 / 11	3 / 14	/	/	/	/				

Bug League

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	Jameson							
	Hepburn P.							
	Hamilton							
	Johnson							
	Carter							
	Bailey D.							
	Sturges							
	Wiggins							
	Merrell							
	Totals	1 / 1	1 / 2	3 / 5	4 / 9	1 / 10	1 / 11	1 / 12

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6
P.	Bailey W.						
	Dupee						
	Hepburn A.						
F.	Hoffman						
	Ladd						
	Rantoul T.						
	Rockwell						
	Taylor						
	Turner						
	Totals	0 / 0	0 / 0	0 / 0	0 / 0	2 / 2	2 / 4

SEVENTH SING SONG.

An Indian Drama.

Cast.

1st French Canadian Trapper----	J.C.F.	
2nd " " " ----	K.S.W.	
Jesuit Priest----------	C.H.C.	
French Canadian Woman----------	M.P.	
Indians----------	J.G.W.	H.M.W.
	L.T.	P.N.McD.
	R.B.T.	Driver
	Hallowell	

Song, "Rolling down to Rio"--------- A.D.H.

Choruses.

Song, "Sweet and Low"---------- K.S.W. A.D.H.
Allen Carter

"Jim Bludso", "The Old Major"------- J.H.H.

Camp Song.

The Indian Drama.

After J.G.W's outdoor stunt last year, the first of the kind here, I said, "This is the climax!" We never can have anything better than this. Even J.G.W. has reached his maxium." Yet after last night, I must qualify my dictum. If possible this year has gone beyond last. Yes, it is possible; for to the wonderful picturesqueness of Mrs. Jones and her band of nymphs was added this time plot, drama, tragedy. On the whole, it is now that the climax is reached (with apologies to next year, or any other happy year that finds J.G.W. with us!)

Mother Nature did her part, in givine us a fine, clear evening. At 7.15 we were marshalled out to the Point, and found benches and stools ready for us, facing the Pointer's Rock. We were hardly established when the play began. Down the glen came three stalwart figures, two of them (K.S.W. and J.C.F.) dressed as hardy French-Canadian scouts, or coureurs de bois, the third (C.H.C.) in

the black robe of a Jesuit father. They took off their packs and began their preparations for passing the night. Suddenly among the trees at a little distance, appeared a dark, slender form, it lifted a pot they had left to examine it. One of the men instantl levelled his gun and fired; the figure threw up its arms and fell to the ground. Rushing to the spot, they returned bearing the lifeless form of an Indian youth (Jack Hallowell). The Jesuit laid it down tenderly against the rock, and tried in vain to resto life, reproaching his companion for the hasty deed. They talked together a while, in French-Canadian patois; then, realizing that other Indians might soon be on the spot, they resolved to depart, and the scouts repacked the knapsacks, while the priest, breviary in hand, knelt by the dead youth and prayed for the repose of his soul.

For some moments all was silent. We sat spellbound, watching the motionless figure beside the rock. Suddenly the bushes moved, at a little distance; the head, then the whole form of a gigantic Indian appeared, and rising to full height, stood motionless looking about him; a superb figure, the color of dark copper, in full Indian panoply. His eye fell upon the dead boy; in an instar he was kneeling beside him. Finding life extinct, he uttered a long, wild cry. Another moment, and the bushes rustled on the other side, and out crept five other savages; lithe, powerful men armed with bows and arrows. In grief and rage they clustered round the motionless form. Their wild gestures, at first frantic, took on a stern resolve. One who seemed the leader, daubed the war paint on brow, cheeks and breast of all; then shot an arrow in a certain direction. Kneeling, they dug up the war hatchet, and each in turn struck three savage blows on a neighboring tree.

Circling round and round in a wild, rhythnic dance, they seemed to register their vow of revenge; then, taking up the corpse, they bore it silently away and stillness fell once more on the forest glade.

As we sat entranced, a voice told us that a month was supposed to elapse before the next scene. We waited, and presently down the path came the scouts once more and with them not only the Jesuit father, but a fair young woman, with golden hair. Once more they unbound their packs, and this time they made a fire, saying that Marie was cold. The fire-light streamed up bright and warm; the men took out bacon and soon its homely fragrance filled the air. They were busy over their fire,their backs turned to the water, and did not see what we saw; a birch canoe, filled with Indians, stealing silently round the Point. Noiseless as a shadow it passed across and out of sight; we waited breathless for what we knew must come.

A rustle; a savage yell; a wild shriek from the woman. The Indians leaped from the bushes and sprang upon the unarmed white men. A furious struggle ensued. The good priest was the first to fall, slain by the gigantic savage. One of the scouts was overpowered and bound, as was the woman; but the other after a desperate fight, freed himself, shot one of the savages, and plunged into the lake. Instantly two of the foemen ran off and we saw them in their canoe, paddling furiously toward the bold swimmer. They overtook him; one leaned over the side--a hideous sound--a splash-the two savages returned, one of them carrying at his belt something dark and bloody; and a motionless form floated on the quiet water, with face upturned toward the sunset light.

The woman, bound and bleeding, lay beside the rock, moaning piteously. The captured scout was tied to a tree, and tortured before our horrified eyes. (cf. Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America".). The scalp was taken from the dead priest. Finally, when the last groans of the tortured scout had died into silence, and their hideous sport was over, the savages, driving the captive woman before them, disappeared among the trees and all was over.

We could not move. We could not applaud. It was all vivid, too real. It was all we could do to draw our breath; and not till a jovial shout informed us that "everybody was dead", did anyone in the audience move. Then, a very subdued set of campers we went home in the sunset glory, feeling that we had seen a something neve to be forgotten.

It required something of an effort to readjust ourselves to 20th century conditions; but we calmed down, and enjoyed the rest of th programme. A.D.H. sang "Rio" charmingly; the quartette, "Sweet an Low", was much enjoyed; the choruses went with a swing, (and a roar! boys, remember to sing not to bellow!) and "Cap'n Jack" recited with much feeling, "Jim Bludso" and "The Old Major". A rousing Camp Song closed the evening.

Thursday
August 14.
Bar. 29.73
Temp. 62
Wind - W.S.W.
Weather - Rain - clearing.

Camping Trip
Aug. 14

Ladd
Merrill
Newhall
Taylor
Driver

P.N.MacD.

Worromontogus
Cauchcomgomock

Hard rain in the night but clearing off blue by afternoon.

Knots are still progressing, some more swiftly than others. Class A. finishing with a short splice, to-day, while Class B. is having a bowline on a bite and Class C. is still on half hitches, clove hitches, and square knots.

Shell Navigation did good work.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Phil's parents, came to lunch, and Mr. Walker, K.S.W's father, came to lunch and supper; a great pleasure. We also had pleasant glimpses of Dr. and Mrs. Futcher (who took Palmer and Henry Cushing back to lunch with them), and of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

K.S.W. and his father went over to Runoia in the afternoon.

P.N.McD's Camping Trip waited till after dinner, when the weather was really clearing, and then got off in fine shape, bound for a new trail; York Hill right across country from Beaver Spring.

Senior Soccer.

L.T.	H.M.W.
J.A.L.	J.G.W.
R.L.S.	C.H.C.
C.B.H.H.	J.H.S.
R.B.T.	J.C.F.
Thompson	Howe
Bailey, W.	Bailey, D.
Allen	Dalton
Hallowell	Putnam
Hamilton	Perry
Wiggins, J.	Knox

In the 1st quarter H.M.W. made several good kicks. L.T's side had a chance to make a goal due to a foul but did not score. It

was certainly an exceedingly hard played game and very fast. The Faculty and Prefects seemed to do most of the kicking which was only natural. In this half C.H.C. scored a goal for H.M.W's team, and J.A.L. made two in fairly rapid succession for L.T's side. Shortly after this another goal was made by J.A.L., while Putnam made a good attempt at a goal but missed and so the first half ended, 3-1, favor L.T's side.

The 2nd half. Allen started off by making a goal, and was soon followed by R.L.S. doing the same. Then J.A.L., yet again, scored his fourth goal. Knox, the goal guard, allowing several of these rather unnecessarily to go through him. The game ended, 6-1, favor L.T's team.

Junior Soccer.

Weekes (captain)	Cooke (captain)
Carter	Ewing
Dupee	Hepburn, R.S.
Hepburn, A.	Huffman
Hoffman	Johnson
Jameson	Lawrence
Rantoul, T.	Sturges
Rockwell	Stackpole
Watson	Turner
Shaw	Wiggins, C.
Rantoul, R.	Richards

A good lively game, with much heavy breathing! Nothing in particular happened in the 1st quarter, excepting that the ball was frequently outside. In the 2nd quarter, Hepburn, A. made two good stops.

At the beginning of the 2nd half, Sturges saved a goal for Cooke's side; and a little later, Weekes' side came near scoring. In the last quarter, the play was much faster and the game ended 0-0. Throughout the game the forwards did not follow the ball hard enough.

Fishing.

In the morning J.G.W. went out fishing, catching 6 bass, all on a fly. In the afternoon, the following boats went out:

H.M.W.	J.G.W.	R.B.T.
Wiggins, J.	Smith	Knox
Bailey, D.	Putnam	Perry
-------	------	-----
5 bass	5 bass	
1 perch	8 perch	3 perch
4 pout	1 pout	16 pout

Half-past Eight BOATS in the evening, followed by Half-past Nine BOATS. A wonderful evening for the water, with a splendid sunset, and then a full moon, and Jupiter and Mars very bright.

The total record of fish for the season, including this afternoon's catch, is: 570 fish. This breaks the fishing record of all the years of Camp; the former record being 547, made in 1919.

Friday
August 15.

Bar. 29.92
Temp. 57
Wind- N.N.W.
Weather- Fair.

A perfect day, clear and sparkling; just right by the way for J.A.L.'s birthday.

Knots and Splices went on as usual. Classes B. and C. reviewing former knots, while Class A. took the Regular and the Flemish Eye.

Canoe Navigation did particularly lively and useful evolutions, making very quick turns.

A Blackberry Squad picked a good sized boal of berries, in the Camp blackberry patch.

J.G.W. went in to Gardiner for supper.

Sundry Stunts. Suppers Out.

Rocky Mountain.

Eben	Abol	Cobb	Willi	Yammer
A.D.H.	M.P.	Howe	J.C.F.	Thompson
Weekes	Cooke	Bailey, D.	Lynch	Putnam
Carter	Stackpole	Rantoul, T.	Dupee	Huffman
L.T.	H.M.W.	C.B.H.H.		

Monataka

Grailing	Hecuba
K.S.W.	C.H.C.
Smith	Dalton
Wiggins, J.	Hallowell

Caves.

Pant		Ouani		Terror
R.L.S.		J.A.L.		R.B.T.
Futcher	I.M.K.		Cushing	Hoffman
Ewing	Bailey, W.		Shaw	Jameson
Rantoul, R.	Hamilton		Watson	Sturges
	Knox		Johnson	
	Lawrence		Richards	
Ident		passengers		Erebus
Perry	E.S.		Hepburn, R.	J.H.S.
Hepburn, A.	Turner		Hubbard	Allen
Rockwell				Wiggins, C.

Rocky Mountain.

We made good time over to the Mills, carried quickly and arrived at about 4.30 at the foot of Rocky Mountain. We then went jumping

up the Rocky Mountain Brook, which was great fun especially if you did not fall in too often, and reached the top in about 25 minutes. Here, we sat about on the rocks and gazed a lovely view. On descending we crossed over to the other shore, where, after a swim we ate a delicious and ample supper. At about 7 o'clock we wended our way home across a perfectly flat lake and with a beautiful sunset all the way.

Monataka

This really is the hill top north of Monataka, which we have never explored before, and found to be a very lovely place.

We set out by the road, walking up past the School, then up to the bare top. The view is as fine as that from Rocky, and we could plainly see the Rocky and Cave parties on their climbs.

It was delightful walking, through firs and spruces over flat granite ledges, like those on the top of Rocky, and through the very fine tall open hardwood woods, extending north from Monataka Landing. Lots of good blueberries at the top. We turned back south, and came out just at Monataka, as we had planned.

The Caves.

We started off slowly and did not hurry on the way; consequently it was four o'clock when we landed. After putting the milk cans in the spring, we followed J.H.S. to the Devil's Den, which we all wriggled through, and then to the Caves on Long Pond. Some lay upon the ledges to gaze at the view, and J.H.S. scaled a pine tree in the vain hope of seeing one of the other expeditions; most of us, however, worked our way into cave after cave until it was time to go back.

We swam immediately upon arriving at the landing again, and then

ate a leisurely and large supper, the milk being delicious after its sojorn in the spring. Since some of us were a little chilly after swim, we started back right after supper, and were the firs group to get home.

The Stay-at-homes.

H.R., L.E.R., R.R. and Lenny Sewall, who had a bad cold, had a most peaceful afternoon, getting through arrears of letters. Soon after supper, the first black dots, with flashes from the paddles, showed in the narrows, and it was a very pretty sight to watch the Fleet come in, against the sunset light. The Camping Trip came in well in advance, reporting a wonderful time, in perfect weather; with a full moonlight night, and the king of views from York Hill.

The Caves Expedition came in first, then Rocky Mountain, with Monataka Hill last, a good bit later.

J.G.W. caught 4 bass.

Mr. Standfast for the Half-past Niners.

Saturday
August 16.

Bar. 29.92
Temp. 58
Wind - Calm slight S.
Weather - Fair.

Clear and blue, a fresh south wind coming up in the afternoon.

Shell Navigation did good work.

In the morning came the most welcome arrival of two of the Old Boys, with their Ladies:

Dorothy B. Hubbard. Rush Johnson Hallowell
Charles W. Hubbard 2d. Richard P. Hallowell 2=

Fourth Scouting Game.

Before the sides were called, H.R. gave us a very good talk on playing the game; and the playing was better and keener than last time, all through the afternoon.

1st Game.

The main strength of the advance parties did not seem to be in the relays along the Sweet Fern and the Ridge; at least this was the impression from the Bone-yard. There was no head-on collision to be seen, but a scattering of smaller braves came in after the first ten minutes. About half way through the game, the Iroquois Captain came in killed. Then just as the Four Callers In had been sent out, a bunch of three, two Iroquois and one Algonquin (Sewall, D.Bailey and Stackpole) came in, killed.

2nd Game.

A much better first encounter, along the Ridge and Sweet Fern Courses, with fast relays on both sides, like those of the last afternoon. The Algonquin Captain was relay man and reached the Bone-yard on the first rush, where he did some valuable Rubber-Ghosting. R.L.S. was a victim of the first shock.

A few minutes later Merrill came in. The Algonquins suffered badly during the next half hour, six coming in killed, to only one

of the Iroquois, who seemed to have a murderous cordon across the entire field. There was too much rubbering on the part of the spectators, who unconsciously gave clues to a good many of the keener warriors.

3rd Game.

This was such close playing on both sides as to be nearly a tie up. Not a single man killed till after the first twenty seven minutes. The same close playing kept on all through. The Algonquins won on shots, but two Iroquois runners, D.Bailey and Dupee, by very good play, got by the Algonquin Guard, and scored winning the game.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.A.L.	✓	—			•			•	
L.T.		•		✓			✕	•••••	
J.G.W.	✓	•		✕			✕	••	
K.S.W.	✓	—			••		✓		
C.B.H.H.	✓	—		✕			✓		
R.L.S.	✓	—		✕				••	
Allen	✓	—		✕			✓		
Bailey, W.		•		✕			✓		
Carter	✓	—		✕			✓		
Cushing	✓	—		✓			✓		
Ewing	✕	—		✓			✓		
Futcher	✓	—		✓			✓		
Hoffmann	✕	•		✓			✓		
Hubbard	✓	—		✓			✓		
Huffman	✓	—		✓			✓		
Johnson	✓	—		✓			✕		
Ladd	✕	—		✓			✓		
Lawrence	✓	—		✓			✓		
Lynch	✕	•		✓			✕		
Merrill	✓	—		✕			✕		
Rantoul, R.	✓	—		✓			✓		
Smith	✓	—		✕	•		✕		
Stackpole	✕	•••		✓				•	
Sturges	✕	—		✓			✓		
Taylor		••		✓			✕		
Watson	✓	—		✓			✓		
Weekes	✕	—		✕			✓		

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.H.S.	✕	•		✓			✓		
C.H.C.		•			•		✓		
H.M.W.	✓			✓			✕		
P.N.MacD.	✓			✕			✓		
J.C.F.	✓			✓			✓		
R.B.T.	✓				•		✕		
Bailey, D.	✕	•		✕	••		✕		
Cooke	✓			✓			✓		
Dalton	✓			✓				•••	
Driver	✓			✓				•••	
Dupee		•		✓					/
Hallowell	✕			✓			✕		
Hamilton	✓			✓			✕		
Hepburn, A.		••		✓			✓		
Hepburn, R.S.	✕			✓			✓		
Howe	✓			✕	••		✓		
Jameson		•		✓			✓		
Knox	✓			✕	•		✕		•
Newhall	✕			✓			✕		
Perry	✓			✓			✓		
Putnam	✓				•		✕		
Rantoul, T.	✓				•		✕		
Richards	✓			✓			✓		
Rockwell	✕			✓			✓		
Sewall	✕			✓			✕		
Thompson	✕			✓			✓		
Turner	✕			✓			✕		
Wi[illegible]	✕								

(Sat. Aug. 16, cont'd.)

Seventh Charade Evening.

"Chicane"
(C.H.C.)

Scene 1. "Shiek".

An Oriental street. Enter C.H.C. very stately in his demeanor, very gorgeous as to his dress and earrings, and proclaims the advent of the might Sheik Albi (J.C.F.) with his new bride, (Sheikkers? Sheikkerina? Sheikkisette? Anyhow her name was Hoffie!) The Royal Couple enter; all abase themselves in reverence. Curtain.

Scene 2. "Cain" (R.L.S.) and "Abel" (Newhall).

The first murder; a very dramatic scene. "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Scene 3. "Chicane".

Wild-west scene. Cowboys about to hang horse thief (Lynch). The noose is already round his neck, when C.H.C. rushes in, announcing a fire on the next ranch. Exeunt omnes in confusion. C.H.C. then releases the captive thief, and exeunt in opposite direction.

"Squad-list"
(J.A.L.Jr.)

Scene 1. "Squad".

Yard squad at work under Thompson. Disgraceful looking yard, highly inefficient squad. One has a blister on his toe, etc. Ewing shirks abominably, and is reproved. Very life-like scene!

Scene 2. "List".

Faculty Coffee; masters making out list for Sunday picnic, and making very heavy weather of it. This one doesn't want to go in that boat; that one doesn't want to go in this place, etc. etc.

Scene 3. "Squad-list".

Squad-list on the door, and boys leaping and howling round it

like frantic puppies. Almost as bad as the real thing!

"Sackbut".
(J.G.W.)

Scene 1. "Sack".

The sons of Israel returning from Egypt with sacks full of corn. Enter a messenger (H.M.W.) sent by Joseph. The latter's silver cup has been stolen, and he suspects the Israelites. Indignant denial, the sacks are searched and the cup found in Benjamin's. Tableau.

Scene 2. "Butt".

Scene from Poe's story, "The Cask of Amontillado". The cellar; Fortunato singing, Montresor (J.G.W.) preparing his hideous revenge. Fortunato is decoyed into the recess which Montresor declares contains the butt, or cask of Amontillado. While he still sings, his enemy proceeds to wall up the recess. The wretched man, discovering his plight, when the wall reaches his chin, shrieks and emplores mercy. Montresor chuckles fiendishly. Curtain.

Scene 3. "Babylon".

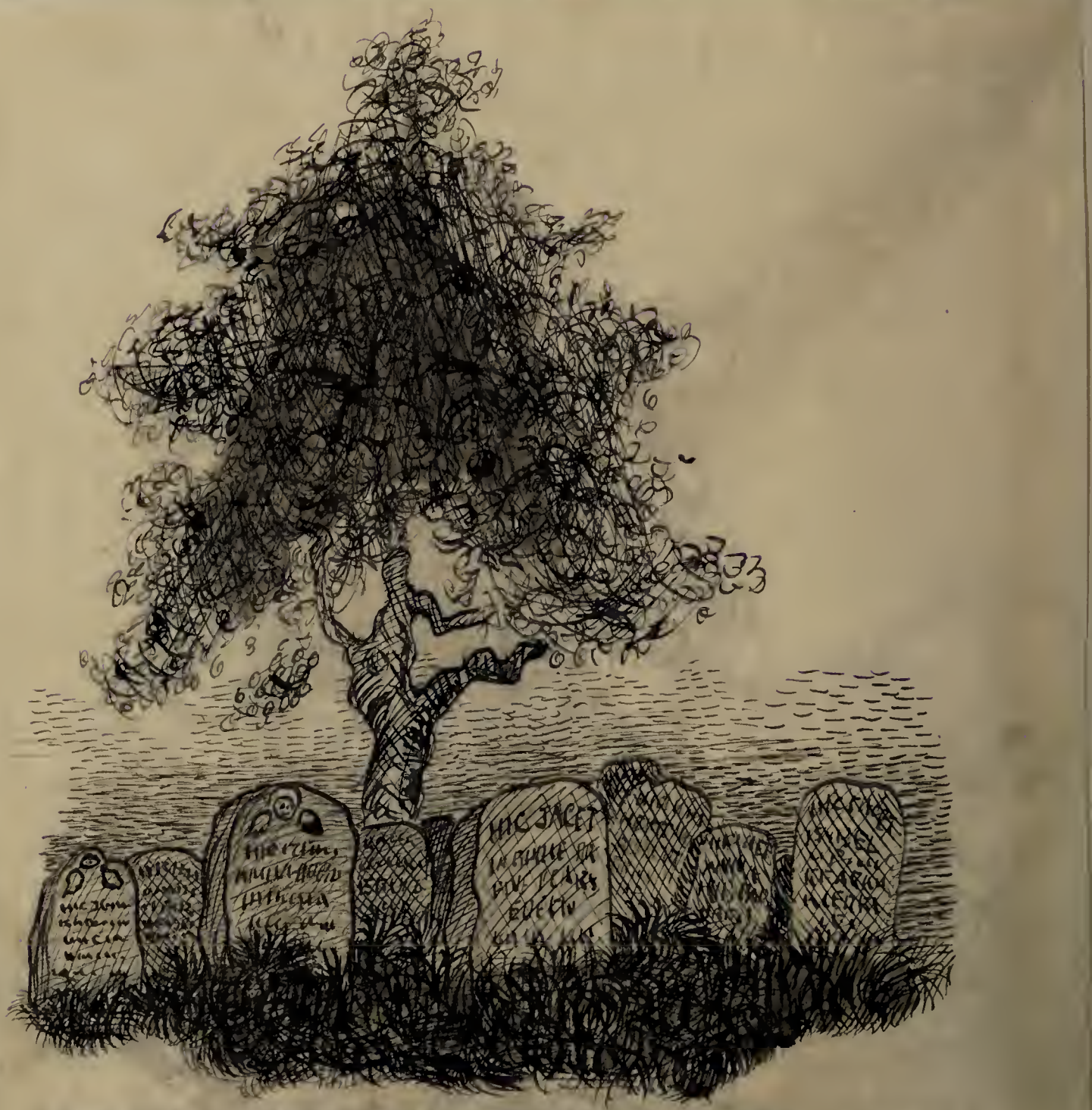
Babylon; the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, hath set up. Nebuchadnezzar (H.M.W.) appears, his minister, (J.G.W.) proclaims that, "At the sound of harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimar, and all kinds of music, all people, nations and languages shall fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar, the King, hath set up". All obey except Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, who refuse and are cast (off stage) into the burning fiery furnace. They appear to enjoy it; repentance of Nebuchadnezzar. Curtain.

"Metaphysician"
"Metaphor"
(L.T.)

These two "trick" charades were given with much spirit. K.S.W. introduced (by L.T.) as the wonderful phenomenon, who could divine

(Sat. August 16, cont'd.)

everyone's nature and occupation at a glance. Armed with a list at which he "glances" frequently. he preets the entire cast as represented to him by L.T., ending with an enthusiastic recognition of the "great Dr. Meningitis" (P.N.McD.). This was "Metaphysician"; for "Metaphor" (met-afore) the scene was repeated as exactly as might be.



FINAL RESULTS OF THAT RECENT HALF PAST NINE BOSTON (C.J. Aug. 12'3

Sunday
August 17.
Bar. 29.6
Temp. 70
Wind- S.
Weather- Cloudy

Special Details for the week:

Merryweather Light------- Wiggins, J.

Flag---------- Hoffman

Weather---------- Turner

A day of Sea Turn, with soft, thick fog in the morning.

The fishing score goes up steadily. J.G.W. and Smith caught 8 bass, 2 chub before dinner, and 1 bass, later. K.S.W., C.B.H.H. and R.B.T. caught 4 bass, 1 chub (a very big chub). Total: 13 bass, 3 chub.

The Hubbards went away, alas, but we had a pleasant glimpse of Arthur Dupee's and C.H.C's families; the latter, to our joy, bringing with them: John B. Corning

Soccer.

Junior Game.

Umpire-------Newhall
Captains-----Bailey, W.
and
Watson

The players are all those who are not in Senior Soccer.

Senior Game.

St. Pats	vs.	St. Adolphus
L.T.		J.A.L.
P.N.McD.		J.G.W.
H.M.W.		J.H.S.
C.B.H.H.		R.L.S.
R.B.T.		K.S.W.
R.P.H.2nd.		J.C.F.
Allen		J.B.C.
Dalton		Driver
Perry		Hallowell
Thompson		Howe
Wiggins		Putnam

Spectators
Hepburn, A.
Sewall

Umpire
Lawrence

Junior Soccer.

Futcher, Bailey's side, was given a free kick and scored as the ball touched the goal guard. It was a hard fought game, Hoffman,

(Sun. August 17, cont'd.)

Bailey, D. and Futcher playing particularly well.

The playing, in general, was too bunched up, the players not keeping their respective positions well enough. At one time, such a bunch gathered in front of the goal, making it impossible to move the ball more than a few feet at best.

The ball was in Bailey,W's territory during both halves but no more goals were scored, leaving it 1-0.

Senior Soccer.

In the first half there were several good kicks, but the ball persisted in going off side most of the time. H.M.W. and J.G.W. had a rather terrific encounter which brought them suddenly to earth. There were several corner kicks but they proved nothing.

In the second half, S.Putnam just missed a goal by a close shave J.A.L.Jr. made a clever corner kick to R.B.T. who kicked it throug the goal, making the first score. The Doctor then followed it up with a goal for L.T's side. Soon after this, a perfect mob seemed to descend on the ball, rushing it down the field, where J.A.L.Jr. kicked it through the goal. There were several minor catastrophes during the game, at one time the Doctor getting the ball in his eye.

The game ended with the score 2-1 for J.A.L's side.

The Picnic was at Pine Parlor, the first of the summer to be had there, and as always it was a very cozy one. Walter Bailey, Sturg Hepburn and Hamilton went up early and had a good fire ready when we came up. They found that the Pine Parlor Squad of quite a while before, C.W.Hubbard 3rd. and Sturges, had done a good piece of work, getting good piles of kindling and pine cones all ready to light. We had rounds, four fold and three fold and in the even ing had the "Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney".

Camp Morsus.

This gloda trip broke all traditions and started from camp by autos at nine o'clock on Monday. K.S.W. Dallon, Fulcher, Putnam, and Smith seated themselves in Ramona, while C.N.C. and the duffle went on in the Fire Drake. We reached Oakland in time to check the duffle to Truckdale, our objective, to purchase morning papers, and get comfortably ensconced in the train. The trip up was uneventful save for an attempted expedition to the rear platform. At twelve ten we were at Truckdale sixty miles from Oakland and about half way down the west shore of Lake Morris.

Mr. Folsom, guide of the Rainbow camps, met us at the station and took us to his cabins. We plied him with questions about the region we were camping in and particularly about the fishing. At once we had lunch and by half past were ready to start off with our canoes. We had a 20-foot and a 16-foot Kennebec canoes into which we put our duffle and started off behind Mr. F's motorboat for the fishing grounds and our camping place two miles away. We passed through Black Narrows and about thirty feet from the north shore the point started our fishing. Mr. F. left us here having provided us with worms for still fishing. We had left our duffle on shore and fished

without much success for three hours.

looking south Moxie Bell Trout dale

Fishing ground on north side

looking North

At five o'clock we pulled up anchor and came around south through the Black Narrows to the camping place which looked something like this:

Smith Jardine Putnam K.S.W.

CAMP

and with a view of Mosquito mountain to the west lake this →

MOSQUITO

Before supper we paddled to the mouth of a small stream south & try fishing but again without success. For supper we scraped in potatoes and bacon from the Land of Jardine and Smith. Fried potatoes appeared from the kitchen of K.S.W. After supper we again tried the first fishing grounds until eight. Thirty catching a few small purple backed barracudas but no salmon.

The night was uneventful – save for distant wild animals and tree-squeaks. We all slept around the fire which died down but was replaced by the luminious moon in the early hours. KSW. Smeltzer, and Palmer tried the early fishing – bringing in a few more small ones which we consumed for breakfast. St. John rejoiced in their delicate heads fried in cornmeal while the rest of us contented ourselves with the bodies! At eight-thirty we had broken camp and were off from the mountain trail four miles south on the east shore. We tried sailing but the wind was too light. Our paddling was a little faster but slow enough to permit trawling. After ten o'clock we had found the trail which is a few yards north of a cabin. It was marked "to the Lookout" and was the remains of an old logging road. In ten minutes we were well along – the going was easy and beset with temptations such as blueberries and with dangers such as porcupines. We crossed Bald Mt. stream (below) and were thrilled by the brook trout secluding under logs. It was like a tonic to Schmidgen and Pahlmen who set out for a speedy ascent in order to have time for fishing on the return.

We had made the ascent of the mountain in one hour and twenty five minutes. We stayed on top a half hour and came down with the Warden who played host to us in grand style. We lunched below a little spring and then commenced the descent. Schmidtgen and Fortcher going ahead for fishing rods were at the brook when we reached it. On exploring the lumber camp Dalton had unearthed a sleigh bell which is the burgled trophy of the trip next to the string of small brook trout which the fishers caught in the hours time at the brook. During this time K.Sh. C.N.C swam and arranged the drapple. Stafford is accredited with being the wildest up the trip for he saw a deer. Patterson only glimpsed its tail. The other went home without reward. By four we were back to the lake and paddling with against a good breeze; we sought the lee of the westshore and arrived at Twintdale in forty five minutes. Mrs Jolcox was ready for us with some cold ham and tea - how it did disappear. and then on top was MOXIE - the drink of the place. It was hard to board the train and leave the country of strong silent men but 5.36 pm brought the Maine Central's best and we were off. Quickly it seemed came Bleadwater - then the descent thru the Gorge (see below) to Bingham. - a truly wonderful scenic railway. At Norridgewock we met Camp Kennebec led by R.B.T. to the station. We parted quickly with them and soon it was "Oakland Next" and the waiting autos and then home.

after a great trip!

Camp California

'Twas Tuesday morn when we set sail,
Facing a near-canoe-test gale,
But we, like heroes, did not quail
Before the test supreme;
We sneaked up to Hoyt's Island's lee,
Slid for the Miels on following sea,
Carried across quick as could be,
And ate the iced cream.

—

Then o'er the waters north we sped;
Our destination Long Pond's head,
The western bay, where, so 'twas said,
There was a camping-site
Fit for a sybarite to choose;
We found it so, and both the crews
Said: "Here's the ideal place to snooze!
"Here's where we camp to-night!"

—

Then followed quickly swim and lunch,
(A ton of foodstuffs did we munch!)
After which meal, some had a hunch
That they would scale the cares
To see the view and find the pipe
Lost by their leader; some were ripe
For Rocky (hard for human bip-
eds - save for our stout braces!).

The view for all was quite amaz-
ing, for, with scarcity of haze,
Small, far-off sheets of lake did blaze
Like jewels in the sun.
We all got back at half-past-five,
Ate supper after one quick dive;
On Diver's cooking did we thrive
Until our meal was done.

On such a night we scorned a tent;
Mosquitoes soon their charge had spent;
And so the night was uneventful;
Ful; at Aurora's trill
We breakfasted in record time,
Set off, sans sun and compass stym-
Ied, but quite resolute to climb
The far-away Hoyt's Hill.

The day, as you have guessed, was dark;
The hills before us loomed stark;
But still we thought it just a lark
To wind a torturous way
Across the grim, forbidding hills
Where might be lurking countless ills -
Such terror little children chills
But not for us that day.

We ambled the state road until
We judged it time to climb the hill;
At first we got that priceless thrill
Of crossing the unknown;
But, compassless and sunless too,
How could we know our course was true?
Moreover, we could get no view;
The hill was overgrown

With trees of every sort, untrimmed;
Our hopes were now enhanced, now dimmed
Till finally, just faintly limned
Against the leaden sky
We saw a pond in proper place;
Driven right up a tree did race;
The proper crossroad could be trace!
"Hoyt's Hill!" arose the cry!

Down that steep hill we tore and tripped;
The branches in our faces whipped;
What cared we if our clothes were ripped?
To Hoyt's Hill we had come!
But now the landscape, far and near,
Seemed quite familiarly queer;
Said Diver, with a scornful leer,
"We're where we started from!"

'Twas all too true; we weren't beyond
The peaks which Hoyt's Hill garrisoned;
We were hard by the same Long Pond
From which we had begun!
All of which proves that any trap-
Per, all-reliant on a map,
May come to sorrowful mishap
Sans compass and sans sun.

As for the rest, we simply ram-
Bled o'er the nearby hills, till, fam-
I shéd, we ate our lunch; the cám
Grey sky began to rain.
Down toward Long Pond, with dripping clothes,
We hustled; soon disputes arose;
Some followed trail, some followed nose;
At last we came again

Upon the road which skirts the shore
Of Long Pond; when we came once more
To canoes, we were chilled to core
And chose to head for home
As fast as might be, so that ex-
Ercise might shake the chills which vex
All dampened campers on such treks;
And so across the foam

We paddled swiftly to the mills,
Scoring ice-cream because of chills,
And made for home at pace that kills,
Our name upon our lips -
Camp California - for we'd come
Right back to where we started from
On each attempt - that's rather dumb -
But 'twas the best of trips!

Camp Kennedy

Two "King Carriers" accompanied by six stalwart campers and a large quantity of food and duffle — enough to last for many days — started for the wilderness north of North Pond on Monday, August 18. The northwest wind on Great Pond proved only a slight hindrance to the explorers — R.B.T., Allen, Bailey Bailey, and Bailey Whitehouse, Howe, and J. H. S. jr. — and we were soon swept in Meadow Brook. Howe proved himself a most able boatman, as there was no upset in the canoe he paddled in, similar to the one that most unfortunately occurred early in the season. He contented himself with telling its where the accident had occurred and as he showed its thirty one places, we were in great doubt as to whether there had been one or thirty one upsets. Arrived at the head of the Brook the Colds - Howe, Bailey Bailey, and J. H. S. jr. started their exploration

by discovering a roosting patch near the outlet of North Pond. When this was nearly explored and charted the other boat arrived and assisted us in finishing the job.

From there we paddled to the East shore of North Pond - about a mile above Smithfield, - landed and ate our lunch. During our short siesta after lunch amusement was provided by two small girls who paddled slowly back and forth in front of us in three inches of water with a dog in the canoe.

We then carried the canoes about twenty feet to a private road - which led to the main road - and loaded the canoes and duffels on the King carriers. The tump lines were arranged for one man on each side and with a Bailey on the back end of each canoe we were soon started on our six mile carry - into the great Northern Desert. For two miles everything was fine; - except that Howe told us three times within the first half mile that we were nearly half way,

the found out by consulting the map, and we thought our six mile carry would indeed be easy. As the two mile mark - the road was not Hows' - however the wheels under the Cobb became weary; and the King carrier became a lame carrier - that's a poor pun. With the zeal of true woodsmen we pushed on further and further into the wilds, which our wheel wobbled more and more and finally died. There the morale broke badly and much of the he-man stuff disappeared, to be replaced by a great use of brains. The first Ford we saw we hailed. It stopped and said it would take all the duffle from the Cobb to East Mercer - the halfway mark. Bailey Bailey got mixed up with the duffle and rode too. The wheel of the carriage was then attached with vigor and finally decided to carry the weight of one end of the canoe. We soon arrived at the city of East Mercer where we saw three houses - one was not yet built but it will be next year.

J.H.S. Jr. decided to see about a bowsprit -

and here was the first K[illegible] trick. It was easy to divide, but it was harder to get the boyrich as there were only two horses and one boyrich in the whole city. The first man we saw could do nothing, as he had only one horse; the second had a horse and a boyrich but he was building the third house in the town and could not leave. We finally got the first man and the two horses and boyrich together and loaded everything on our chariot and started for the Sandy. The man, Mr Williamson, proved most friendly and we were started and told us all about running log booms and about the fishing in the Sandy River. He left us at the River and after a most friendly good-bye we started out on the unknown waters.

The waters were fine but there did not seem to be enough of them and for the first quarter of a mile we had to wade beside the canoes while they just cleared bottom. Then the River became deeper and everyone got aboard. The current proved

very swift and some of the rapids very difficult to navigate but more and more fun as we got the hang of them. Howe again proved that he was born to be an explorer when we arrived at an island: He said "go to the right"; and J.H.S-jr. headed to the right in the Cobb and struck the deepest water and fastest rapids of the day. The Coughlins however looking a great woodsman tried the other side and carried their canoe most of the way by the island.

After about three miles of rapids we struck dead water and shortly came to a dam and a power house. We landed here and were invited to explore the power house. We never found out why they needed electricity in the great open spaces of the far north, but we did learn that we were still some miles from the Kennebec. We were offered water from the power house spring so we decided to take this and camp just a short distance upstream and save the carry for the next morning.

It was just getting dark when we landed at our camping place; but, assisted by a lantern, we had no trouble in getting a fire started and cooking supper. We put up the tent to lee on the soft side in case there were mosquitoes and then everyone went to bed outside it.

Next morning R.B.T. and Bailey Whippoorwill went out to catch a fish while the others packed up, but they were unable to bring back anything. In spite of this diversion we were under weigh early and made our camp around the dam in short order. One camper wanted to try to shoot the sluiceway which was taking the overflow, but we forbid him. Below the dam we struck more rapids which were just as exciting as the ones the night before; and after about two miles of these we struck deeper water again.

Here the River widened out on either side for some distance and the banks were very high. The weather was perfect and there seemed to be no house for miles. We

found a wonderful swimming hole with overhanging rocks to dive from, and stopped there to swim. There never was a better place.

After about half an hour we started again and very soon we arrived at the Kennebec River. Here we left our duffle and appointed three o'clock as a time to meet again. R.B.T. and the Baileys went back to fish a stream which joined the Sandy which Allen, Howe, and J.H.S.Jr. went up the Kennebec to Anson and Madison, to see the sights in the city. The last three discovered a very large pulp mill and decided that they must go through it. They went to the office and J.H.S.Jr asked permission to go through. Seeing that they were about to be refused extreme measures seemed necessary and, an uncle owning a big paper mill in Canada was borrowed for the occasion. This proved just enough to turn the tide and the permission was given. A description of the mill would

be very long and probably very boring so it must suffice to say that the pajaunas spent a most interesting two hours watching the logs of wood turn to paper.

On leaving the mill we decided that we must eat in a restaurant - as it had never been before been on a camping trip. We progressed up the main street and just as we had spotted a high class "eating-house" we saw the others there waiting for the same place. They had given up the brooks, and had decided that the best fish were those bought in a city.

After lunch we returned down the road to the spot where we had left the canoes and once on the river we covered in less than ten minutes the distance which had taken us fourty to paddle before. We collected our duffle near the junction of the junction of the Sandy and the Kinnaird and again started on our way.

Our peace of mind was greatly disturbed by dread of the Dombogen Rips, which were

said to be very dangerous and everyone wished that we had borrowed good life-preservers from Camp Joe Bell and had them strapped firmly to us. We finally arrived at the place where the map said the Rips should be, but there seemed to be no disturbance at all. Someone did notice that there was a very slight cross chop and that the current was slightly swifter, but we were very angry that all our worry had been for nothing.

As we had plenty of wind coming from the northwest the logical thing seemed to be to sail to Narragansett. All hands were called on deck and the Cobb soon had her sail hoisted. The Coughlan however desiring to prove her superiority tried to rig the pavisade, and after the Cobb had a good start of nearly half a mile got it drawing. Then by paddling and sailing they almost caught the Cobb before she got to Narragansett; and thus proved that you go faster if you paddle and

said, thank G you only said.

We camped about half a mile above Narridgewock but did not bother to put up a tent as there seemed to be small chance of rain. When camp was made we all progressed to Narridgewock by way of the railroad bridge which was estimated as at least two hundred feet high by those who looked through between the ties at the water. J.H.S.Jr. arranged for getting the canoes to Smithfield - or rather to Clear Brook - while the others toted out the ice cream.

Everyone was anxious to see the Moxie trip, which was due to go through Narridgewock on the train; and accordingly some stood beside the track while others returned to the station. C.H.C. and his explorers seemed glad to see us and gave us glowing accounts of their trip which must have been almost as good as ours.

Next morning R.B.T. decided that he must scan the logs which were in

the Rivers and while the others pushed up the
gave his exhibition, which proved a great
disappointment as he only fell in once and
that time only his legs got wet.

We paddled to navigation work and just
as we were loading our conveyance arrived.
Everything was shortly loaded on and we
were spinning over the country in true
Kennedy style, about a mile north of
Smithfield - at a spot marked by a
barn in a clump of willows on the left and
a barn with a "robin's-egg blue facade"
on the right we carried through a field
and launched in clear brook.

Smithfield was soon in sight and
after one carry there we headed for Little
Pond. There we ate lunch and were again
diverted by watching R.B.T. with various
assistants carry on an attack on a young
mink which was seen swimming across the
pond. Unfortunately in capturing him we

broke a leg and the best thing seemed to be to kill him. The funeral which started as a really serious affair was rendered almost comic when R.B.T. got confused and sang "Here Comes the Bride" instead of the "Dead March".

Just as we started down Meadow Brook the rain came but we were then so near home that we did not mind. We fooled the Southwest wind on great Pond by keeping close to shore and were very soon in Camp again.

In spite of the name Kennebec and the three "Kennebec" things that we did - canoes carried for us - wind, and lunch in a restaurant - we think that everyone did plenty of work, and does know that we opened up a new stretch of country which will be hard to beat. Therefore we congratulate ourselves.

Monday
August 18.
Bar. 29.6.
Temp. 73.
Wind - N.W.
Weather - Fair.

Fair, with little clouds, northwest, cool; a splendid day for two perfectly new events in Camp history; the start of a Camping Trip, to go by train, going to Moxie Pond, for fishing, and to climb Moxie Bald Mountain (one of the three peaks; Moxie, Moxie Bald, and Mosquito rising right from the lake); and of a two night Camping Trip, heading up Meadow Brook, to go from North Pond to the Sandy River, and paddle down the Sandy into the Kennebec, then down the Kennebec to Norridgewalk. This will be the first time Merryweather Canoes have been launched in the Kennebec.

Camping Trips, August 18 - 20

Moxie, 9:00 a.m. 18th - 8:30 p.m. 19th

Dalton
Futcher — C.H.C. - K.S.W.
Putnam
Smith

Fire-Drake - Ramora

Sandy River, 9:30 a.m. 18th - 5:30 p.m. 20th

Allen
Lawrence
Bailey, D. — J.H.S. - R.B.T.
Bailey, W.

Caughcomgomock - Cobbosseecontee

The Moxie Trip, with C.H.C. and K.S.W., got off at nine sharp, per Charles and Chas. Anderson, in the Firedrake and Ramora. K.S.W. and Schnitzu had had colds, and the latter had packed his sweater at the bottom of his duffle bag, and taken only two single blankets for this very cold sleeping out, but otherwise everything was most auspicious; their leader as unruffled as if he had had nothing to do with packing 144 potatoes, 1444 spoons and cups, 14444 safety pins, etc. etc. etc., for all three trips, the afternoon before.

The Kennebec Trip, with J.H.S.Jr. and R.B.T. got off a little before 9:30, extremely snappily, "Ship-shape and Bristol fashion", paddling off at a smart pace that made nothing of the fresh head wind. Good luck to both trips!

(Mon. August 18, cont'd.)

The Hallowells went, soon after Reading. It has been delighful to have them.

A big afternoon! The first Junior Scouting (i.e., Brethren without Faculty or Prefects) that we have ever had.

Junior Scouting.

The first game started off with a very small relay on the Algonquin side (South end) and a good sized one for the Iroquois, two of whom Rubber Ghosted in the Bone-yard.

Sewall was killed a little after the first rush, then came on an absolute lull for 26 minutes, after which Dupee, Thompson, Stackpole and one or two more came in, 3 Algonquins to 7 Iroquois. This did not give very many to call the All In! Turner reported a run for the Iroquois, but it turned out that he hadn't quite made it, Dicky Lawrence having killed him just north of the Line, at Newhall's Tent.

Second Game.

There was hot encounter in the Underground Railway, lasting a long while, and very murderous for the Iroquois, 7 of whom were killed at the end of the first 20 minutes, and no Algonquins. After 30 minutes, 3 Algonquins came in killed together. After this the play quickened up. Extremely good play was made by Stackpole and Lawrence, who going South reached the Bonfire, shot the Iroquois guard, and scored runs, wisely going right through the hole left by the guard's death,as the safest place. Billy Ewing, who was with them, and should have kept right with their successful tactics, elected instead to hide behind in a clump of golden rod, waving it violently about, as if a young calf were in it, so that anyone half a mile away could have seen that some one was there; then he ran like a rabbit across the open field,

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
Carter		•		X	••			•	
Cushing		••		X				••	
Ewing	v			X		/	X		
Hoffmann	v			X			X		
Hubbard	v			v			X	•	
Huffman		•		X	•••		X	••	
Johnson	v			v			X		
Ladd	v			v			X		
Lawrence		•				/	X	•	
Lynch	X			X			X		
Merrill	X			v			X		
Rantoul, R.	v			v			X		
Stackpole	X	•		X	•	/		••	
Sturges	v				•		v		
Taylor	v			v			X		
Watson		•			••		X	•	
Weekes	v			X	•		X	•	
	3	7	0	8	10	3	13	11	0

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
Cooke	v			X			X		
Driver		•			•			•	
Dupee	X			X			v		
Hallowell	v			X			X	••	
Hamilton	v			X	••		X		
Hepburn, A	v			v			v		
Hepburn, R.S.	v			X			v		
Jameson	v			X			X	•	
Knox	X				•			•••	/
Newhall	X			v			v		
Perry	X	••		X			X		/
Rantoul, T.	v			X			X	•	
Richards	v			X			X		
Rockwell	v				•	/	X	••	/
Sewall	X			X			X	••	/
Thompson	X				•		v		
Turner	X			v			X		
Wiggins	v				••		X	•	
	7	3	0	10	8	1	11	13	4

in full sight, on the opposite side from where the two others scored,and just where a guard should have been. He scored his run, but if the Iroquois guard had been on his job, he must infallibly have been killed. Rockwell scored a run, making the score 3-1, in favor of the Algonquins.

Third Game.

A faster relay for the Iroquois, Driver reaching the Bone-yard in very quick time. There was no one killed in the actual first encounter, however, Cooke being the first man killed at the end of 12 minutes. Then Ewing, Wiggins and Hubbard came in together in a bunch, then Lawrence, then Hallowell, Lynch and Taylor in another bunch. Halfway through the game the score was tied. Hubbard killed J.Wiggins, who, having just killed Ewing, was a little too confident. Four warriors, 2 Algonquins and 2 Iroquois came in killed, two of the latter, Perry and Rockwell having made runs. They had done fine work, killing off the whole Algonquin shore party, then the Algonquin guard. Later Knox, on the same party, scored a run. The final score was 4-0, in favor of the Iroquois.

In general the Scouting among the Brethren was better than it has been so far, some boys especially, showing great improvement, and some as always, showing playing of the keenest type.

Though some good players struck poor luck this afternoon, and some poor ones were helped by good luck, the following table, compiled by H.R. gives their general standing pretty fairly.

Reckoning by shots and number of times killed, the Junior Scouting this afternoon showed the following results:

First Group. (3 up) Carter, Cushing, Huffman, Watson, Driver, Knox

Second Group. (2 up) Stackpole, Rockwell, Wiggins.

Third Group. (1 up) Lawrence, Sturges.

Fourth Group. (all even) Hubbard, Weekes, Hallowell, Hamilton, Thompson.

Fifth Group. (1 down) Johnson, Ladd, Rantoul, R., Taylor, Hepburn, R. Jameson, Newhall, Perry, Sewall, Rantoul, T.

Sixth Group. (2 down) Ewing, Hoffman, Merrill, Cooke, Dupee, Richards, Turner.

Seventh Group. (nothing doing) Hepburn, A.

While the elment of luck affects this classification quite notably in a number of cases, putting some people higher and others lower than they properly belong, it gives a fairly good rating of the Scouting ability of those who played.

Tuesday
August 19.
Bar- 29.83 Wind- N.W.
Temp- 64 Weather- Fair.

Special Trip, 9:30 a.m. 19th — 7:00 p.m. 20th

Driver
Howe
Huffman J.A.L. jr.
Thompson
Watson

Worromontogus — Ebenezer

Brilliantly clear, with a fresh northwest wind, rising through the morning.

The Camping Trip went off about 11 o'clock, paddling into an almost Canoe Test wind as if it were merely a zephyr. We were proud of them.

It absolutely breaks all records to have three Camping Trips off at once, and the arranging of it, etc, and generally making it possible, once again shows the masterly qualities of the Secretary of State.

We were left a small Camp full, but a very cozy one; or would be cozy of it weren't for the very uncomfortable sore throat and cold that has devastated L.T., C.B.H.H., and about half the Camp.

J.W.S. came to dinner.

Fishing for three boats, with Suppers out, (and rather cold it must have been), and Pudding Ball in the afternoon. The Fishers got:

H.M.W.	J.G.W.	Newhall
Jameson	Wiggins, J.	Sturges
Dupee	Ladd	Richards
4 bass	7 bass	3 bass
5 perch	4 white perch	5 perch
1 pout	6 pout	

Pudding Ball.

Six runs were made for R.L.S's side in the very beginning, in spite of several attempts by the pitcher (Hallowell) to hit the runner with the ball!

The 2nd inning was full of wild throws allowing a run to come in, making the score 7-0.

Another run for R.L.S's side was made by the Doctor. This was shortly followed by a spectacular run by J.C.F., in the last of the 5th.

In the 7th inning, Sewall and Hallowell both got on bases but no one got home.

The game ended with the score of 9-1 in favor of R.L.S's side.

A.D.H. did splendid work on the Record Book, as she has for many days past.

In the evening after Games on the Hill, we had Go As You Please, a pleasant and cozy evening, by lamp and fire-light, till 8:30, when the Firedrake and Ramora, bringing the triumphant Moxie Party, whirled into Camp. What a time they must have had! Everybody clustered round them, with volleys of questions, and we heard of mountains going right up out of the lake, bare granite tops, mountain views beyond praise, wonderful food (especially a miraculous lemon pie), a Lady Guide who was also a"Cordon Bleu"cook, and a camp and camp-fire cozy beyond dreams. Fishing was not so good; but they brought home a very pretty string of eight little trout.

We for got to say that Stacky has had a horrid time with an infected hand, and Dr. Risley came over and opened it to-day.

Wednesday
August 20.

Bar. 29.9
Temp. 58
Wind - N.
Weather - Rain

Threatening through the morning, coming on at about half-past one to a perfect down pour that lasted all the afternoon. And just when every other Camper either has a sore throat or is coughing his head off! And of course most of them are shod with perfectly soaking sneakers!

Hare and Hounds.

Hounds.

J.C.F.	Hallowell	Weekes	Rantoul, R.
Carter	Hamilton	Johnson	Rantoul, T.
Cooke	Hoffman	Merrill	Rockwell
Ewing	Jameson	Perry	Turner

Hares.

J.G.W. H.M.W. J.B.C.

The Hares set off at a rapid pace. Their general direction was first up over the Bone-yard, from there down the Western Ridge, back over the Ridge again, then two or three circles in a field near by, from here to the lake, up by the old tennis court, then home by the shore, leaving the last batch of paper near the landslide. When they reached Camp they found the Hounds still trying to locate the scent, so they went up to the Bone-yard, and from this vantage point they amused themselves watching the Hounds.

After a delay of about 15 minutes, the Hounds finally found the trail, leading off to the left of the road about 100 yards beyond the Soccer Field. They followed it across the south end of the Scouting Field, where they again lost it for a short while. It was finally found and they kept it all the way after th: All ran well, the ones who came in among the first 8 are given bel:

1. Weekes
2. Hamilton
3. Hallowell
4. Perry
5. Rantoul, T. and Merrill
6. Carter
7. Turner
8. Ewing

Boat building went on well. Under the new scheme, there will be

very much fewer boats, but some of them promise to be very fast ones.

Hurrah! At about four, the Hoyt's Hill Campers were seen coming across the Lake in fine form; and by surprising coincidence, the Norridgewalk party, coming down from Meadow Brook, reached the Float at about the same minute. "Oh, Boy, the biggest time ever!" seems the general verdict. Everybody absolutely dripping but more enthusiastic crew there never were.

A most stylish and exclusive tea party was served for the Campers and wet, tired Faculty(?). In the middle of the tea, Ted Frothingham, an Old Boy, arrived via his ford, from Palmyra.

In the evening and for supper, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came over, bringing with them, their daughter and Ken Walker's little sister, who are both at Runoia.

Sunny Put created a new record for the Record Book, this evening, by breaking 39 glasses all in one great crash.

Eighth Sing Song.

1. Overture----------C.H.C.& J.C.F.
2. Duet, "Robin Ruff"----------The Rantoul Brothers.
3. Song----------H.M.W.
4. Choruses: "Rio", "Rollin'", October".
5. Songs of Sentiment----------J.G.W., L.T. and J.A.L.
6. Stunt, Acrobatics----------K.S.W. and J.C.F.
7. Stunt, The Briery Bush.
8. Camp Song.

We stated off with a truly wonderful overture. Where C.H.C. and J.C.F. had found time to practice it we do not know, but the result was most gratifying. Next, Talbot and Bob Rantoul sang the charming old English song, "Robin Ruff", which was much applauded. Then H.M.W. sang, something so funny that it sent the audience almost into convulsions of merriment. Choruses followed, some of the best we have had.

Then J.G.W. and L.T., aided by J.A.L. and others, gave us a wholly novel, "number"; songs illustrative of mid-Victorian sentiment(ality) illustrated by tableaux. The "Days of Gush" were never more completely or more merrily shown up; and J.G.W's announcements and explanations heughtened the effect immensely.

After this came an acrobatic stunt by K.S.W. and J.C.F., much tumbling, and many extraordinary evolutions which showed their excellent physical condition, and also their fortitude. They trampled on each other; they flung each other about like huge shuttle-cocks; they played football with each other; all with calm faces and unbroken cheerfulness.

Last (save for the Camp Song) came "The Briery Bush", an old favorite, with Newhall as the hero, Hepburn,A. as the hangman, Hoffman as the father, R.R. as the mother, and A.D.H. as the "true-love". All acted and sang with much spirit, and gave us a really charming performance.

Thursday
August 21.

Bar - 29.7
Temp - 60
Wind - N.
Weather. Clear.

Rehearsals and Boat building took up most of the morning, squads being fairly small.

Now that J.H.S. and R.B.T. are back from their Camping Trips, Knots and Slices started again this morning. The following is a full list of the knots and splices at which we all duely axpect to be expert:

1. Half-hitch; two half hitches.
2. Square knot.
3. Clove hitch.
4. Bowline.
5. Bowline on bight.
6. Running bowline.
7. Figure of eight.
8. Timbre hitch.
9. Blackwall hitch.
10. Cat's-paw.
11. Sheet bend.
12. Fisherman's bend.
13. Carick bend.
14. Sheep-shank.
15. Short splice.
16. Eye splice.
17. Flemish eye.
18. Cut splice.
19. Long splice.
20. Grommet.
21. Single wall knot.
22. Single wall knot crowned.
23. Double wall knot double crowned
24. Matthew Walker knot.
25. Single Diamond.
26. Double Diamond.

Class A. has nearly reached the end of the list and the others are not far behind.

Base Ball.

Senior Game.

Appomatox vs. Yale.

Not a particularly thrilling game, probably due mostly to the many bad colds that most of the Camp seems to have and also due to R.L.S. who struck out thirteen men, and C.B.H.H. who struck out nine.

The first hit of the game was made by J.C.F., to center field. In the 3rd inning R.L.S. caught a difficult fly and also J.A.L., playing catcher caught an almost impossible one. In the last part of this inning, J.A.L. made a home run on a hit to right field where Wiggins fumbled it.

In the 6th inning there were two pretty hits by R.B.T. and Dalton respectively. In the 8th, C.B.H.H. hit a "Lost Ball" thereby only taking two bases. This was followed by a hit to

right field by L.T.

In general the game was rather conspicuous for the number of men that were caught out on bases. The score ended 6-3 in favor of Appomatox.

No.	Wals	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
4	Putnam	I K	3 K			3 5-3			x x BB				3	1		0
6	K S.N.	x BB		I K			I 4-5		2 K				3	0		1
1	C.B.H.H.	BB		2 F.1			x x H-3		x x 3-9				3	1		2
3	L.T.	2 K		3 F.2			2 -1		x H°				4	0		1
8	Allen	3 K			I K		3 K		3 K				4	0		0
2	J.E.F.		x x H-8		2 K			I -3		I 6-3			4	1		1
9	Wiggins		I K		3 K			2 6-4 BB		2 5-3			3	0		0
5	T.K.B.		3 K			I -3		3 F.E		x BB			3	0		0
7	Howe		x x BB			3 3-1			I K-3	3 6-3			3	0		0
	Totals	0 / 0	1 / 1	0 / 1	0 / 1	0 / 1	0 / 1	0 / 1	1 / 3	0 / 3	/	/				

No.	Appomatox	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
4	Hallowell	I F.7		x x BB	3 1-6		I 1-3		I 4-3				3	1		0
1	D.L.S	x BB		x x F.6	F.5		x BB		2 K				4	1		1
2	J.A.C	2 F.2		H R F.9		x x B.10	2 K		3 4-3				4	2		1
2	H.M.W	2 K		I F.3		x H.8	3 F.5						4	0		1
6	Cairns		I 1-3	2 x F.3		I K		I F.5					4	0		0
5	E.P.T		2 K	3 1-6 H-7		x H-6		x 4-2 x H-8					4	0		3
8	Pease		3 K		I H-4	2 K		x BB					3	0		1
5	Dalton			x x F.3	2 F.2	BB		H.5					3	1		1
7	Cook			x x BB	2 x BB	3 K		3 K					2	1		0
	Totals	0 / 0	0 / 0	5 / 5	0 / 5	1 / 6	0 / 6	0 / 6	0 / 6	/	/	/				

Junior Game.

Thompson's side started things off with two runs both Taylor and Bailey,D. getting home. Thompson(s.s.) and Cooke (1st base), changed places in the 2nd inning. Shortly after this Rockwell

made a run. Knox's side made two runs in the last half of the 2nd inning, (they were made by Newhall and Ladd.).

During the 3rd inning, Thompson's side got 2 runs, and the inning was very snappy in spite of errors. In the last half Hepburn got home making the score 5-3 in Thompson's favor.

Cooke made a good catch of Huffman's infield fly in the 4th. In this inning, Watson made the only run, for Knox's team.

Knox made the first real hit of the game, a two bagger in the 5th inning, but did not get home as the others struck out.

In the last of the 6th, Watson got home, tieing the score, then Smith came in, here Thompson took Futcher's place as pitcher, however, Hepburn,R.S. soon followed with another run making the score 7-5.

Futcher was put in as a pinch hitter in the 7th, then Cooke and Taylor, but no scoring was accomplished, and the game ended after the 7th inning, with the score 7-5 in Knox's favor. A very snappy game.

Two boats went out fishing, starting about 6 o'clock and taking their supper with them.

J.G.W.	J.C.F.
Dupee	Putnam
	Smith
----	-----
6 bass	3 bass
4 perch	1 perch
3 pout	

At supper another one of those select affairs, "une affaire toute speciale at privée dans la cuisine, à laquelle Messieurs, etc. sont invites.", as C.H.C. put it!

After supper J.A.L., C.H.C. and J.H.S. gave us some vivid and most interesting talks on their respective Camping Trips. We then had a few good rounds of Dumb Crambo, followed by Mr. Standfast.

Bug League.

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B
7	Hepburn P.	3		K	3											
4	Weeks	K		K	1 3		3									
6	Perry	e														
3	Hamilton	K				K										
8	Morrell			K		K										
9	Todd			K			K									
2	H. Hines		6 1		6	K	6									
5	Tatem		3													
1	Smith		e		e											
	Totals	0	2 2	1 3	1 4	0 4	3 7									

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B
5	Tower (5)	K	K		K			3 D								
9	Pike		1-3													
4	Eaton		4-3		3	3 D										
8	Coop	K						K								
2																
1	Tucker	K		3			4-3	K								
3	Thomas			3			3 C									
9	Shaw	K		4-3			3									
7	Rockwell				K											
	Totals	2	1 3	3 3	0 5	0 5	0 5									

To our delight, Russell B. Chapin

has arrived, to spend a few days with us.

Friday
August 22.
Bar. 29.91
Temp. 56
Wind- N N.E.
Weather. Fair.

A perfect, sparkling day. More knots in the morning.

R.R. came back from Gardiner, and shortly departed with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, I.M.K., Eddie Johnson and Hamilton for Saddleback and Rangeley.

Too many people were still on the sick list with colds for any of the final Major Events, so we had Small (and very pleasant) Sundry Stunts.

Sundry Stunts.

Ouani
P.N.McD.

Driver
Richards
Knox
Dalton
Taylor

Newhall
Hepburn, A.
Watson
Howe
Hoffman

passengers

Sturges
Ewing

Turner

Ident
J.B.C.
Hubbard
R.B.C.

Yammer
R.L.S.
Perry
Dupee

Abol
C.B.H.H.
Cushing
Carter
Lynch

Cobb
R.B.T.
Bailey, D.
Ladd
Hallowell

Worry
C.H.C.
Bailey, W.
Merrill
Thompson

Corker
K.S.W.
Huffman
Rockwell
A.D.H.

Eben
J.A.L.
Futcher
Weekes
M.P.

Carpenters.
L.T.
Allen
Sewall
Stackpole
Wiggins, C.
J.H.S.

Cadillac.
R.R.
I.M.K.
Hamilton
Johnson

Fissures

Erebus	Terror	Pant	Willi
J.C.F.	J.G.W.	H.M.W.	W.N.Rantoul
Lawrence	Putnam	Smith	Rantoul, R.
Wiggins, J.	Jameson	Hepburn, S.	Rantoul, T.
2 bass		6 bass(2 2lb.)	1 bass
1 perch	7 perch	6 perch	
		1 pout	

Caves.

The Ouananiche, with P.N.McD., went to the Caves. It couldn't have been a better day for them, and it was a good trip. We found the Caves without difficulty, and found two good new holes; spending about 35 minutes in exploring. Made fast time, about 35 minutes on the way home, under the incentive of a coming swim at the Float. The most note-worthy thing of the Trip was that Andie Hepburn found J.A.L.Jr's pipe which he had lost on the last Caves Trip.

Lord's Hill.

The Worromontogus, with C.H.C. went ot Lord's Hill. No especial reports, save that it was a good trip, and that we saw the Moxie Mountains clearly from the top, and ate many green apples, going both ways. It is one of the prettiest walks about the Pond.

Hoyt's.

The Yammer-Schooner and Identical, with R.L.S., J.B.C.,and R.B.C. (it is good to see the two latter here, to go on trips again) went to Hoyt's, and landed at the Dry Dock. We found and explored a much trodden path leading down the middle of the island, through the golden rod, but found after about a mile that it leads nowhere in especial. A fine swim at the Dry Dock, then home.

Yarlarly Hill.

The Abol and Cobbossee Contee, with R.B.T. and C.B.H.H. went to Yarlarly Hill, by separate routes. The Abol's crew went by way of the stream to the Mills, and thence up the road. The Cobb landed in the Southwestern Bay. Both had fine walks, a beautiful view over Long Pond, and the Royal-Muskrat Range. Coming back, R.B.T's crew were just going swimming when a bevy of Amazons caused them to decamp.

(Friday, August 22, cont'd.)

Blueberry Hill.

The Blueberry Hillers paddled leisurely down between Chute and Otter Islands to the landing. The walk up the hill was marked by the reenacting of certain snake and apple scenes in the Garden of Eden and the putting on af a bold front for the benefit of some ferocious cows by various members of the party. Having reached the top, we sat on a rock, swung birches, and brutalized Weekie, then came down and home in time for a swim. The blueberries were conspicuous by their absence.

Saddleback.

No number of exclamations can suffice for the Saddleback Trip. We went up over Bickford Hill, where the mountains showed like blue jewels; had the two beautiful looks down Great Pond, by Blueberry Hill, and Tracy's Bluff, crossing Meadow Brook on the way Then came the hairpin turn at Rome Corner, and the wonderful view of the Sandy River Valley, framed by the whole Montain company, that all York Hill parties know well. Then through the Sandy River country, the brightest, freshest forty miles of big cornfields, and pretty houses with very high, pointed gables, along the river off and on all the way. (We saw three bears, fenced in, near Farmington, one of them very big.) Then under the wooded side of Rugged Mountain (a lily-pad Pond at its foot and Blue beginning to show beyond it), and down into Phillips. Then began the long climb to the 2500 feet of the Rangeleys, then the wonderful lakes themselves, and the big mountain masses; the Abraham range, very bare and frowning, to the East, and Saddleback, gettin more and more huge, right in front.

First came the little string of Sandy River Ponds, through the

woods along the right of the road, four or five of them, long and narrow, with an unamed wooded mountain with precipices at the top, rising right up from them. Just beyond the head of these, on the right, we came to the foot of Long Pond, on the left, also with a mountain rising straight up from it. Then Rangeley Lake (also to the left) a great Spread-Eagle lake, with many deep bays; then on past Dodge Pond, running deep in to the right, into a heavy spruce forest, with Kennebago and Spotted Spruce Mountains up and beyond it, on the right. Last to the great lake of all, Mooselookmeguntic. a great indented sheet, fifteen or more miles long, entirely framed by big round shouldered mountains, near and far, with the Presidential Range, pale and distant, of course, but standing right up into the sky, at the end. Wow!

We lunched on the wooded shore of a deep bay of Rangeley, by an old rotted Bateau, half hidden in the woods. We had come over the lowest spur of Saddleback on the way and coming back we had the climax of the Trip; a three mile drive, first up, then down, into deeper and deeper forests, to Saddleback Pond, the wildest, loveliest little place, with the great mountains, 4400 feet, rising straight up in front and half encircling it. Enough said!

Fine views of Blue from the north, on the way back, standing up very big and dominant, and of all the great company.

To everyone's regret, Barclay Cooke, went away this afternoon, his father's vacation coming just now. We shall miss him very much.

Games on the Hill brought an amazing mishap. John Corning and Phil Allen ran into each other, head on, so hard, that both have quite horrid concussions, J.B.C., not knowing where he is or what is going on. Dr. Risley came out, and says both are doing finely, but must be kept quiet.

Late in the evening, arrived to our joy: Helen Peabody.

Saturday
August 23.

Bar- 29.82
Temp- 60
Wind- N.N.E.
Weather- Cloudy

A fairly uneventful and quiet day. Knots in the morning as usual.

Mrs. Fairchild, Jack's mother, has come up from New York to spend a day or two, and came to lunch and supper to-day.

Another arrival is that of:

Gerard von Lord

a prefect of 1920.

In the afternoon there was various and sundry Boat-Building, with Rehearsals thrown frantically in at odd moments.

Runs at 5 o'clock for the following:

Class A.		Non-Runners.	
J.H.S.	9.43	Allen	1. Huffman
Driver	9.49	Putnam	2. Weekes
R.B.T.	10.	Sewall	3. Merrill
Howe	10.35	Smith	4. Turner
Thompson	10.40	Stackpole	5. Hepburn, R.S.
Newhall	10.55	Wiggins, C.	6. Hubbard
Hamilton	11.		Carter
Dalton	11.13		Cushing
Lynch	11.30		Dupee
Watson	11.40		Ewing
Hallowell	12.04		Futcher
Wiggins	12.20		Jameson
Perry	12.30		Johnson
Knox	13.25		Ladd
Bailey,D.	14.14		Lawrence
R.B.C.	15.30		Rantoul, R.
G.M.I.	15.30		Rantoul, T.
Bailey,W.	15.35		Richards
Hepburn,A.	15.40		Rockwell
Hoffman	15.45		Sturges
Taylor	16.15		

Class A. had a good run up to the White Pine near the main road. Class B. ran up over the Scouting Ridge down to the road, and out to the School House, then back via Cook's.

Fishing.

J.G.W.	R.L.S.
P.N.Mc.D.	Dupee
H.M.W.	
-----	----
1 bass (2½ lbs. record)	0

EIGHTH CHARADE EVENING.

"Decoration"
J.A.L.Jr.

Scene 1. "Deck".

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled."

The deck was entirely red,(blanket) hot, but the valiant boy, (Jameson) stood unflinching, and cried aloud, "Say, father, say!" and all the rest of it, very gallantly. "The dead" lay beside him; all was according to Hoyle; and when the red flame enveloped him, the audience shuddered and shouted in mingled terror and delight.

Scene 2. "Oration".

R.B.C. has, it is sadly evident, been in Russia and imbibed Bolshevist doctrines. How, otherwise, could he address a large audience, advocating with fiery zeal, the abolishment of every Camp custom that he could think of, from early breakfast to the Yard Squad? His inflammatory speech made a strong impression, but we hope Camp may manage to survive.

Scene 3. "Decoration".

Here we saw the Copley Plaza assembled, and chosen members thereof "decorated" by J.H.S., with appropriate remarks. Wiggins, J. received a carrot pin-cushion for making the most noise at table. To Rantoul,T. was awarded a cup for picking up the matches on the Yard Squad; and a green twig was pinned to Cushing's coat for making most litter in front of the shop and leaving it.

"Mutineer"
C.H.C.

Scene 1. "Mew".

The balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet"; A.D.H. as Juliet, Newhall as Romeo, While the lyric wooing proceeds, cats make hideous outcry on adjoining roof. Dismay of the immortal lovers!

(Sat. August 23, cont'd.)

Scene 2. "Tin".

Blind beggar,(Lynch) asking alms; finds contribution of passers-by to be tin, instead of silver.

Scene 3. "Near".

Meeting of the "Skeptic Society". C.H.C., chairman, Hamilton, Secretary, subject,""So near and yet so far", illustrated by J.C.F. with bottle and glass just out of reach. Extremely effective exposition by chairman.

Scene 4. "Mutineer".

Admirable Admirals attacked by Murderous Mutineers. Fire, fury, daggers, dispair, death!

"Romantic"
H.M.W.

Scene 1. "Rome".

The capitol at Rome; sleeping sentries, invading Gauls. At the right moment, the sacred geese cackle, wake the guards, save the city.

Scene 2. "Antic".

The witches' dance from "Tam o'Shanter". "Cutty-sarks" leaping and dancing round a blazing caldron,(Moab Jr.) while "Auld Nick" in one corner and Tam "glowered amazed and curious" in the other. N.B. Campers are affectionately warned to be sparing of kerosene when lighting fires for witches or anybody else. This "side" in its ardor, came near to burning the Camp over our heads. The flames leaped higher than the witches and for a moment things looked serious; but stalwart hands snatched up the blazing caldron and conveyed it out of doors, and all was well.

Scene 3. "Romantic".

It was indeed! the marriage scene from"Lorna Doone" most real-

istically prsented. G.I. was John Ridd, the bride-groom, Dalton, the lovely bride, Lorna; H.M.W. the minister. At the words, "Wilt thou take this woman" etc, Carver Doone's shot rang out; Lorna tottered and fell; John lifted her in his arms and strode out through the terrified audience. Real drama!

"Catskill"
L.T.

Scene 1."Cats"

Romeo and Juliet again, balcony, cats and all! Different actors, but caterwauling equally vigorous and effective.

Scene 2. "Skill".

A duel, suggestive of a recent one (actual of threatened) during the Olynpics at Paris. Combatants, Putnam and Weekes; seconds, Hepburn and Bailey,W; referee, P.N.McD. Remarkable exhibition of skill in fencing; one combatant finally"touché", and the affair terminated by the Referee.

Scene 3. "Catskill".

A double scene; showing first the mystic Hudson and his men, "rollong the big balls about", and secondly Rip Van Winkle waking from his long sleep, stiff and aged after many years.

Sunday
August 24.
Bar - 29.8
Temp - 69.
Wind - N.W.
Weather - Fair

Special details for the week:

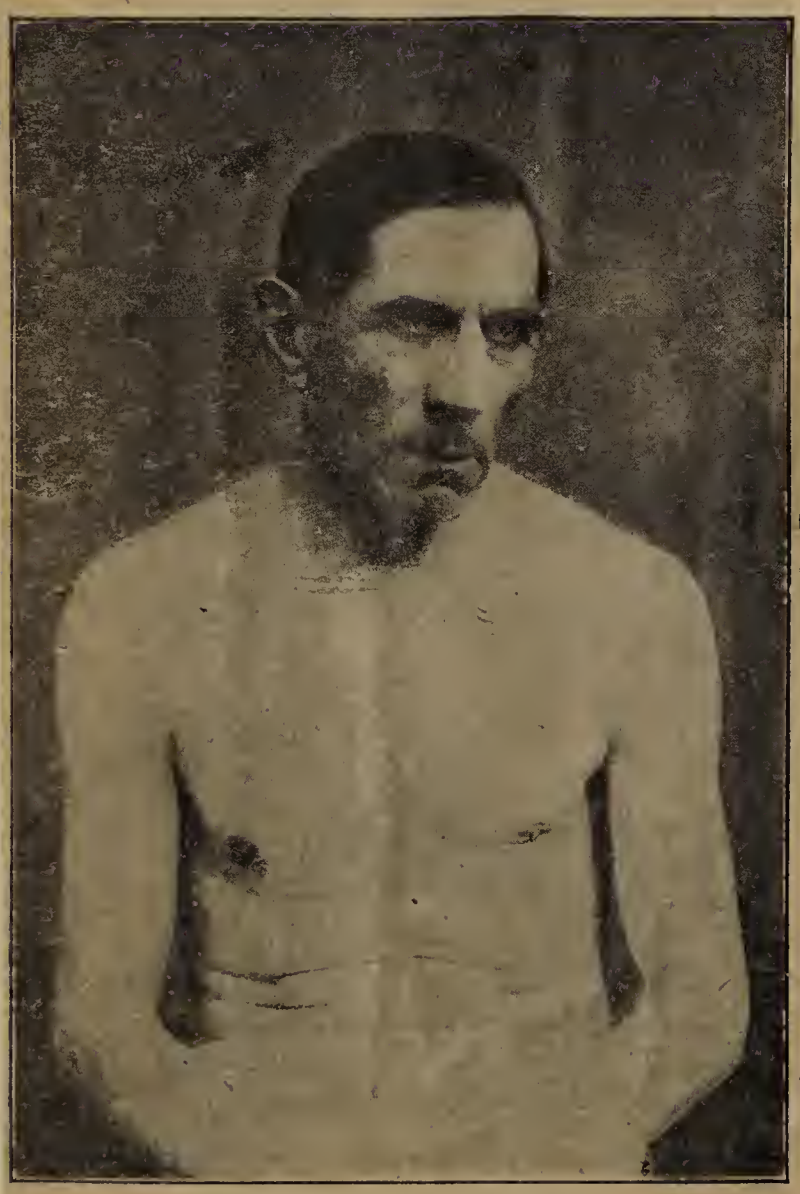
Merryweather Light------ Newhall.

Flag---------- Carter.

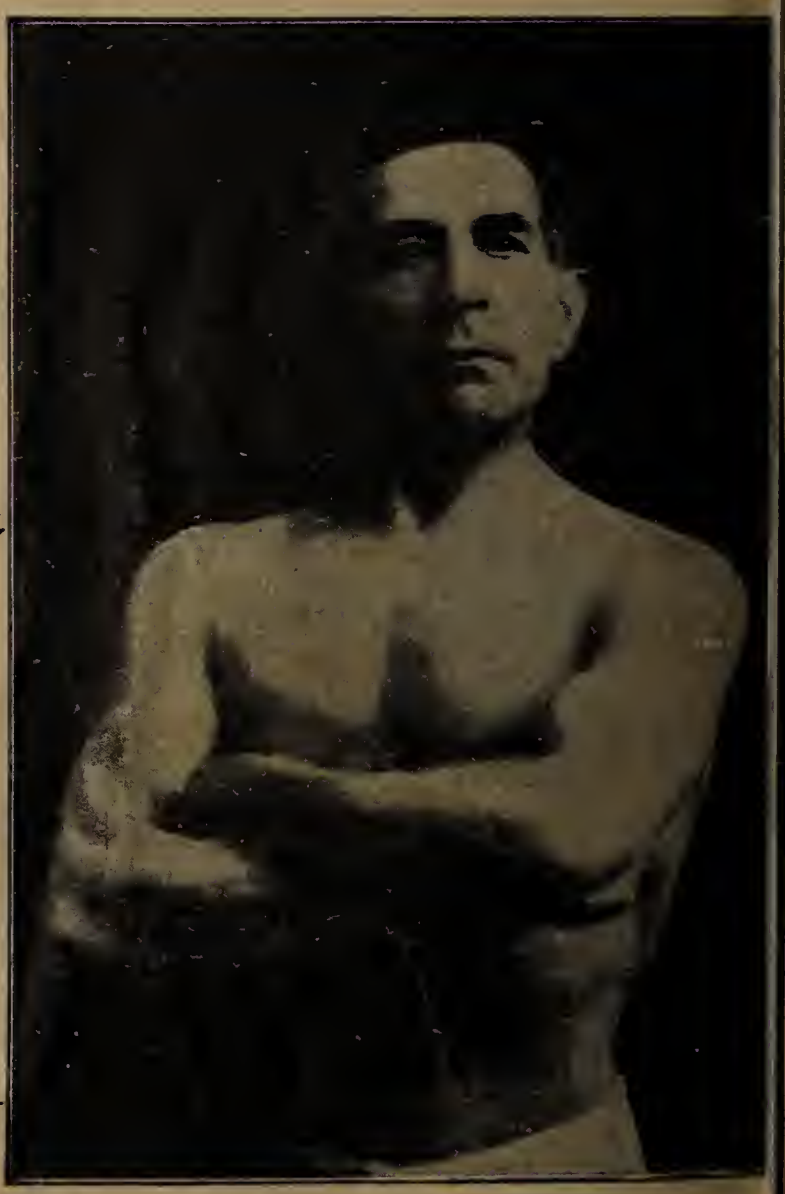
Weather---------- Ladd.

It rained hard in the night, and all the morning looked hopelessly lowering, but it suddenly cleared after dinner, a delightful surprise, so that we could picnic all right.

The waves of the Rice Pudding Contest began to rise in joyful shouts before swim, and the doors began to be plastered with campaign documents. Porter Thompson, especially, had a really brilliant set of documents, collected we understand before Camp opened.



Mr. Salzer
BEFORE
eating
RICE
PUDDING



Mr. Salzer
AFTER
eating
RICE
PUDDING

The Campaign Speeches at dinner, were an out-pouring of eloquence. Gerard Ives, who is now a Senior at Yale, and just back from two months travelling and camping through the far west, put the case

Stop putting "ashes" in your stomach!

The best furnace ever made won't give heat if it is stoked with ashes. Everybody knows that. Yet millions of people expect nourishment from "dead" foods—foods that stifle the fires of human life as surely as dead ashes kill the fire of a furnace.

SO WHY EAT RICE PUDDING

for Rice Pudding on the highest grounds, the question, as he said, being not only of national, but of the highest international importance. He spoke feelingly of the deserted vineyards that had involved much of the prosperity of the great state of California, and said the proper use of raisins in Rice Pudding was the obvious way of restoring the right conditions internationally, the greatest menace of the times, the Asiatic question can be met in no other way than by the proper, that is the universal, consumption of Rice Pudding. Give the Chinese and Japanese an ample market, and they will stay at home, happily growing rice, and the Yellow Peril is eliminated. (It really was a splendid speech!)

THE BOSTON HERALD.

EAT TOO MUCH BREAD PUDDING

Noon Mess for Many at Devens Followed by Trip to Infirmary

J.A.L., answering, wickedly, turned the argument the other way. Give the Japanese and Chinese no market for their rice, and they will shortly die out! He reiterated the point that is often brought up, that rice is properly a vegetable (as such he has no quarrell whatever with it) not a dessert. "Spinach is very good food in the right time and place, but if your mother brings in a plate of candy and a plate of spinach, after dinner, why take the spinach?"

L.T., beginning, "I have listened to the last speaker's weak speech with contempt", gave the argument against pie used once

ARE YOU REALLY A MAN OF MERELY A COAT-HANGER?

before by a member of his family, B.L.L., that the stuffing in of pie produced unpleasant contortions, ending up with the now classic phrase, "It widens the mouth".

P.N.McD's speech was very moving. He said that he would not take time to go into the chemical arguments that showed Rice Pudding to be invaluable as a food. He would only appeal to our finer and deeper feeling by saying that as he passed his tent, where C.B.H.H. is languishing, a feeble voice said, "Vote for Rice Pudding!"

C.H.C., sprang to his feet, and in a ringing voice, denounced Rice Pudding, and to the tune of "Man's life's a vapor ", sang:

"Vote the straight ticket for all pies;
Don't eat Rice pudding if you're wise;
Down, down, down, down, down it dies!"

H.M.W. took a fine and high tone on the matter. It is not a question of a dessert, but implies the embodiment of high thinking and clean living. In these days of frivolity we should cast off degrading sweets, and turn to what lifts and broadens the vision,--to the bed-rock foundation of everything that is strong and manly,--Rice Pudding!

Russell Chapin, also representing the Graduates, spoke in serious disapprobation of the dileterious moral effect of Rice Pudding, saying that it was beginning to be known that the officers of the defaulting Putnam Bank, that has wrought such havoc, had long been gorging themselves on Rice Pudding, and suggesting that it be unwept, unhonored, and uncooked!

J.C.F's mother came over, and later he lunched and supped with her at Gleason's.

South Beach.

Ouani
L.T.

Futcher — Stackpole
Hepburn, A. — Cushing
Lynch — Wiggins, J.
Merrill — H.P.
I.M.K. — R.B.T.

passengers.

L.E.R. — R.R.
Rantoul, R., Richards, Rockwell

AAbol	Eben	Cobb	Corker	Worry
Thompson	A.D.H.	Sewall	Putnam	Howe
Bailey,D.	Carter	Lawrence	Smith	Bailey,W.
Weekes	Johnson	Rantoul,T.	Dalton	Watson
K.S.W.	J.H.S.	R.B.C.	P.N.McD.	H.M.W.

Terror	Erebus	Ident	Yammer	Pant	Willi
R.L.S.	C.H.C.	G.M.I.	Driver	Newhall	J.A.L.
Hamilton	Perry	Taylor	Hallowell	Hoffman	Knox
Wiggins,C.	Turner	Ladd	Huffman	Sturges	Jameson
Ewing	M.P.	J.B.C.	Dupee	Hepburn,S.	Hubbard

The Picnic at South Beach was good in every way. Good Skowhegan, good food, good singing, afterwards.

Alas, Miss Helen Peabody left us, by the night train.

Are YOU Up or Down for RICE PUDDING?

STOP BEING UNCERTAIN AND LISTEN TO A FEW REALLY TRUE FACTS!

Today some'll vote for Rice Pudding,
And again some others won't;
But if you are uncertain,
Take my advice and don't.

Yesterday we went on a nice long run
Out to the big pine tree,
Driver was first and Taylor last----
Rice Pudding, don't you see?

And then our younger brethren
Ran out to the old school;
Rice Pudding last and Huffy first,
Don't vote for it, you fool!

Of course it isn't Schmitzu's fault
That he's got big feet,
It is the rice that does the trick,
That's why he ain't so fleet!

LET YOUR BETTER JUDGEMENT TELL YOU NOT TO VOTE FOR RICE PUDDING!!!!!

WHO WINS

THE IROQUOIS

OR

THE ALGONQUIN

Everybody can't win in Scouting

BUT

Everybody can have RICE PUDDIN

VOTE FOR IT

In the evening A.G.D. and Jamie Hepburn arrived to spend the night.

Alan G. Dawson

Monday.
August 25.

Bar - 29.75

Temp - 68

Wind - S.W.

Weather. Damp.

A misty, moisty morning. Various rehearsals during Squad time. G.M.I. took out a light wood stump Squad, and they brought in quite a lot.

Colds on the mend, although L.T. and Summy Put. are still in dire need of "any old rags".

FINAL TRACK AND FIELD.

Class A.

Hundred Yard Dash.

1st Heat.

Driver
Thompson
Putnam
Knox

Time, 12.4 seconds.

Driver won easily. Thompson and Putnam were very close.

Second Heat.

Lynch
Hepburn, A.
Hallowell
Howe

Time, 12. seconds.

Lynch certainly ran well, making the best record time for the summer, and coming in 15 feet ahead of Hepburn, A.

Third Heat.

Dalton
Wiggins, J.
Hamilton

Time, 13.1 seconds.

Dalton did not run as fast as he might have, Wiggins coming in very close behind him.

Final Heat.

Scratch	Lynch	Time, 12. seconds.
1'	Driver	
3'	Thompson	
4'	Hepburn, A.	
5'	Dalton	
6'	Wiggins, J.	

Lynch again showed what he can do, coming in 15 feet ahead of Driver who in turn was 6 feet ahead of Thompson. A very fast and good race.

(Mon. August 25, cont'd.)

440 Run.

Scratch	Lynch	Time, 1.04
Scratch	Driver	
8 yds..	Hallowell	
8 yds.	Dalton	
8 yds.	Wiggins, J.	

This race did not have a very finish; Lynch coming in 15 feet ahead of Driver, the latter about 15 feet ahead of Hallowell and Halloweel about 10 feet before Dalton.

Broad Jump.

Scratch	Lynch	16'
3"	Driver	15'1"
10"	Putnam	14'7"

Unluckily Allen was not able to compete in this meet, as in the last meet in an extra jump, he made 16' and it would have been interesting to see what he might have done this time.

High Jump.

Scratch	Wiggins, J.	4'8"
Scratch	Lynch	4'8"
2"	Driver	4'7"

In this event Driver jumped 4 inches better than he has ever done before.

Shot Put.

Scratch	Lynch	25'2"
Scratch	Driver	24'3½"
4'10"	Putnam	23'5"

Driver could not equal his supreme effort of last time, while Lynch was a foot and a half better than ever before.

Points Scored.

	440	S.P.	B.J.	H.J.	100	Total
Lynch	5	5	5	4	5	24
Driver	3	3	3	1	3	13
Wiggins, J.				4		4
Putnam		1	1			2
Hallowell	1					1
Thompson					1	1

Class B.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat

Cushing — Time, 13.4 seconds.
Bailey, W.
Hoffman
Johnson
Taylor

Cushing won by about two feet, while Bailey only took second place away from Hoffman by ¼ of an inch. Johnson was about 10 feet behind Hoffman.

Second Heat.

Merrill — Time, 13.3 seconds.
Sewall
Bailey, D.
Lawrence

Merrill won by about 6 feet from Sewall who was only about a foot ahead of Bailey.

Third Heat.

Watson — Time, 14.3 seconds.
Smith
Futcher
Stackpole

A slower race than the other two, never the less a good one, especially between Smith and Watson.

Final Heat.

Scratch	Cushing	Time, 14. seconds.
1'	Merrill	
1'	Bailey, W.	
1'	Sewall	
1'	Watson	
3'	Smith	

Cushing won easily having no need to run even as fast as he did in the trial heat. He came in 3 feet ahead of Merrill.

(Mon. August 25, cont'd.)

440 Run.

5 yds.	Merrill	Time, 1.14.3
Scratch	Bailey, D.	
1 yd.	Watson	
10 yds.	Cushing	
8 yds.	Bailey, W.	

Slightly better time than the last meet. A good race, all seemed to be working hard.

Broad Jump.

Scratch	Cushing	12'11"
3"	Smith	12'2"
3"	Bailey, D.	12'1"

Again those who placed for 1st and 2nd places in Class C. made better records than the winners in this Class, as was done in the last meet.

High Jump.

2"	Cushing	4'3"
Scratch	Bailey, W.	4'2"
2"	Bailey, D.	4'2"

A much better record than was made in the last meet.

Shot Put.

8"	Cushing	18'10"
Scratch	Hoffman	18'04"
2'6"	Bailey, D.	17'7½"

A considerable improvement over the last meet.

Points Scored.

	440	S.P.	B.J.	H.J.	100	Total
Cushing		5	5	5	5	20
Merrill	5				3	8
Bailey, D.	3	1		2		6
Bailey, W.			1	2	1	4
Hoffman		3				3
Smith			3			3
Watson	1					1

N.B. In all events except the Hundred Yard Dash, where he came in second, Hamilton placed first in the last meet, but being moved up to Class A., in this meet, he naturally did not show up so well.

Class C.

Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

Carter	Time, 13.2 seconds.
Weekes	
Turner	
Hoffman	
Sturges	
Richards	

In this event Carter broke the record for Class C., he ran hard and came in about 8 feet ahead of Weekes, who in turn was about 30 feet ahead of Turner.

Second Heat.

Hepburn, S.	Time, 14.2 seconds.
Dupee	
Rockwell	
Hubbard	

Hepburn, S. won this easily, and came in about 15 feet ahead of Dupee.

Third Heat.

Rantoul, T.	Time, 13.4 seconds
Ladd	
Ewing	
Jameson	
Rantoul, R.	

Rantoul, T. ran well and won quite easily coming in 18 feet ahead of Ladd. Ewing and Jameson tieing for third place.

Final Heat.

Scratch	Carter	Time, 13.2 seconds.
1'	Rantoul, T.	
3'	Hepburn, S.	
3'	Weekes	
5'	Dupee	
5'	Ladd	

Carter again broke the Class C. record. It was a close race between Hepburn, S. and Weekes, the latter coming in about 20 feet ahead of Dupee.

(Mon. August 25, cont'd.)

440 Run.

3 yds.	Carter	Time, 1.15
Scratch	Weekes	
Scratch	Turner	
10 yds.	Jameson	
8 yds.	Huffman	

Carter ran well. A good fight between Weekes and Turner.

Broad Jump.

Scratch	Carter	13'5"
6"	Hepburn, S.	13'3"
7"	Turner	13'3"
3"	Rantoul, T.	11'9"

Carter did not do as well as he did in the last meet when he brok the former Class C. record, jumping 13'11". Rantoul T's former record has also been better.

High Jump.

Scratch	Hepburn, R.S.	3'11"
Scratch	Rantoul, T.	3'10"
2"	Huffman	3'9"
4"	Turner	3'8"

Hepburn, S. beat the former Class C. record by one inch, jumping the same height as he did in the last meet. Rantoul, T. did well, jumping 2 inches better than last time.

Shot Put.

Scratch	Carter	22'6"
2'	Rantoul, T.	21'3½"
18"	Weekes	21'½"

A decided improvement over the last meet.

Points Scored.

	440	S.P.	B.J.	H.J.	100	Total
Carter	5	5	5		5	20
Rantoul, T.		3		3	3	9
Hepburn, R.S.			2	5	1	8
Weekes	3	1				4
Turner	1		2	½		3½
Huffman				½		½

Special Races.

220 Race.

McCurdy — Time, 21.3 seconds
Ward

A great race and awfully close, Pat coming in just a few feet ahead of Cyril.

Prefect 440 Run.

R.L.S. — Time, 1.06
K.S.W.
J.C.F.
R.B.T.

Of course they say they were just loafing, but just the same they did come in 2 seconds slower than Class A.!

Just before the end of the meet,

Henry W. Putnam
Lauriston L. Scaife

arrived.

A.G.D. and Jamie Hepburn left us after supper, going back to Gardiner.

There was Go As You Please until 7:30 when we played "Earth, Air, and Water", a nerve-racking game.

Half-past Nine Boston, R.B.C's choice, soon followed; and it certainly was a glorious one, for we were highly entertained by Hoffman, Newhall and others who capered wildly about amid would-be-muffled shrieks from the audience.

J.G.W. went fishing in the afternoon and caught 2 bass.

Tsui Tong. Consultant.

Tuesday
August 26.
Bar. 29.7
Temp- 67
Wind- N.E
Weather- Rain

How could it have the heart to rain again? But it did, it poured all day! It is getting to be as bad as the After-War Reunion, in '19, when we had the Merryweather Soldiers back, and it poured every day.

It helped us to get through some most satisfactory Rehearsals, though, and the whole afternoon was taken up by a fine Ping Pong Tournament, as exciting a one as we have ever had. There were most exciting bouts all through, especially between: K.S.W. and Rantoul, T.; H.M.W. and Hallowell; H.W.P. and Taylor; R.L.S. and C.B.H.H.; Driver and Futcher; P.N.McD. and J.A.L.; and a glorious finale between R.L.S.and P.N.McD., the Doctor proving himself to be the champion player.

After supper, though it did not stop raining, a yellow, lurid light everywhere showed that the clouds were thining.

There were some very thorough Rehearsals, with mild Go-As-You Please for those not acting; then Observation Games, the results of which follow. It was very well played indeed, with some really remarkable scores.

3 seconds.

A.	B.	C.
R.L.S.--9	R.L.S.--10	Howe--11

30 seconds.

A.	B.	C.
G.M.I.----22	C.H.C.-20	C.H.C.--22
C.H.C.----22	Lynch--20	
Bailey,D.-22	Howe---20	

The Indoor Athletic Meet, for the Half-past Niners, was truly brilliant.

First came the contortions of removing pins with teeth from the back legs of chairs; the Camp looking like a lunatic asylum during the process.

Then came the lighting of one candle from another, while seated

on a board placed on a bottle lying on its side. We may say that in this difficult feat all showed about an equal ineptness.

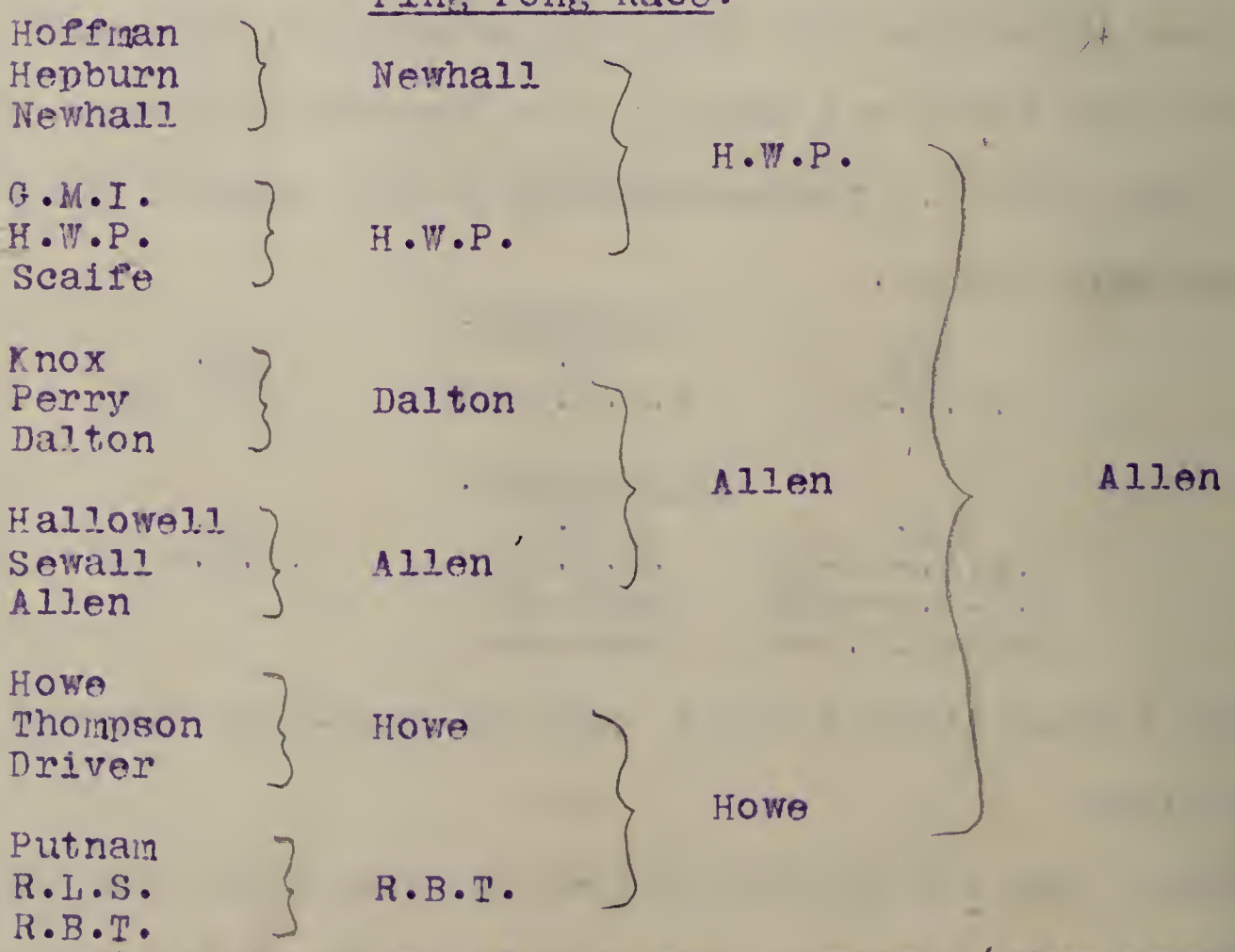
The Face-Blacking contests were terrific, the contestants flying at each other like angry bumble-bees. The list follows below. Perhaps the fiercest encounter was between J.C.F. and R.B.T., though all were very savage.

Contestants.

J.C.F. vs. R.B.T.	Howe vs. Hallowell
Putnam,S. vs. Driver	Allen vs. Dalton
Sewall vs. Hoffman	Thompson vs. Perry

The final event, the Ping Pong blowing race, was magnificent. H.W.P., Allen and Howe showed terrific speed. So did G.M.I. only his ball went underneath the settees instead of down the cours Newhall was good, so were R.B.T and Dalton, Allen finished, a brilliant winner.

Ping Pong Race.



Hurrah! Just in the midst of the meet, arrived (they seemed to have escaped from the bears) from John Richards; George C. H. their Chenquassabanticook trip:

Wednesday August 27. A good bright clear off, though the South wind tried to cut in with another hot turn.

Weather, Billie?

The Bushwhackers began the rescue of the black-berries, that are being choked out by grey birches; and a Furniture moving Squad was all about everywhere, so that the yard seemed full of bureaus being wheeled to and fro. But the main thing was Boat-building, and yachts were being tried out (some showing fine speed) all the morning and indeed all day.

The great thing, of course, was the final Scouting.

1st Game.

A very tense game. The Algonquins took the gallantest kind of a fighting chance on a full-speed drive to get through, but lost out, through the Iroquois' fine markmanship, J.A.L.Jr. and J.G.W. and two others being killed on the first rush, within three minutes of the start. Then one or two more came, then Knox, for the Iroquois, with the fine showing of 5 shots. Then came an absolute lull till the end, when all of both sides of the field but for 10 Algonquins, and 3 Iroquois, came in unscathed. This gave the season and the cup definitely to the Iroquois, who had it last in 1918.(there was a tie in 1920).

2nd Game.

The suspense being over, the second was a wonderful game of the finest kind of good hard scouting, just what the best scouting should be, full of dash and pep. In the first rush, the Iroquois captain came tearing up to the Bone-yard, but no sooner had he arrived than he was killed by a tremendously long shot (L.T's) from the southern ridge. The Algonquins piled up an enormous relay along the underground, and there was fine speed and very hot fighting there, Phil Dalton bringing in 5 shots. The Iroquois won by

one run.

3rd Game.

This was as fine as the last game, hotly and fearlessly played. One Rubber Ghost did fine work from the Bone-yard. Thompson made 4 shots. Fifteen runs were made in all, 6 by the Algonquins, 9 by the Iroquois.

Taking the season all through, there has been more difference in the two sides than usual; the Iroquois more markedly the stronger. Both sides have been hampered and held back by some poor and lazy players; but the finer and keener players on both sides have played the harder, doing work all summer that has never been beate in any Scouting season.

In the excitement, we forgot to say that C.W., L.E.R., Laura and Rosalind Wiggins, arrived for dinner, the welcomest quartette. They later took Charlie Wig. back to Gardiner for a few days.

Later, by the afternoon train arrived to our joy;

Robert H. Richards.

The positively dazzling brilliancy of the Last Sing Song, we leave to the able pen of the Dramatic Editor.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.A.L.	X			X			X		
L.T.	v				•••		X	o	
J.G.W	X			X			X		
K.S.W.	v			X			X		
C.B.H.H.	X				•			•	/
R.L.S.	X	••			•		X		
Allen	v			v			X		
Bailey, W.	v			X			X		
Carter	v				•		X		
Cushing	v			v				••	/
Ewing	v			X	•		X		
Futcher	X			v					/
Hoffmann		•		X				••	/
Hubbard	v			v			X		
Huffman	v				•		X	••	
Johnson	v			X	•			•	
Ladd	v			X			X		
Lawrence	X			v			X	•	
Lynch	X			v				•	
Merrill	v			X				•	/
Rantoul, R.	v				•••		X		
Smith	X			v			X	••	
Stackpole	v			X				•	/
Sturges	X			v			X		
Taylor	v			X	•		X		
Watson	X			X			X	•••	
Weekes	v			☼					
	10			12	7		17	17	1

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.H.S.		•		X			X	•	/
C.H.C.		••		X			X	•	
H.M.W.	v			X			X	••	
P.N.MacD.	v			X			X	••	
J.C.F.	v			v			v		
R.B.T.	v			X			X		
Bailey, D.	v			X	•••				/
Dalton		•			•••••		X		/
Driver	v			v				•	/
Dupee	v			X			X	•	/
Hallowell	v			v				••	/
Hamilton	v			v			v		
Hepburn, A.	v				•		X		
Hepburn, R.S.	v			v			X		
Howe	v			v			X		
Jameson	v			v			X		
Knox	X	•••••		X				☠	/
Newhall	v			v					/
Perry		•		X			X	•	
Putnam	v			X			X	•	
Rantoul, T.	X			X			X		/
Richards	v			X			v		
Rockwell	X				•		X		
Sewall	v			X	••	/	X	•••	
Thompson	v			v			X	••••	
Turner	v			v			X		
Wiggins	v			v			X		
				12	1		17	17	1

NINTH SING SONG.

1. Overture----------C.H.C. and J.C.F.
2. Piano Solo----------Scaife.
3. Graduates Song.
4. Acrobatic Stunt----------C.B.H.H. and Dalton.
5. Choruses; "Scouting Song","Camp Chantey","Camptown Races".
6. Stunt,"Ferdinando and Elvira"--J.H.S., G.M.I., K.S.W., Richards.
7. Piano Solo----------Scaife.
8. Stunt, "Almanzor and Imogen"---C.H.C., H.M.W., et al.
9. Camp Song.

The last Sing Song ought to be a rousing one and it certainly was. The Overturians (why not coin a word when it is needed?) outdid themselves, playing a charming and intricate medley (probably of composite authorship) with verve and dash, and winning delighted plaudits.

Equally rapturous applause greeted "Dr"Scaife, who played with real brilliancy, "La Jeunesse" by Gottschalk, and as an encore, and by special request, followed it up with the "March of the Wooden Soldiers".

The Graduates Song was then sung, and a pretty fine set the graduates were.

Next came a display of acrobatic skill and agility, by C.B.H.H. and Dalton, which fairly took our breath away. The grace of their tumbling, etc. was a revelation; we did not know (at least one of us didn't!) that we had the famous Bounding Brothers of Ballyboo among us.

Choruses were sung (or bellowed, or both!) with such fervor that

the roof---- well! it didn't come down, so why worry?

Then came the Stunts, and wonderful ones they were. "Ferdinando and Elvira" is an old friend, and has certainly never been done better than by these performers. Did not G.M.I's deep voice tremble with emotion as he read the fateful verses from the "lovely cracker mottos"? And who could have been more pathetic than Elvira, when she"had convulsive sobbings in her agitated throttle"? Who more genial and gay than the immortal pastry cook?(K.S.W.). Who more "particularly cozy" than his little wife?(Richards). Altogether it was the ideal performance of this favorite ballad.

In the pause that followed "Dr."Scaife played again, and again his performance was greeted with every token of delight.

Then--- then curtain opened upon a wholly new scene, the"Essence of Opera" or Almangor and Imogen. Written by Leigh Hunt(circa 1830) acted by C.H.C. and H.M.W., what could be more enchanting? The two principals flung themselves into their parts with passionate fervor. C.H.C. as the queenly and enamored Imogen, H.M.W. as the heroic and impassioned Almangor, who can say which was the more entrancing? The corps de ballet, lovely creatures with blond tresses, bare legs and fluffy skirts, danced and sang to the admiration of all. Some thought they looked like Ewing, Hubbard, Jameson, Ladd, Rockwell and Weekes, but how could they have grown all that hair since noon? We prefer to think that they were genuine danseuses, imported for the occasion by Monte Cristo Pop. Pallas, (Rantoul,R.) descended a trifle suddenly from her cloud, but the effect was undeniable, and the curtain closed on roars of delight which made the welkin indulge to the full its favorite pursuit of ringing.

The Camp Song closed--all too soon-- a memorable evening.

Owner.	LIST OF BOATS.	Boat.
Carter		Mistake Jr.
Cushing and Dalton		Satan
Driver		Lunatic
Futcher		Comet
Hallowell		Captain Blood
Howe		Spark Plug
Howe and K.S.W.		Snickle Fritz
Huffman and Hale		Whooper
Knox and Perry		Gyp
Newhall		Simoon
Newhall		Monsoon
Newhall		Baboon
Putnam		Tar Baby
Rockwell		Czar
Stackpole		Crown Pilot
Stackpole		Maltese Cat
Stackpole		Hottentot
Sturges and R.B.T.		Rum-T-Tum
Taylor		Whizz Fish
Watson		Mystery
Weekes		Snookabus
Wiggins, J.		Buccaneer
J.H.S.		Cinch
J.H.S.		Foolish Notion
J.H.S.		Ornery Pup
J.H.S.		Fad
J.H.S.		C-U-Later
L.T.		Boreas
H.W.P.		Doctor Rock
H.W.P. and L.T.		Lucky Strike
Driver and Putnam		King Tut

Thursday
August 28.

Bar- 29.65
Temp - 70
Wind - S.W.
Weather-Fair.

The Yacht Races were the one thing of the whole day, for Squad time (and every possible odd minute before and after) was a wild scramble to finish last-minute work on sails and rigging.

It was very disappointing to have the splendid north-west breeze which had held all morning, just right to make many of the best boats simply fly, flivver out to the lightest possible of zephyrs; but that is proverbial racing luck.

This year's policy of having the boats built only by those who already have some knowledge and skill with tools instead of by the entire crowd cut the number of entries from the 60 of last year to 30, and greatly improved the quality. It may be fairly said that all the boats were good, showing good workmanship and understanding. Those to mention especially are perhaps the following:

"Cinch"; J.H.S.
"Dr.Rock"; H.W.P.
"Lunatic"; Driver(an old hull with new rigging)
"Tar Baby" Putnam(an old hull with new rigging)
"Capt.Blood"; Hallowell
"Snickle Fritz"; Howe and K.S.W.(cross-grained)
"Maltese Cat"; Stackpole
"Lucky Strike"; L.T and H.W.P.
"C.U.Later"; J.H.S.
"Boreas"; L.T.

Preliminary Races.

1st.Heat.

1. Mistake
2. Lunatic
   Baboon
   Orney Pup

Wind fresh, the Mistake made very fast time, so did the Lunatic, though she upset almost at the start and was started again. The Baboon, built on a new scheme, turned out a failure. The Orney Pup did not have a fair chance, being missed by the pickers up when she tipped over near the start.

2nd Heat.

1. Snickle Fritz
2. Comet
   Whooper

The wind had flattened quite a lot. Snickle Fritz showed good speed. The Whooper tipped over and did not finish.

3rd Heat.

1. Captain Blood
2. Gyp
   Crown Pilot
   Simoon

The wind had picked up again a little, though with hollows in it, and the Captain Blood sailed fast. The Crown Pilot sailed very well for about a third of the course, then went over. Simoon did not finish.

4th Heat.

1. Cinch
2. Boreas
   Hottentot
   Czar

Wind freshened and blew up to quite a good breeze but was flukey at the end. The Cinch won, coming in alone. The Boreas went over so near the finishing line that she was given 2nd place. The Hottentot and Czar both tipped over and did not finish.

5th Heat.

1. Tar Baby
2. SparkPlug
3. Satan
4. Fad

This was a mixed up heat. The wind was very flukey, and all the boats but the Fad (which stayed far to the west and was very moderate, finishing last) tipped over at least once. The Satan lead the greater part of the way, then went over, finishing third. The Spark Plug finished second, after an upset near the start. The

Tar Baby was second most of the way, but drew ahead to first place when the Satan upset.

6th Heat.

1. Dr.Rock
2. Snookabus
3. Buccaneer
   Foolish Notion

There was a bad hole in the wind for this heat. The Doctor Rock sailed well, in spite of it. The race between the Snookabus and Buccaneer for second place was very close, until the latter went over, near the finish. Foolish Notion went over at once and did not finish.

7th Heat.

1. Maltese Cat
1. Mystery
2. Rum-T-Tum
3. King Tut

The wind freshened a little and this was a fine race all through, with a very pretty start and good speed. An exceptionally pretty race between the first three, who chased each other close to the very end, the two first actually tieing.

8th Heat.

1. C.U.Later
1. Lucky Strike
   Monsoon
   Whizz Fish

The wind failed again, flattening right out, so that this was a poor heat, where it should have been a fine one. The C.U.Later and Lucky Strike, going along at a very light rate, tied for first. The Monsoon kept up till pretty well along, then capsized. The Whizz Fish was over and out of it early.

Demi-Semi Finals.

First Heat.

1. Lunatic
2. Snickle Fritz
2. Maltese Cat
   Mistake Jr.

This was a very pretty heat, the wind a little better again. The Lunatic drew ahead about half way along the course, and kept her lead. Snickle Fritz and Maltese Cat tied for second. Mistake Jr. went over about half way along.

Second Heat.

1. Tar Baby
2. Dr. Rock
3. Spark Plug
4. Snookabus

This was all kinds of a race, enough to fool all judges. The Tar Baby made a pretty start, and lead, then dropped to second, the Dr. Rock drawing ahead; then the Dr.Rock went over for the fourth time (she finished second though) and the Tar Baby again took the lead finishing first. Dr.Rock though showing herself poor in stability in a light wind was very fast. The same may be said of the Spark Plug, which lead the race at times, was over and up again three times, and finished third. The Snookabus went over near the start, and did not finish.

Third Heat.

1. Cinch
2. Boreas
3. Captain Blood
4. Gyp

In spite of the wind being very light, again this was a very pretty race especially between the Cinch and Boreas, who had it neck and neck for the whole course. The Captain Blood was not so fast, but sailed well. The Gyp went over and was out of the race.

Fourth Heat.

1. Lucky Strike
2. C.U.Later
3. Run-T-Tun
4. Mystery

Wind steady, but very light. A somersault race, all the boats being over together at one time. The Mystery lost her deck in the process of her capsizings, and it was over and up again repeatedly for all hands.

Semi Finals.

1st Heat.

1. Cinch
2. Boreas
3. Maltese Cat
4. Lunatic

Wind a very light zephyr. A see-saw race, with the Cinch leading the Maltese Cat second until about half way when the Boreas caught up and finished a very close second almost tieing for first place. The Lunatic went over near the start, she was quickly up but nevertheless finished last.

2nd Heat.

1. Lucky Strike
2. C.U.Later
3. Tar Baby
   Dr.Rock

The lightest of zephyrs and another somersault heat. The Lucky Strike was over, then started again and drew up to first. The C.U.Later had the lead at first, then fell to second place, after capsizing; the Tar Baby, in the same way, dropped from second place to third, though after her second upset she went very well. The Dr.Rock went over twice and did not finish.

Finals.

1. Cinch
2. Boreas
3. Lucky Strike
4. C.U.Later

(Thurs. August 28, cont'd.)

There was hot rivalry between the two owners, J.H.S.Jr. for the "Cinch"and "C.U.Later" ; L.T. for the "Boreas" and "Lucky Strike". The Lucky Strikd lead at first, then fell to second on going over. The Boreas fell to third, then pulled up to second. The Cinch, third at first, pulled up to second, then to the lead, giving the cup to her owner, J.H.S.Jr.

This ended the races which, though nothing like what the thrill would have been with a strong wind, were yet a great satisfaction.

A volunteer squad to whom we are more than grateful, washed the dishes, a second one clearing the tables, the regular squad having necessary rehearsals.

After Games on the Hill we had Half-past Eight Boston, two very fine games, and later, Foot and Mouth, for the first time this summer, a wildly hilarious time. J.G.W. was guessed as A.D.H.; M.P. as Allen; C.H.C. as Sewall, etc. etc.

We had a nice little interval of star-gazing at 8:30, when Professor Richards let us look at Saturn through his telescope. The Rings showed plainly, the whole thing looking like a tilted cart-wheel, seen on edge. At 9:30 everyone went up to the Ball field to look at Mars, which is nearer than it will be again for 120 years. It certainly was magnificent, every bit as big as Jupiter, farther to the west, and burning soft and reddish, like a big parachute star dropped from a rocket.

Later a fine Aurora added to the celestial display.

Friday
August 29.

Bar- 29.8
Temp. 72
Wind- W.
Weather- Fair

Bright and clear with a lively westerly breeze.

Mighty doings by J.H.S. and Putnam,S. sawing dead limbs from the big oaks by the boat-house. They climbed way up, and sent some huge ones down; which afterwards were dragged up to increase the Bon-fire..

H.R. and Newhall worked on the Corker, who lost her complexion in spots, all over, on the Sandy River Trip. A Blackberry Squad picked well, and a noble Boat-cleaning Squad, brightened the Corker.

Final Boat and Canoe Races.

Officials.

Photographers.	Starter and Timer.	Press Boat	Pickers Up.
H.R.	J.R.	R.R.	R.B.T.
L.T.		P.N.McD.	C.B.H.H.

Clerk	Observers.		Carriers Out.	Float.	
J.H.S.	J.A.L.	G.M.I.	R.L.S.	J.G.W.	H.W.P.
	A.D.H.	M.P.	K.S.W.	H.M.W.	
	G.C.T.	C.H.C.	J.C.F.		

The final races could not have had a better day, with just enough breeze to make things lively, and we have seldon if ever, had better and snappier races. The contrast to the July races in steering, general handling of boats and driving power stands out tremendously, and shows how much fine work has been done.

Senior Singles. (Standing)
1st Heat

1. Driver in Squannacook Time, 4.5½
2. Thompson in Pink
3. Perry in Grayling
4. Taylor in Hecuba

Driver drew to the lead after the first, paddled a beautiful stroke, throughout, and made and ideal turn, neat and quick. Thompson in the Pink, led just at the first, but was much slower than Driver (though paddling evenly and with good control). Perry in the Grayling, had great difficulty in holding his course, in fact did not hold it but steered wildly throughout. Taylor trailed the others, far behind on the way out, but stuck to it, plugging hard, and almost caught up to Perry at the finish.

2nd Heat

1. Howe in Pink Time, 4.9
2. Dalton in Squanny
3. Knox in Hecuba
4. Lynch in Grayling

Howe did splendidly showing fine driving power, though his quicker more scooping stroke was not in such good form as Driver's, in the first heat, and he did not have his steering in absolute control. He quickly drew to a lead over Dalton, of seven lengths at the turn, which he increased to twenty lengths at the finish.

Dalton was slower, and has not yet weight enough for driving force, but showed ease with his canoe, in spite of a bad time with steering, half the way back, on the return course, Knox in the Hecuba was uneven. Lynch steered every way, showing almost complete lack of control and knowledge of steering, on the out course, but pulled up well and made a good finish, nearly catching Knox.

3rd Heat.

1. Hallowell in Squanny Time, 4.51½
2. Hepburn in Grayling
3. Watson in Pink
4. Newhall in Hecuba

Hallowell, second at first, gained till he passed Hepburn well before the turn, and then increased the lead gained, paddling well and fast throughout. Hepburn, who led at first, did well, but had a less steady drive. Watson and Newhall steered wild, showing lack of control throughout.

4th Heat.

1. Putnam in Squanny Time, 5.5.
2. Wiggins in Pink
3. Hamilton in Grayling
4. Hoffman in Hecuba

Lively duels between Pink and Squanny and between Grayling and Hecuba. Putnam, in Squanny, led from the start, but was overhauled, after a tough fight, by Wiggins and he regained the lead again by making a remarkably quick neat turn, by facing the other way in his canoe instead of bringing her round. Wiggins was slower at the turn, then lost his paddle, and lost the lead for good, though he paddled hard and fast, and had nearly made up his loss at the finish. The Grayling and Hecuba were much behind the first two, but had a close race with each other. Hoffman had a bad wobble, halfway through the outward course, but showed good gain in handling his boat, since the last race.

Junior Doubles.
1st Heat.

Stroke	Bow		Time, 3.53½
Futcher	Hepburn,S.	in Squanny	
Cushing	Carter	in Hecuba	
Richards	Bailey,D.	in Pink	
Huffman	Ladd	in Grayling	

A fine race, almost neck and neck between the Squanny, Hecuba and Grayling all through the outward course. The Hecuba made the best turn, but Squanny soon picked up and held a short lead to the finish. The Pink, a little behind all through the outward course, picked up to third over the Grayling on the home course.

2nd Heat.

Stroke	Bow		Time, 3.59
Lawrence	Weekes	in Pink	
Bailey,W.	Ewing	in Grayling	
Merrill	Rantoul,T.	in Hecuba	
Smith	Stackpole	in Squanny	

A very close race between Pink, Hecuba and Grayling, all the way out. Then Pink was first at the turn, and held her lead throughout, paddling a first rate race. The Hecuba finished second in time, but had got out of her course, so was awarded third place. Squanny steered wild all through, and fell far behind on the home course.

Senior Singles. (Standing)
Finals

1. Driver in Pink — Time, 3.57
2. Howe in Squanny
3. Hallowell in Hecuba
4. Putnam in Grayling

Driver drew quickly to a lead, showing mastery and fine form. Howe fought splendidly and made a good second. He had one bad wobble. Hallowell did well but had much less speed. Putnam was slow and steered a little wild.

Junior Doubles.
Finals

Stroke	Bow		Time, 4.3 1/5
Futcher	Hepburn,S.	in Pink	
Lawrence	Weekes	in Squanny	
Cushing	Carter	in Hecuba	
Bailey,W.	Ewing	in Grayling	

The best race so far and very close; almost neck and neck all through the first lap. The Pink got a good start making the first turn. Squanny pulled ahead to the lead and was about even with the Pink until it came to the turn, then Lawrence and Weekes were too slow and made too big a circle. Near the end the Grayling picked up

on the Hecuba, making the race very even all round.

Senior Doubles. (Standing)

1st Heat.

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1. Driver and Dalton in Squanny Time, 3.31
2. Thompson and Lynch in Hecuba
3. Hamilton and Hepburn in Grayling
4. Hallowell and Perry in Pink

The Squanny, although even with the Hecuba at first, made a good turn and due to this and their excellent stroke, came in first. The Grayling and Hecuba had a good race, the latter coming in 6 lengths behind the Squanny and the Grayling about 1 length behind the Hecuba. Hallowell and Perry in Pink, went over within 30 yards of the Float, they managed to get in again but again went over and this time were too helplessly swamped to do anything.

2nd Heat.

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1. Howe and Wiggins,J. in Pink Time, 3.35
2. Putnam and Watson in Squanny
   Knox and Hoffman in Grayling
   Newhall and Taylor in Hecuba

The Pink getting the lead fast, were ahead at the turn and came in first. The Hecuba was the first to go over very soon after the start and they were soon followed by the Grayling, the crew of the latter managing to get in again but they soon lost their balance and were again over.

Midget Rangeleys.

1. Jameson in Erebus Time, 1.45
2. Rockwell in Yamner
3. Dupee in Terror
4. Turner in Willi
5. Sturges in Ident
6. Hubbard in Pant

The real race was for 4th place between the Ident and Willi; the others however were close, except for Hubbard, making it a good race.

Mixed Rangeley Race.

	Stroke	Bow	Cox		
1.	Futcher	Johnson	Hubbard	in Pant	Time, 1.23½
2.	Merrill	Ewing	Dupee	in Terror	
3.	Smith	Cushing	Jameson	in Erebus	
4.	Ladd	Huffman	Turner	in Willi	
5.	Rantoul,T.	Hepburn,S.	Rockwell	in Yamner	
6.	Weekes	Carter	Sturges	in Ident	

Futcher and Johnson in the Pant rowed very well, it was a good race and close all through.

Senior Doubles. (Standing)
Finals

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1. Howe and Wiggins in Squanny — Time, 3.22
2. Putnam and Watson in Hecuba
3. Thompson and Lynch in Grayling
   Driver and Dalton in Pink

The Pink setting a beautiful stroke and leading all through although not much ahead of the Squanny, upset just as they were about to cross the finishing line. The Squanny pressed the Pink hard and won the race due to the Pink's mishap. The Hecuba came in about 6 lengths behind the Squanny, and the Grayling came in a conservative third.

Junior Four Paddlers. (Out and Back)
1st Heat.

Time, 3.14

	1. Corker		
Bailey,D.	Merrill	Rockwell	Wiggins,J.
	2. Abol		
Stackpole	Lawrence	Ladd	Bailey,W.
	3. Worry		
Ewing	Hubbard	Sturges	Carter

The Corker pulled away from the others from the start, was first at the turn, keeping her lead till the finish, though closely pressed by the Abol. A close and spirited race between the first two. Worry finished a third of the course behind.

2nd Heat.

Time, 3.17

	1. Worry		
Smith	Hepburn,S.	Rantoul,T.	Huffman
	2. Abol		
Johnson	Jameson	Turner	Futcher
	3. Corker		
Cushing	Dupee	Weekes	Richards

The Worry led from the first, and kept the lead throughout. The Abol and Corker fouled at the turn, but were not disqualified, and finished close.

Senior Four Paddlers. (Out and Back twice)

	1. Worry		Time, 6.30
Hallowell	Hamilton	Hepburn,A.	Driver
	2. Corker		
Hoffman	Wiggins, J.	Knox	Howe
	3. Abol		
Newhall	Watson	Lynch	Putnam, S.
	4. Eben		
Perry	Taylor	Dalton	Thompson

A fine race, almost neck and neck. Driver led at the first turn by 3 feet only. The Worry paddled a beautiful stroke throughout, and her turns were in about perfect form and speed. The Corker lost a little in all the turns, but gained in between by hard

driving, and finished just lapping the Worry. A beautiful race between these two. The Abol was almost neck and neck with the first two at the first turn, and only a little farther behind at the second turn. Eben fourth throughout.

Junior Four Paddlers.
Finals
--
Time, 3.9

1. Worry

Smith Hepburn,S. Rantoul,T. Huffman

2. Abol

Stackpole Lawrence Ladd Bailey,W.

3. Corker

Bailey,D. Merrill Rockwell Wiggins,J.

Worry pulled ahead from the start. Had about 2 lengths lead at the turn, and held it paddling a fine race throughout. The other two made the turns practically together and fouled, Abol making too wide a turn. In the Corker Peter Merrill proved an Enemy in Camp, by three times falling into the middle of the canoe. The first time proved ineffective; the second attempt was better for they shipped much water; the third attempt was triumphant, for the canoe responded promptly by capsizing, giving the second place to the Abol.

To our sorrow G.C.T. and Lentner Sewall had to leave this evening.

There was a short Digestion Club, R.R. reading the story always read at the Winter Reunion of the Graduates, "Andie Coggin". This was followed by some glorious Half-past Eight Boston.

For the Half-past Niners we read one of the "Father Brown" stories by Chesterton.

Saturday
August 30

Fine weather promised for the Great Day, and held until it suddenly turned oppressively hot, later in the afternoon; but we were lucky to have bright skies.

H.W.P., alas, left after breakfast having to go back for exams. We are "sweir" to lose our extra-super Putty!

A special squad cut and ferried down two mighty boat loads of red pine, and another cut armfuls of cat-tails. In the afternoon there was mild Skowhegan, while a committee of nearly the whole Faculty, ably assisted, turned the living room into a bower of pleasant smelling green, a really lovely sight. So was;

The Dramatic Editor will now take over. Blake L. Lawrence

THE FANCY BALL.

Why did it begin at 8:30, instead of 8:00 as announced? Because the Ladies were not ready. And <u>why</u> were the Ladies not ready? Because they had to dress, not only themselves, but Queen Guineveres and all the ladies of King Arthur's Court. Because no single noble Roman of them all, from Caesar himself down to the Junior Senator (Lawrence), had the faintest glimmer of a notion how to get into his tunic, much less to fasten the thongs on his Roman legs! Query; did Calphernia and Portia have to dress their respective lords every morning of their lives?

Enough! At long last everyone was ready; Pompey's statue and Miss Wardle's nose were both powdered to admiration; Mr. Alfred Jingle gave a last effective twirl to his moustache; and to the gay crash of the "Wooden Soldiers" march, the Procession started. The various "events" were grouped together; Conspirators and King, Bride and Barmaid, Sophie and Silverhead, round and round they marched, a gay and motley throng, while the spectators looked on with delight.

The march was followed by a round dance (that appears to be what

they call it; one on-looker saw no dancing, heard no music!) and then, according to time-honored custom, all seated themselves on the floor and the Business of the Evening began. A full list of characters is given below; mention here must be brief. The first stunt was "The Three Bears", with Newhall, Allen and Hubbard in the three ursine parts, and Carter as little Silverhair. They jigged, danced and sang, to the ancient tune ("The Duke of Lea") for which the lines were written all in time and tune; a charming performance of an old favorite.

Next came three brief scenes from the "Pickwick Papers" representing the courtship (all too short!) of Mr. Tracy Tupman (G.M.I.) and Miss Rachael Wardle (Lynch); displaying, moreover, the treachery of the Fat Boy (Taylor) the terror of the Old Lady, (Dupee) and above all the unexampled duplicity and villainy of Mr.Alfred Jingle (P.N.McD.). All the parts were well taken; Mr.Tupman's deep voice trembled with manly emotion; Miss Wardle was the picture of coy yet inpressionable spinsterhood; as to Jingle---but no! all too life-like as the presentation was, we must not allow it to predjudice us against P.N.McD. who really is <u>not</u> the attractive scoundrel he appeared, but a person of undoubted worth.

A few moments, and we took a backward leap of several centuries, and found ourselves in Arthurian England. The simple nursery rhyme (on which the operetta is founded) was recited.

"When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding.

A bag pudding the Queen did make,
And stuffed it full of plums;

And in it (etc, etc.)---

K.S.W. certainly made a goodly king; pity that he was not as honest as he was good-looking! Cushing made an excellent miller; Smith a gentle and housewifely Guinevere. (We wish she had always behaved as well!) The Ladies and Courtiers ate their pudding and sang their song with a will; a very spirited performance.

Another series of gay gambols,-- I beg its pardon! a dance!--- another swift flirting of the curtain,-- we were in Rome, in the year 33 B.C. Caesar (Driver) sat before us in all his majesty, surrounded by his senators. Behind him towered Pompey's statue, (R.L.S.) at one side the conspirators clustered together whispering (audibly!) their final directions to one another. Martellus Cimba knelt to plead for his banished brother, as he did so, and as Caesar indignantly repelled him, the other assassins, after adding their one petition, quietly moved to their appointed stations. "Stike, hands, for me!", cried Caesar. Caesar sprang to his feet; a moment of wild confusion, daggers flashing in air; Brutus dealt his fatal stroke, and with his last great cry, "Et tu, Brute!" great Caesar fell.

The scene has been acted many times here, in the course of years, but never, I think, with such dramatic fire.

The same may be said of the next two numbers. Never was a more effective Lord Bateman than C.H.C. with his dark love-locks and his crimson cloak; never a Sophia more enchanting than H.M.W. The young Bride (M.P.) and her mother (I.M.K.) showed admirable presence of mind in the embarrassing situation from which they were happily delivered by the proud young porter's (Hamilton) offer.

"And all did dance and all did sing
Right merrily, right merrily."

(Sat. August 30, cont'd.)

Bluebeard is an old favorite with Camp audiences, and the tradition received new honors in this performance. Bluebeard himself (J.H.S.) was as ferocious as heart could desire, Fatima (A.D.H.) and Sister Anne (R.R.) as feminine and timorous as could be imagined. The valiant Brothers (C.B.H.H., Hallowell, Wiggins) did all that was expectaed of them, and more, and the final chorus, "Joy, joy, joy!" etc. was echoed by all hands.

Now J.G.W. took the floor, and gave us one of the amazing performances that he alone can produce. "The Poacher's Dream" is impossible to descibe because it <u>was</u> a dream, with all the incongruities, inconsistencies, impossibilities of the dream world. We saw first the village ale-house, with its kindly host, (L.T.) its pretty barmaid (Dalton) and its gathering of village cronies, the clerk (J.G.W.) the stuttering cobler, (J.R.) and 'Arry 'Awke, (J.A.L.Jr.) the poacher. The school children trooped in for their draught of small beer. The elders reproved the poacher for his lawless ways. After defending himself as well as he could, he fell asleep in his chair; and -- presto! the Dream was upon him, and upon us. The host turned to an elephant, with huge spectacles on his trunk; the clerk to a frog (<u>such</u> a frog!), the cobbler to a knight in armor; while instead of the village children we beheld a troop of animals, foxes, wolves, hounds, etc. etc. who forming themselves into a "panel", became a jury, to sit on the case of 'Arry 'Awke, accused of various high crimes and misdemeanors. The elephant-judge, the frog-clerk, the cobbler-knight, all played their parts to perfection; the whole was certainly "such stuff as dreams are made of."

Then it was lemon sherbert, and triple taps, and then Bed!

"THE POACHER'S DREAM"

Cast.

Peter Gurney, Landlord (Elephant Judge)	L.T.
Tom Cobley, Town Clerk and Sexton (Frog Clerk)	J.G.W.
'Arry 'Awke, Poacher	J.A.L.Jr.
Dan'l Whidden, Dominie (Rabbit)	H.M.W.
Jan Stewer, Cobbler (Knight)	J.R.
Peter Davy, Farmer (Donkey)	R.B.T.
Arabella Gurney, Barmaid (Robin)	Dalton
Slops, chore boy (Traitor Knight)	Weekes
Farmer's Sons (Jury)	Rockwell---Sturges
	Jameson ---Ewing
Drovers (Jury)	Richards---Stackpole
	Turner-----Hepburn,S.
	Johnson----Huffman
	Rantoul,T.

Scene 1.
Elephant Tavern.

Discovered:
Peter Gurney
Arabella Gurney
Slops
Tom Cobley

Enter:
Jan Stewer and Dan'l Whidden who drink; followed by 'Arry 'Awke who displays fish and finally discloses his poachings and his thirst.

'A.'A.: You'm all good friends o' mine. Can trust all o' you. None o' you'll peach on old 'Arry. See what old 'Arry's caught. They's nice fish! And ye see yon hare. Foin big hare thot!

J.S.:(stuttering): Th, th, th, they, f-f-f-fish---

T.C.: Jan, he seems minded to say es how they fish look mighty like some o' Squire Chullywudale's big carp, what he's stocked in his stillwater up to Willow Meadows.

'A.'A.:(slyly): Why, Uncle Tom, naw you make mention on it, they do look some like the Squire's carp--- most uncommon like--- but (drinks) you'm all old friends!

D.W.: But thet hare theer, thet's a foin big hare! Theer be a tidy lot o' fine hares to Willow Meadows on the way to the still-water.

'A.'A.: Why come to speak on it, there be lots and lots o' foin hares theer, an' I don't surmise es how the Squire (he's sech a grand gentleman) would miss one or two on 'em.

P.G.: 'Arry 'Awke, take keer, take keer! It is a sin to steal a pin. I mind when you was a wee babby, I ketched you thievin' apples in my orchard. I says to Mrs.Gurney then (of blessed memory), I says:"Martha, thet there 'Arry boy ain't treadin' righteous ways. He met wi' the giant temptation, an he's been defeated. The jedjements'll ketch him. Let him look to his ways and no gather where he hath not sowed, as the good Book says."

J.S.: The w-w-w-way--

P.G.: Yes, Jan, thaw speakest truth, thew way of the transgressor

is hard.
'A.'A.:Tha's all right! you'm all good friends, an' we'll have another stoop o' ale, all round. Wheer's thot wench? Odds fish, I'm tired! 'Tis weary work ketchin' frogs fur to fish wi'.
Song: Ho, Brother Teague, dost hear the decree,
That we shall have a new deputie?
Enter: Six droves who sit down at large table and call to barmaid.
Enter: Farmer(Peter Davy) with four sons.
P.G.: Ah, 'tis Peter Davy! An' hoo was the fair? An' ye hae the childer along.
P.D.: 'Twas a muckle fair.
Children (looking in basket): Faythor, see yon gert fish!
'A.'A.:Away, away boys! Dinna ye bawther 'Arry 'Awke.
P.D.: Come awa' an' have yer sma' beer, boys.
T.C.: Peter is right, 'Arry, Peter is right. No poacher ever came to no good. Theer's law in old England, an' ye nam tak' care. (Lights go down) Fur ye'll get caught. Ye must mind yer ways, fur 'tis caught ye'll be, by the law ye will. Ye'll be caught, ye'll be caught,--- ye'll be caught!--

---

Lights practically extinguished and scene changes to Court Room.

(Peter Gurney is the elephant judge; Tom Cobley, the frog clerk; the seven drovers, the farmer's four sons and the barmaid are the jury, with the barmaid as foreman. She is now a robin, the drovers are animals, the farmer's sons fishes. The farmer is a donkey, the dominie a rabbit. The poacher is the prisoner clad in a nightshirt. The cobbler becomes a knight.)

Judge:The court will come to order! The court will come to order!
Clerk:The sergeant-at-arms will clear the aisles! The sergeant-at-arms will clear the aisles!' The gentleman in the green coat will please sit down.
Judge:It must be lighter.
1st Juryman: Lighter!
2nd Juryman: Lighter! (and so on throughout the Jury.)
(Lanterns come in.)
Judge:Hail the prisoner to the bar!
Jury:(singing) Hail, hail, the gang's all here.
Judge:Read the charge.
Clerk:Cannons to right of them,
Cannons to left of them,
Volleyed and thundered!
Judge:It's the wrong charge!
Clerk:Someone has blundered.
Donkey:Hay, it's time to eat.
Clerk:Silence in the court room.
Judge:The court will come to order. Hail the prisoner to the bar.
Donkey:Ahoy there, prisoner!
1st Juryman:Heave ho, my hearties!
4th Juryman:Shiver my timbers!
5th Juryman:Belay there!
6th Juryman:Batten down the hatches!
Four fish:Reef your bulwarks!

Judge:Here my lads, come step ashore;
The court has heard that stuff before.
Clerk:The prisoner is charged with murder of frogs in the 476th degree, one degree for every frog.
Rabbit:Are those degrees Centigrade or Fahrenheit?
Judge:A very pertinent question.
Clerk:Did you say pertinent or impertinent?
Judge:Pertinent!
Clerk:(writing) How many "ts" in pertinent?
Judge:Not impertinent, pertinent! What is the Jury's opinion on this question?
1st Juryman:Beer!
2nd Juryman:Ale!
3rd Juryman:Beer! (and so on throughout the Jury)
Judge:The Jury seems to be divided in their opinion.
Clerk:He is also charged with being found with three dead hares in his possession.
Rabbit:Herpicide will save him.
(Jury start playing Mythology)
Clerk:He is also charged with thieving and purloining and unlawfully annexing worms, earth and angle, long and slimy, fat and furry, the lawful property and provender of our sister the robin.
(Jury cheers, robin bows)
Prisoner:I do protest that this court is illegal, entirely out of order, and ye be all foolish beasties. What be ye all a-doin' of?
Judge:This is a very moot question. Hum-ho! Has the Jury any opinion in this matter?
1st Juryman:Prisoner is here to stay.
2nd Juryman:Britain holds the sea in sway.
3rd Juryman:Come, sweet ladies, come away.
4th Juryman:Little Johnny wants to play.
5th Juryman:Now it is the tenth of May.
6th Juryman:Prisoner must kneel and pray.
7th Juryman:Soft! I see the rising moon!
8th Juryman:See it shining though it's noon.
9th Juryman:Sweet bells jangled out of tune.
10th Juryman:Dog has run away with spoon.
11th Juryman:Noble Judge, I crave a boon.
12th Juryman:Execute this caitiff soon.
Judge:Very good. Prisoner, anything you say will be used against you.
Prisoner:'Tis a' fulishness!
Judge:Gentlemen, you have heard the charge. The lawyer for the defense has the floor.
Cobbler:Your---honor---and gentlemen of th-the jury, all I demand is f-f-fairness.
(Bell rings)
Judge:Time's up. That's very interesting. Please note certain parts of that. The Prosecution now has the floor.
Prisoner:'Tis a' fulishness! An' what ye doin' wi' me in my night-rail? And this be no coort o' law.
Judge:(severly) Do you appeal this to a higher court?
Prisoner:I do that.
Judge:(Bench rises) This is the highest you can have. Let the witnesses be called.

Clerk:What shall we cll the witnesses,your honor?
Judge:Call them anything you please. The wind bloweth where it listeth.
Clerk:Come here, you bally-ass.
Cobbler:Wh-Where were y-y-you yesterday?
Donkey:Where was donkey yesterday?
In his stable eating hay.
When the groom my stall had swept,
Then I lay me down and slept.
When I saw the light again,
Then I breakfasted on grain.
Thus do all obedient mules;
We, too, have our golden rules.
Judge:That clears up a great deal. "De profundis clamavi".
Clerk:Here is the witness who claims to have been murdered.
Cobbler:J-J-Just how were you m-m-murdered?
Rabbit:Well, it was really perfectly ridiculous, but, you see, it was this way. My uncle and I own a little farm. Uncle has always been mad about the country; he always hated the town, and its big paved streets.
Judge:This is indeed signifigant.
Rabbit:And in the afternoons Uncle and I usually take a little strol through the cucumber patch; we have a lovely little bed of sweet peas there, too.
(Jury plays "Peas porridge hot"etc.)
Clerk:Ich bin der Doktor Eisenbart.
Judge:Iz it bozzible? Continue reading the charge.
Clerk:And now the bold Sir Bedivere, came lightly o'er the plain. Right merrily sang the good Knight as his armor clanged and his pennon flew out behind in the bright sunlight, and his song was somewhat on this wise:
Cobbler:(having mounted donkey) T-T-T-Tira l-l-l-lira---
Clerk:(continues)Now on a sudden as he mounted a copse all aglow with honey suckle and oleander, did this gentle knight espie a dreadful sight. For there, her hands tied behind her, stood a beauteous lady, shackled to a gnarled trunk.(Barmaid is tied to the elephant's trunk) Now quoth Sir Bedivere:
Cobbler:B-B-B-By m-m-my hal-halidome--
Judge:Sing it!
Cobbler:(singing)What scurvy knave has done so foul a deed? Verily will I free the fair lady, and avenge her on this foul varlet, who'er he be, or I be no true knight.
Clerk:So saying did this noble squire wind his horn. (Cobbler blows) Hardly had the last notes died away when crashing through the bracken there did appear a scurvy villain bedight in armor and wearing a small but costly crown upon his beetlin brow. (Enter Slops as knight) Whereupon the bold Sir Bedivere did shout, (Cobbler stutters."H-h-h-a-a-") and was answered by his wicked adversary with a bloodcurdling, (Slops shouts,"Ho!") and with out more ado they did rush headlong upon one another and close in mortal combat.
(Applause from the Jury and Judge)
(Scuffle behind Clerk's desk)
Prisoner:(to Judge) Am I a-goin' fur to be tried, or be you'm a-bartin o' me? What has cobblers and scrub-boys in outlandish dressin's fightin' fur barmaids to do wi' all this?
Judge:He thought it was the barmaid. Put that down Clerk. Jury,

take notice. He wants to know what it is all about. Ha, ha, he'll soon find out! For the proud have slept their sleep.

Clerk: And so did these dread warriors continue until nightfall in this gory encounter. And the clashing of arms was heard reechoing throughout the wood.

Judge: It should be darker for nightfall.

1st Juryman: Darker!

2nd Juryman: Darker! (and so on throughout the Jury)

Clerk: And as they did so fight, a great storm did begin to rage, and it became as black as pitch, and no man could see his hand before his face. It was that dark----that a'(Scene 3. Same as Scene 1.) could na find my own front door when I came home thot night. But 'ello, 'Arry's wakin' up.

'A.'A.: Yes, and 'Arry's goin' 'ome too, for I do be thinkin' that this Inn o' yours do be bewitched.

(He stumbles out)

Curtain.

CHARACTERS AT THE FANCY BALL.

Silver Hair	Carter
1st Bear	Newhall
2nd Bear	Allen
3rd Bear	Hubbard
Miss Rachael Wardle	Lynch
The Old Lady	Dupee
Mr.Tupman	G.M.I.
Mr.Jingle	P.N.McD.
The Fat Boy	Taylor
King Arthur	K.S.W.
Queen Guinevere	Smith
Miller	Cushing
Ladies	Rantoul,R.,Ladd,Bailey,D.
Courtiers	Merrill,Watson,Bailey,W.
Caesar	Driver
Brutus	Futcher
Cassius	J.C.F.
Casca	Putnam
Cinna	Scaife
Decius Brutus	Hoffman
Martellus Cimba	Perry
Pompey's Statue	R.L.S.
Senators	B.L.L.,Knox,Howe,Lawrence
Lord Bateman	C.H.C.
Sophia	H.M.W.
Young Bride	M.P.
Mother	I.M.K.
Porter	Hamilton
Turks	Thompson,Hepburn,A.
Bluebeard	J.H.S.
Fatima	A.D.H.
Sister Anne	R.R.
1st Brother	C.B.H.H.
2nd Brother	Wiggins,J.
3rd Brother	Hallowell
Inn clerk (Clerk of Dream Court)	J.G.W.
Bartender (Dream Judge)	L.T.
'Arry 'Awke, Poacher	J.A.L.Jr.
Domine (Rabbit)	H.M.W.
Cobbler (Knight)	J.R.
Rustic character (Donkey)	R.B.T.
Barmaid	Dalton
Scrub Boy	Weekes
Village Children	Rantoul,T. ---- Ewing
	Richards ----- Hepburn,S.
	Stackpole ---- Huffman
	Sturges ------ Jameson
	Turner ------- Johnson
	Rockwell

Sunday
August 31.

It began with a light fog about sunrise, but cleared soon to a soft, warm day, making us sure of our picnic.

Laurie Scaife left early in the morning. It has been very nice to have him back.

Right after service the motley company was assembled to have their Fancy Dress photographs. It went off finely, the different groups being all ready promptly, and everyone helping to make a difficult job go easily. It looked, as always, perfectly absurd; Kings and queens, Turks, Romans, etc. all about in the morning sunlight.

There was a joyful surprise at Faculty Coffee, when J.R.A. and L.T.S., two of the most beloved of Old Boys and Faculty blew in from Merryweather Beach, where they and their Ladies arrived last night, fore-runners of the Reunion.

Shell Races.

The Shell Races were certainly as good ones as we have ever had. The conditions were first rate, (though there was a little more wind for the afternoon than the morning heats) and the contestants rowed with every bit there was in them. The Prefect's race was run off in the morning, and one heat of the Boys', the others in the the afternoon; the start of the Picnic being held till five o'clock to make time for them

Prefect's Race.
1st Heat.

Fairchild	3.37	
Hollister	4.21	2/5

Hollister was still off colour from his heavy cold, and did not make as fast time as he would have otherwise. Fairchild rowed finely, showing good speed and form.

2nd Heat.

Thurber	3.27
Walker	3.38

Walker steered a good way out of the course, losing time.

Finals

Fairchild	3.33
Thurber	3.41 1/5

A good race; though, as in the former heat, the loser steered out too far.

Boy's Races.

1st Heat.

Wiggins	4.4 2/5
Allen	4.5 2/5
Hallowell	Time not taken, two lengths behind Allen.

The best race of the afternoon, all three doing finely. Hallowell steered too far out.

2nd Heat

Driver	3.10
Thompson	20 lengths behind.

Thompson was out-classed. This race and those following were rowed in the afternoon, when the water was fairly rough, and water-manship counted for more than strength. The times of the afternoon races cannot be compared to the morning', as there was a different course, with different conditions of wind and sea.

3rd Heat

Howe	3.25
Perry	3.34

A very good race.

4th Heat

Dalton	3.27
Putnam	3.34

Another good race. Dalton rowed very prettily, and had to work hard to beat Putnam.

Semi-Finals.

Driver	3.11
Wiggins.	3.34

Driver out-classed Wiggins. He made the same time as in his first heat, within a second, showing consistent mastery of his boat, and good form. Wiggins did not row quite as well in the rougher water as he did in the morning. He did well, though.

2nd Heat

Dalton	3.27
Howe	3.35 2/5

Howe fought hard, but had not quite the speed.

Finals

Driver	3.10 1/5
Dalton	About 10 lengths behind.

Dalton rowed in as good form as Driver, but had not the strength. This heat, as a matter of fact, was rowed on Monday, but it is copied in here, to keep the race accounts together. It was rowed over the same course as the Sunday morning heats, but of course under different conditions.

J.C.F., alas, left us this afternoon, having had word of his father's serious illness. It is hard to lose one who counts for so much in the Camp circle, before the end. He has all our sympathy in his anxiety, and we hope for better news.

Faculty and Graduate Butlers at dinner!

The Hemlock Point picnic was the best one of the summer, as the last one should be. A delegation went over yesterday to ask Camp Jolee's permission (which was very kindly given) and we went down at five to the beloved place, where (barring weather) we have always gone for the Last Picnic, for all the years of Camp.

We found the Point nice and tidy. The Half-pst Niners "buttlered"

beautifully, collected wood and made a good fire, and soon everybody was making and buttering nice, smoky toast, a pleasant custom which by a mistake has been too much dropped for the last year or two.

We had good singing of rounds and John Brown's body; and then came the time which means more to us with every year of Camp, when L.E.R. sings the Merryweather Light. Then Auld Lang Syne, and then the start for home. Just off the Point, Skipper had the Fleet change to a tandum formation. The boats and canoes fell behind each other in regular order, while we kept a good pace. We circled Pickerel Rock, then at the word, the Canoes fell out, and raced for their landing, the row-boats and Ouananiche circling once more, then breaking ranks to land. Good evolutions, very prettily carried out.

We had the best hymn singing of the summer, then, as always on the last Sunday night; Kipling's "Envoi", and "The Maltese Cat", and, this time, Hagedorn's "The Troop of the Guard".

Hurrah! at nearly twelve o'clock, when the whole Camp had long been all dark and asleep, arrived:

Eliot T. Putnam Jr.

Special Details for the Week:

Merryweather Light------- Cushing

Flag---------- Driver

Weather---------- Bailey, D.

Monday Sept. 1.. Still, muggy, hot! A poor exchange for the brilliant weather we can nearly always count on at this time; alas, this spoiling all hopes (as last week's weather did) of the York Hill, Muskrat and Round the Horn and Little Pond trips we have hoped for all last fortnight.

A few out-of-door notes for the end of the season;

The birds stopped singing much earlier than usual.

The eagles have been about a great deal, both old birds and young. Two Loon families, four to each, have been about for a fortnight, sailing and calling and talking, and yesterday we saw four of the big, powerful creatures on the wing, flying very fast just over Camp. There have been no companies of the little Bonapart's Gull, or of Tern, but we have seen three or four bigger gulls several times.

Pickerel Rock is still under water, never having showed for the whole season, we think this is a record.

The finals of the Shell Races were run off this morning.(See yesterday for winner and time)

Senior Ball

Domes vs. Puts.

The best Senior Ball game of the summer, although it was extremely hot everyone played with a lot of pep and the hitting and fielding was fine.

1st inning.

The Puts came up to bat first, the first man flying out to R.L.S., the second striking out; then a good hit by K.S.W. followed by one by C.B.H.H. bringing in K.S.W., the third man struck out and so ende the first half. For the Domes there were two 2 base hits, the first by J.A.L. bringing in Hallowell; and the second by Driver bringing in J.A.L. and R.L.S.

2nd inning.

In the first half Cushing caught a high out-field fly, it was an important play as the bases were full and E.T.P., who had hit the fly, made the 3rd man out.

3rd inning.

Three consecutive hits by K.S.W., C.B.H.H., and H.M.W., the last a 2 bagger. Bases were full with two outs and Wiggins at bat, C.B. H.H. tried stealing home but was easily put out by J.A.L. In the second half there was a pretty stop by C.B.H.H. and two hits, one by J.A.L. and a 2 base hit by G.M.I.

4th inning.

More hits! One to right field by C.B.H.H. bringing in the Putnam Bros. and inthe second half one by the Doc, a 2 bagger.

5th inning.

A hit to left field, a two bagger, by R.L.S. followed by a hit to right field by G.M.I. bringing in J.A.L. The score was now, 5-4 in favor of the Domes.

6th inning.

H.M.W. made a hit to left field bringing in K.S.W. In the second half, Hallowell made a spectacular back-hand stop.

7th inning.

A hit by Hallowell.

8th inning.

Two runs (H.M.W. and Allen) forced in due to Bases on Balls. A splendid hit, a two base, by Perry,bringing in Driver and P.N.McD.

9th inning.

The score was 9-8 in favor of the Domes. The Puts started off with two strike-outs then C.B.H.H. got to 3rd and H.M.W. to 2nd; then, awful suspence!, R.B.T. hit a fly and G.M.I. saved the day

(Mon. Sept.1, cont'd.)

for the Domes by making a beautiful catch.

No.	Domes	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
4	[illegible]	x x x +3	3 K			1 K		K x x +9	3 +3				5	2		1
.	D.L.S	x x x +3		I -3		x x +3		2 -5 x -6					4	2		1
2	S.A.L.	x x x +8		x x +8		x x +1		I -3					4	3		3
1	P.W.T.	I K		2 1-6 H.S		2 2-4 +3		3 1-3					4	0		2
[illegible]	[illegible]	x x +3		3 -3		x x +B			x x +8				3	1		2
[illegible]	P.M.P.D.	2 -3			x x +3	3 -3			x x F.C				4	1		1
[illegible]	[illegible]	3 K			I -3		I -3		I K				4	0		0
7	[illegible]		I -3		2 K		2 K		2 -3				4	0		0
8	[illegible]		2 +3		3 K		3 K		x +3				4	0		1
	Totals	3 / 3	0 / 3	1 / 4	0 / 4	2 / 6	0 / 6	1 / 7	2 / 9	/	/	/				

No.	Pets	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	TB.	S.B
4	[illegible]	I -1	BB		x x BB	3 +1		x BB	BB				2	1		0
2	F.T.P	2 K	3 -1		x x BB		I F.C +1	BB		I K			4	1		1
6	K.S.W.	x x +9		x x +9	2 -1		x x +4	1 K		2 K			6	3		3
1	C.B.H.H.	x K +9		x x -3 +9	x x -6		2 -3		I -5	x x F4			6	0		4
3	H.M.W.	3 K		x H.S	x BB				x x F4	x BC			4	1		2
5	R.P.T.		I K -3	I K	3 K		3 K		1 -3 BB	3 +3			5	0		0
8	[illegible]		x x +5	BB		x BB		I	x x +3				1	1		0
7	[illegible]		2 K	2 K		3 K		x x +4	2 -5 3 BB	x			4	1		1
4	[illegible]		x BB		I -1	2 -3		1 -5 3 F.C		x F.C			4	0		0
	Totals	1 / 1	0 / 1	1 / 2	2 / 4	0 / 4	1 / 5	1 / 6	2 / 8	0 / 8	/	/				

Bug League.

For Futcher's team in the 2nd inning, Bailey, W. and Stackpole each made a run. In the second half, Huffman got a run, leaving Watson and Smith on bases, they both started to steal and finally got the 2nd baseman so rattled that they both got home, making 3 runs for Smith's side. There was one minor casualty, Huffman getting a ball in the knee while catching.

Carter made a good catch and double play at the end of the 3rd inning, catching Huffman's fly and getting Knox out at first. Knox caught Bailey,W's fly in the 4th inning, and in the last half, Watson, Hamilton and Smith got home making the score 6-2 in favor of Smith's team.

The 5th inning was certainly famous for its runs on both sides. Futcher's team started off with two of them by Lawrence and Johnson, then Thompson's head got in the way of the ball and he took his base. Bailey,W. then made a hit bringing in Carter; this was followed by a 3 base hit by Stackpole brining home Bailey, W. On Smith's side, Knox and Huffman got in tieing the score, 6-6. Then Watson and Hamilton got in and were soon followed by Smith.

In the 6th, Lawrence made a run for Futcher's side. In the second half, Stackpole caught Ladd out, and Newhall made a run. Futcher's side (in the 7th) made one more run, ending the game 12-10, in favor of Smith's team.

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6
1	[illegible]		K		K	K	
2	Ladd	K	K		K		6
3	[illegible]	K		K		K	5
4	[illegible]	K		1			4 3
5	[illegible]			2			1
6	[illegible]				2		4 3
7	[illegible]		K		2		
8	Smith				2		
9	[illegible]				4 3	3	
	Totals	0 / 0	3 / 3	0 / 3	3 / 9	5 / 11	1 / 17

No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1	[illegible]	K	K						
2	[illegible]	K							
3	[illegible]			K					
4	[illegible]			K				K	
5	[illegible]	K							2
6	[illegible]								
7	[illegible]				K				
8	[illegible]		K			K	3 1		K
9	[illegible]							K	K
	Totals	0 / 0	2 / 2	1 / 3	/ 3	/ 4	/	1 / 9	/

Ouani
C.H.C.

Dupee		Hepburn, A.
Ewing		Hoffman
Merrill		Lynch
Rantoul, T.		Richards
Rockwell		Turner
	passengers	
Rantoul, R.		Sturges
Hubbard		Jameson

C.H.C. and a cheerful bunch of fourteen went to Oak Island, in the Ouananiche, for a last Suppers Out. They had a wonderful swim, all sorts of extras for supper. C.H.C. told a story, they all beguiled Bobby Rantoul with tales of the wonderful things they had done and had eaten while he was asleep, and came home jubilant.

Late in the afternoon arrived another old Camper:

Henry Shaw

To offset this, alas, B.L.L. went back to New York after supper. We haven't seen him before since his three years stay in England, where he worked in mills in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Scotland, and later with Morgan, Grefell, in London. It has been good indeed to have him in Camp again.

"Go As You Please" after supper, followed by a last ghost story, the Signal Man; a lively bout of Half-past Eight Boston, then double header Mythology for the Half-past Niners.

Tuesday, September 2d.
B. 29. 6.
Wind N.W.
Rain in P. M.

Two bad things, for the last day; the first (and much worst), being that L. E. R., who has felt wretchedly for two days, developed bronchitis, and must stay in bed for a few days. L. T. still wretchedly with his cold.

Intensive packing for most of the morning. On Yard Squad, Sam Lynch made what is, we think, a record, picking up 125 matches. Last Swim at once merry and sorrowful.

The second bad thing, a settling in to steady, heavy rain came on at dinner time. No hope for the Last Scouting! (Fortunately it isn't really needed, the Season's victory having been won on the last afternoon!) We wondered what could possibly be done, that wouldn't either be a horrid come down, or soak everybody's clothes; but the Faculty were right there with the finest surprise and come-back, in the shape of

INDOOR SCOUTING.

It really was tremendous. The committee (after the teams were blindfolded) filled the room with table legs and overturned tables and chairs, and some of the wildest scenes ever experienced in Camp followed.

The first game, Plasterers vs. Steam Fitters, showed slow advance (some players diving head down over obstacles), with fierce and silent encounters. J.R. killed P. N. M. early in the game. R. L. S. killed H. M. W.; C. B. H. .H killed J. G. W. Score tied in runs, 6 to 6. (J. R. made 3 runs, Howe 2); the Steam Fitters won on shots, 11 killed to 13.

The Second Game was much fiercer. The players' blood began to get up a little, and they tried to fight off antagonists, and

break through, to score runs. H. R. explained that they must submit to the ordeal by touch. Score tied in runs again, 11 t1 11! (Nearly all the players scored, and H. M. W., R. L. S. and J. Lawrence made two runs each), and the Steam Fitters again won on shots, 9 killed to 10.

THIRD GAME.

The committee, H. R., J. A. L., JR., J. H. S. and G. M. I., outdid themselves, filling the whole North End with an absolutely solid chevaux de frise, shoulder high. A six foot combination of Blow-down and Beaver Dam, packed solid as a box of matches. Terrific to watch the winners toiling up the bristling ascent on each side, sometimes nearly losing a leg, stepping down into holes. First real destruction of furniture in this game, table legs, and various chairs splintering up. The Plasterers won, 12 runs to 6. H. M. W. and Lawrence again scored 2 runs each.

FOURTH GAME

Skipper did not allow the Beaver Dam Obstacle to be quite so big, and this game was a little less fierce in action, though close in score, the Steam Fitters winning by 1 run, 12 to 11. Cushing and Rockwell made 3 runs each; J.R., Hamilton, Allen, and Taylor, 2 runs each.

Bricklayers vs. Plumbers.

The first game showed very persistent, skilful work, and a big score was run up, the Bricklayers winning, 15 runs to 13. C. H. C. and G. M. I. made 3 runs each, J. A. L., Jr., R. S. W., Curtis, Driver and Watson making 2 runs each. J. H. S. "played like a lambent flame", scoring 5 runs!

In the Second Game, the Committee mischievously removed

some of the obstacles, so that there were perfectly absurd cautious approaches to climb, and stealing advances, through bare spaces! C. H. C. pursued a stealthy, serpent-like course,- J. H. S. "stripped for action", tearing off sweater and shirt, and this time played like forked lightning through and over the obstacles, again scoring 5 runs. The Plumbers won, though, piling up the enormous (and record) score of 19 runs to 12.

In the third game, the inevitable result had set in, and the playing was absolutely crazy; the players, out for blood, simply running amuck, and crashing their way through and over. (K. S. W. was knocked end over end). J. A. L. made 6 runs; J. H. S. 5, Driver and Putnam 4 each, K. S. W. and Smith and Weeks 3 each, and Johnson, R. B. T., Perry, Shaw and Wiggins 2 each. The Bricklayers won by a terrific victory, 32 to 14.

In the Finals, Skipper forbade the running amuck, and though tremendous, the last game was a little less crazy. But all through it, the Committee, like evil angels, kept stealing in and re-building hazards and chevaux de frise, just as the unhappy players thought they had learned them. The Bricklayers defeated the Steamfitters by 37 runs to 12. J. H. S. made 7 runs; Driver 6; K. S.W., Futcher, Weeks and Knox, 4 each; R. L. S., Huffman and Carter, 3 each; and Bailey, W., Hepburn R. S., Johnson and Putnam, 2 each.

Players	Fr. Man	Fol.	Runs	Batter	2d	Runs	Batted Ball	Ball Struck	Runs	Batted Ball Struck	Runs
J G	I	•	III	X	•	I	✓		I	✓	III
[illegible]	X			✓		II	✓	•	II	X	I
C B [illegible]	X			X				•	I	X	
[illegible]	X	•		X	•	I	X			X	
Beale D	X	•	I	X	••	I		••	I	X	
Cushing	X	••		X		I	✓		I	✓	III
Dupee	X			X	••	I	✓	•		X	
Hallowell	X			X				•	I	X	
Hamilton	X	•	I	✓		I	✓	•	I		•• II
Jameson	X			✓		I	X			X	
Lawrence	X	••	I	X	•	II	✓		II	X	•
Morrill	X			X			X	•	I		•• I
Pontoul, T.	X			✓	•		✓			X	I
Turner	X			X			✓	•	I	✓	• I
	13	8	6	10	8	11		9	12	9	6 11
Steam Fitters											
I G W	X			X		I				o	o o
[illegible]	X						X				
R L S	X	••••	I	X	•	II	X		I	X	
Allen	X			✓	•••	I	X		I		••• II
Bailey, W.	X			X			X		I	X	I
Ewing	X			X	••••	I	X		I	X	
Howe	✓	•••••	II	X	••	I	X	•		X	••• I
Hubbard	X	•		X			X			✓	I
Jeffries	X	••		X		I	X		I	X	
Mace	X			✓		I	✓				• I
Peach	✓	X •	I	X	•	I	X			X	
Richards	X			X			X			X	I
Rockwell	✓		I	✓	•	I	✓	•	I	✓	• III
Taylor	X		I	✓		I	X			✓	II
	11	13	6	9	11	11			6	7	8 12

Bricklayers	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J A L	✓		II	X			✓		IIII III
J. H. S	✓		IIII		•	IIII	✓	•••	IIII
K S W	✓		II	X			✓	•	III
Carter	✓		II	✓	•		✓		
Driver	✓	•	II	X			✓	•	IIII
Fletcher	X			X		I	✓	•••	I
Hepburn, A	X				•••	I	X	••	I
Hepburn, S	X			✓		II	X		
Hoffman	X			✓			✓		I
Johnson	✓	•	I	✓	•	II	✓		II
Putnam	✓	•	I	X			✓		IIII
Ramsdell, R	X	•		X			✓		
Weekes	X			X		I	✓	•	III
	6	4	15	7	6	12	2	11	32

Plumbers	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C H E	✓		III	X		I	X		
C M F	✓		III	✓		III	X		
R & T	X		I	✓		III	X		II
Dutton	was hundred	•	I	X	•••	I	X		
Lodel	✓		I	✓		II	X		
Newhall	X	•••		X	•		X	•	I
Perry		••		X	•		X		II
Shaw	X			✓		III	✓		II
Smith	✓		I	X			✓		III
Strachgate	X	•		✓	•	I	X		
Sturges	✓			✓		II	X		I
Thomson		•	I	X	•	I	✓		
Watson	✓		II	X	•		X		I
Wiggins	X			✓		II	✓	•	II
	6	7	13	7	8	19	10	2	14

Stone fitters	Rolled	Shot	runs
[illegible]			
[illegible]	X		
[illegible]	✓		III
[illegible]	X		
[illegible]	X		II
[illegible]			
Howe	X		
HUBBARD	X		
HUFFMAN	✓		III
KNOX	✓		IIII
LYNCH	X		
RICHARDS	X	"	
ROCKWELL	X		
TAYLOR	X	"	
	9	3	12

Bricklayers	Rolled	Shot	runs
J. A. L.	X		I
J. H. S		"	IIIIII
N. S. W.	✓		IIII
CARTER	✓		III
DRIVER	✓	"	IIIIII
FURCHER	✓	"	IIII
HEPBURN A	X	"	I
HEPBURN S	✓		II
HOFFMANN	X		
JOHNSON	✓		II
PUTNAM	✓		II
RANDALL P	✓		I
WEEKES	✓		IIII
	3	8	37

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES. AUGUST.

Name	Games	A B	R	H	B B	S O	Average
C.B.H.H.	3	12	2	8	3	0	.667
J.A.L.	3	10	8	5	4	1	.500
J.C.F.	2	8	2	4	1	1	.500
P.N.McD.	2	9	3	4	0	0	.444
H.M.W.	3	13	2	5	2	3	.385
Driver	3	11	2	4	2	2	.364
K.S.W.	3	14	3	5	0	7	.357
R.B.T.	3	13	0	4	1	5	.308
Perry	3	11	0	3	2	6	.273
R.L.S.	3	13	4	3	1	2	.231
L.T.	2	9	2	2	0	1	.222
Hallowell	2	8	3	1	1	2	.125
Allen	3	9	2	1	5	6	.111
Howe	3	10	1	1	3	6	.100
Dalton	3	11	1	1	1	3	.091
Cushing	3	10	1	0	2	8	.000
Putnam	3	9	2	0	6	3	.000
Wiggins	3	11	0	0	2	4	.000
Knox	1	3	1	0	2	2	.000
G.M.I. (Guest)	1	4	0	2	0	1	.500
E.T.P. (Guest)	1	4	1	1	2	2	.250
J.B.C. (Guest)	1	3	0	0	1	1	.000

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES. SEASON.

Name	Games	A B	R	H	B B	S O	Average
C.B.H.H.	6	26	9	16	4	1	.615
R.L.S.	6	28	14	14	1	2	.500
J.A.L.	6	24	16	12	8	4	.500
J.C.F.	5	21	4	9	2	4	.429
L.T.	5	24	6	10	0	3	.417
H.M.W.	6	23	4	11	2	3	.393
Davol	2	8	3	3	0	3	.375
K.S.W.	6	27	9	10	2	10	.370
R.B.T.	5	20	6	7	4	8	.350
Perry	3	11	0	3	2	6	.273
Driver	5	20	2	5	2	5	.250
P.N.McD.	4	20	5	5	0	5	.250
Hallowell, N.P.	3	12	1	3	0	2	.250
Thompson	3	8	0	2	3	6	.250
Watson	1	5	0	1	1	2	.200
Hallowell, J.W.	2	8	3	1	1	2	.125
Allen	3	9	2	1	5	6	.111
Howe	6	22	2	2	6	11	.091
Dalton	3	11	1	1	1	3	.091
Cushing	5	17	2	0	5	13	.000
Cooke	3	10	0	0	2	4	.000
Putnam	3	9	2	0	6	3	.000
Wiggins	3	11	0	0	2	4	.000
Futcher	2	8	0	0	1	6	.000
Hale	2	7	2	0	1	6	.000
Hallowell, R.	2	5	4	0	6	2	.000
Johnson, E.	1	4	1	0	1	2	.000
Knox	1	3	1	0	2	2	.000
Lynch	1	4	0	0	0	1	.000
Worrall	1	3	0	0	1	2	.000
G.M.I. (Guest)	1	4	0	2	0	1	.500
E.T.P. (Guest)	1	4	1	1	2	2	.250
H.W.P. (Guest)	1	4	1	0	1	2	.000
J.B.C. (Guest)	1	3	0	0	1	1	.000

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES. SEASON.

Name	Games	A B	R	H	B B	S O	Average
C.B.H.H.	2	8	5	7	1	0	.875
R.L.S.	4	17	12	12	1	0	.706
J.C.F.	3	13	7	8	1	1	.615
Putnam	1	5	4	3	0	0	.600
Howe	3	14	3	8	2	2	.571
K.S.W.	2	10	3	5	1	0	.500
Driver	4	12	10	6	6	0	.500
Perry	1	4	0	2	0	0	.500
Hallowell, N.P.	1	4	0	2	1	1	.500
Hallowell, R.	3	10	6	5	6	1	.500
Worrall	1	5	0	2	0	0	.400
Dalton	1	5	0	2	0	1	.400
R.B.T.	4	15	5	5	4	2	.333
Davol	3	14	2	4	0	3	.286
Stackpole	3	11	2	2	3	6	.182
Lynch	3	12	1	2	0	4	.167
Watson	3	8	1	1	3	3	.125
Thompson	4	9	1	1	8	7	.111
Lawrence	3	10	3	1	6	1	.100
Cooke	4	16	0	1	1	6	.063
Cushing	3	12	3	0	2	7	.000
Futcher	3	10	1	0	1	3	.000
Hawes	3	7	5	0	7	2	.000
Hale	2	8	0	0	0	4	.000
Huffman	2	6	1	0	3	6	.000
Johnson, E.	1	2	1	0	1	0	.000
Ladd	1	3	0	0	1	2	.000
Smith	1	4	0	0	1	1	.000
Weekes	1	3	2	0	2	2	.000
Allen	1	2	0	0	1	0	.000
Shaw, J. (Guest)	1	3	0	0	2	1	.000

Junior Batting Averages for August are not recorded because only one game was played. See Log, August 13.

At supper, the Cup stood in its intermediate position, on the mantelpiece; and at the appointed moment, at Dessert, the two Captains rose, and the little ceremony of presentation, by the losing to the winning Captain, that has come to mean so much, was gone through, with speeches on both sides that meant much to every one. Then the Cup, as a loving-cup, was carried from place to place, the small cups filled, and toasts were drunk to both sides, to H. R. and L. E. R. For the last, J. R. read the list of our Honour Roll, with A. M. R.'S name, Neville Bennett's, and Marlton Bartlett's, and called for a last toast, drunk standing and in silence, "to their glorious memory."

The Cups were then given out, as follows:

FIRST DORMITORY PRIZE,	AUGUSTUS PORTER THOMPSON.
SECOND DORMITORY PRIZE,	PALMER FUTCHER
THIRD DORMITORY PRIZE,	HENRY K. CUSHING.

TRACK AND FIELD CUPS.

CLASS A,	SAM LYNCH.
CLASS B,	HENRY CUSHING.
CLASS C,	Philip SIDNEY CARTER.
CANOE CUP,	WILLIAM R. DRIVER, JR.
BOYS' SCULLING CUP,	WILLIAM R. DRIVER, JR.
PREFECTS' SCULLING CUP,	JOHN C. FAIRCHILD.

After Supper, alas, the New York brethren departed: Dudley Knox, et alii.

The Bonfire being impossible, rain still coming down in torrents, we put up with a very cheery substitute, in the shape of an impromptu Indoor Scouting

SING SONG.

Overture

Song, "The Whizzfish", H.M.W.

Violin Solo, M. P.

Piano Solo, Carter.

Quartette, "Sweet and Low", A.D.H.,K.S.W., Allen, Carter.

Rounds, "Row, row, row the Boat", "Man's Life's a Vapour", "In the field the Men are Mowing", "May comes Singing", The Camp Choristers.

Acrobatic Stunt, C.B.H.H. and Dalton.

Harmonica Solo, H. Shaw.

Choruses.

Conferring of University Degrees, J.G.W. and L.T.

The Overture was the most brilliant of the whole season. The Whizz-fish Song was as rapturous as before, H.M.W. outdoing himself. The Violin and Piano Solos were very charming, and so was the Quartette's singing. The Rounds were pretty, as before, the Harmonica Solo, "Oh, Susanna", etc., very funny, and the Acrobatic Stunt perfectly delightful, as before.

The Conferring of Degrees bytthe University Faculty, J.G.W. and L.T., was perfectly absurd, and unfortunately we only have scattered notes. Suffice it to say that it was a perfect wonder of a take-off.

J.G. W. after a brief address of welcome, outlining the purposes, and this summer's great achievements of the University, gave the Aviation Medal, with the motto Flutter Along to Walter Bailey.

L. T. One of the testimonials of a very serious nature, not

awarded every year, the gift of a man whose name by his wish is withheld, is given as a reward of Bravery, Bravery - in the face of knowledge! Unanimously awarded to Richard Lawrence.

J.G.W. Another important prize - the Language Prize - goes to a foreign student, a young Japanese; awarded for his grasp of any language, to ST. John Smith.

L..T. To one who has done most for the University, I gladly present this box of kippered herring to Walter Hoffmann.

J. G. W. There is nothing that stirs the higher things in us so much as poetry; and no one recognizes or appreciates these higher things more than another young foreign student; the little Igorot, R. Jameson.

L. T. There is nothing that stirs the heart of man (it always stirs me) like the Sea. The next prize is given in appreciation of the boy who has felt the most - and talked the most-- about the Sea: Andrew Hepburn.

J. G. W. One of the most important things in life is Speed - Dexterity; and this medal, with the motto Maximum cum Celeritate, is unanimously awarded to Hal Richards.

L.T. Our last prize goes to the students' choice of the handsomest, the most polished, the most stylish, the man with most je ne sais quoi about him: Porter Thompson.

After this delightful absurdity, J.R. read Bread Upon the Waters.

Wednesday, September 3.

Fair, cool.

Clear as a bell after the rain; but just the same a day of sadness, that just has to come.

The Trunks began going off yesterday, the final load early this morning, the suit-cases all piled along the wall. We wish the train went either earlier or later, for the long standing round is trying, and good-bye can only be said once, but this time, like last year, we had a good little song round the piano, before the horrid moment actually came.

These days have been the Secretary of State's Busy Time; but everything (like all in his Napoleonic hands) marched to a marvel, tickets, checks, cars, trucks, everything. Bailey Brothers had apparently only one suit of clothes between them at the last moment, Carter was reduced to a laundry bag for a suitcase, and Phil Allen left his coat (brought later to the station by J.A.L.,Jr., in record time (20 minutes) per bicycle); but these details were on the Brethren.

The last good-byes were said, and the dear people went, in charge if J.H.S.,Jr., and C.B.H.H. (Eddie Johnson per car, with his family). Never was such a Ship's Company.

Soon joyous tootings were heard, and first the Wiggins family, with A.G.D. and Jimmie Hepburn, then the Shaw family arrived, one from Gardiner, the other from a fortnight's trip through Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. (Their signatures are in the Reunion list.)

After dinner came a real piece of bad luck. R.H.R., who was just departing for Gardiner, fell on the just-washed floor, and broke his shoulder. We got Dr. Risley right over, and

he took the patient right over to the Hospital. A perfectly horrid accident.

Afterwards we began the Nemesis of Fire, then gossipped and sat round, drawing breaths a little (all but J.G.W., who fished, getting four bass), then made the sandwiches for tomorrow's Great Trip (the weather promises perfection) and had afternoon tea at five. "Go as you please" after supper, with much good talk, and fairly early bed.

Arthur Lowery
John W. Simons
Loring T. Swain
Edward Harding
John D. Leland
Howard Gray Jr.
Henry Lull Walton Jr.
Kenneth S. Walker.
Richard P. Hallowell 2d
J. B. Wiggins
Chas. Hubbard Jr.
Oliver S. Leland.
John B. Corning
Laura Elizabeth Wiggins
Charles Wiggins 3d
Lawrence Lowery
Alice G. Davis.
John Richards
John H. Stevenson Jr.
Mark Carter
Clarina W. Corning.
Anna D. Hubbard.
Edwin R. Abbot
Julia W. Shaw & family
Abbot Stevens

Richard B. Thurber
Robert L. Simmons Jr.
Lawrence Terry
P. N. MacDermot
J. Arnold Lowell, Jr.
Margery Peabody
Samuel O. Bennett Jr
Rene E. Hoguet.
Louis Zahner
Barbara B. Zahner
George Colton Moore
John Wiggins
Charles Wiggins 3d
Laura Wiggins
Rosalind Wiggins
James Hepburn
Robert Jameson
Charles F. Batchelder, Jr
Robert G. Henderson
Philip W. Simons
Grand M. Dos . on A. A

Thursday, September 4. A perfect day for the trip.

Clear, cool.

J. H. S. arrived from his Sheridan's Ride to Boston and back, at 3:30 A.M., and appeared, apparently entirely refreshed, with the first of the Early Breakfasters, for the Great Saddleback Trip.

A Sandwich Brigade got to work at about 5:30 A.M., getting lunch ready and packed. Breakfast at 6:30, and a grand start, about 7:30. (N.B. A. & D.'s Peerless refused to wake up, at first, and was pushed up hill by most of the company, the Fords tooting their jeers, before she rose to the occasion.)

H. R.'s chronicle of the trip will follow. There couldn't have been a more perfect day.

The Reunion arrivals began soon after breakfast: E. Harding, John Simons, the Lelands, Dick Hallowell. The Swaims and Abbots came yesterday, and are all established, and looking as if they had been settled for weeks, in the trimmest, most ship-shape Camp ever seen, on Merryweather Beach.

R. H. R.'s broken shoulder is progressing well.

C. A. S. caught 1 Bass.

L. E. R.'s bronchitis is at least no worse, and the Nurse has come, and will make her more comfortable.

We can't attempt to keep the joyful whirl of arrivals straight as to hour and minute, but their names follow in the Reunion list. The main thing is that they are here!

The Great Trip returned in glory, from about 10:30 P.M. on; all near together but the last car, and that only about half an hour behind.

Friday, September 5.

Another perfect day. W.- N. W.

L. E. R. much better, sitting up for a short time.

Everybody just a little aware of joints and muscles, after yesterday.

Alack, I. M. K. and G. M. I. left after breakfast, P.N.M. after dinner (but where is his other shoe!)

Reunionists arriving at all hours; the Ball-field looks like a city parking place.

BASE BALL.

Ancient Wights		Very Old Men
Richards	p	Wiggins
Snell	c.	Summers
Swain	1.	Watts
Swain (left)	2.	Grant
Stevens	3.	Sweeney
Walker	s.	Hallowell (left)
Young H.	lf	Young G.
Island D.	cf.	Harding
Hubbard	rf.	Island G.

Ancient Wights vs. Beyond Time

At ..... when .....

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	I.B.	S.B	S.H.
P				Richards																
C				Farrell																
1				Swayne																
2				Simard (Capt)																
3				Stevens																
S				L Walker																
Lf				Powers H																
C				Leland D.																
Rf				Hubbard																
				Totals	1/1	4/5	0/5	0/5												

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	I.B.	S.B	S.H.
P				Wiggins																
C				Summers																
1				Watts																
2				[illegible]																
3				Sweeney																
S				[illegible]																
Lf				Powers T.																
Cf				Harding																
Rf				Leland T.																
				Totals	1/1	0/1	8/9	0/9												

Earned Runs..... Two Base Hits..... Three Base Hits..... Home Runs.....
First on Balls—off.....; off.....
Struck out—by.....; by.....
Left on Bases.....;..... Double Plays.....
Wild Pitches..... Passed Balls.....
First Base on Errors..... Hit by Pitcher.....

Time.....h.....m. Umpires..... Scorer.....

Only 4 1/2 innings had been played of what was being a gorgeous, though a very funny game, when a bad accident happened. Loring Swaim had just made a hit, when the bat slipped from his hands, flying through the air, and struck John Simons, who was just warming up, across the face, crushing his nose completely. Loring Swaim and Eddie Harding, both doctors of high standing, were of course right there, and could take instant steps, and Betty Wiggins and Margery Peabody proved first-rate nurses, quick and quiet. It was a very bad time, the suffering, of course, about as bad as could be, but they got the patient over to the Hospital and under ether in a short time. Fortunately, Dr. Hill, the best nose and throat surgeon in the State, is there, and gives hopes of its coming out very well.

R. S. W. and H. M. W. left after supper. In the evening we began "The Man Without a Shadow", and had a wild game of Blackboard Relay.

Saturday, Septenber 6. A third perfect day!

Fair. W.-N.W.

Morning Reading: "Man Without a Shadow" (Dugglebys!), then Squads, wonderful ones. We wish we could have photographed the sturdy little workers!!

L. T. and R. B. T. left, alas: then the Zahners, C.F.Batch, Sam Bennett, Bob Henderson et alii arrived.

Our First Invalid, L. E. R., is better. She is allowed to see an occasional visitor; and this morning sent in the wonderful Merryweather Spoon, carved by Gregory Wiggins, with the following announcement.

> The Merryweather Spoon! to be used by each Graduate in turn to stir his coffee, and then returned to me, with my coffee, by a deputation headed by the Sculptor and the Patriarch.
>
> L. E. R.
>
> Given at our palace of Monrepos, this 7th day of September, 1924.
>
> N.B. Each stir of the spoon means Luck, Life, Love!

The Doctors, and L.E.W., went over to the hospital, after breakfast, and found the Second Invalid, Professor Richards, his shoulder well set, entirely helpless, of course, but full of praise of the hospital, and very peaceful and philosophic. Our Accident Case, John Simons, is still very suffering, of course; but Dr. Hill, who operated yesterday, hopes little if any disfigurement.

In the afternoon came one of the greatest events of all Camp History.

GRADUATE SCOUTING.

It was tremendous. The Great Chiefs showed that wigwam life had not impaired their vigour. They played like storm winds on the mountains. (N.B. Two Squaw Amazons, Barbara Zahner and Margery Peabody, were admitted among the fighting ranks of braves.)

First Game.

Cautious. Good relays on both sides. Former Capt. E. Harding first man killed. Algonquins well shot up, six killed to four Iroquois. A single tremendous run scored by J.R.Abbot, the Great Grey Ape, through the Sweet Fern.

Second Game.

The old hands were feeling their way, and only needed warming up. In this game they let loose. The Iroquois scored 10 runs, the Algonquins only 1, but the playing was brilliant and furious, on both sides.

Third Game.

Deep strategy on Iroquois' side, but the Algonquins began to get their stride, and though still outmatched, did much better. Running on both sides perfectly tremendous. Two runs each scored by Loring Swain, Arthur Sweeny, Eddie Harding and Clarence Corning. Iroquois win, 12 runs to 7. Casualties, sprained ankle, E.Harding; pulled tendon, P.W. Carter.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.		•		✕	••		✕	•	
J.A.L.	✕			✕	—			•••	
J.G.W.	✕	••		✕	—		✕		
A.S.	ˇ			✕	—				/
L.T.S.	✕			✕	•				//
B.B.Z.	✕			✕	—		✕		
M.P.	✕			✕	—				/
Hallowell	✕				•				/
Helpburn	ˇ			✕	—		ˇ		
Hoguet	✕			✕	—		✕		
Leland, O.S.	ˇ			✕	—		✕	••••	
Leland, J.D.	✕			✕	—				/
Hubbard	✕				••	/		•••	/
Wiggins, C[3]	✕			✕	—		✕		
	10	3	0	12	6	/	6	12	7

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	✕	••			••	/	✕		
J.H.S.		•			•	//	✕	••	
C.H.C.				✕			✕		//
L.C.Z.	✕			✕		/	✕		/
J.R.A.		•		✕		/	✕	••	/
E.H.	✕								//
G.C.M.		☠				/	✕		
Bennett		•			•	/	✕	••	/
Carter	✕	•		✕	•		✕		
Corning, J.B.		••	/			/	✕		/
Corning, H.	ˇ			✕	••		✕		/
McKinney		•		✕	••	/	✕		
A.Sw.	ˇ					/			//
Wiggins, J.		•			••		✕		/
	4	10	/	6	12	10	12	6	12

In the Evening.

Games on the Hill, and in spite of Scouting, they all played like battering-rams, catapults, and chain-lightning! There is no holding them! They quieted down at last though, and H. R. gave us a good talk on the development of Camp, followed by reading.

N. B. At meals, the Graduate Butlers are giving most finished service: and C. W. has organized a plan whereby gallons of coffee and tea are served from a side table.

Sunday, September 7.

Fair, light breeze.

Once more the weather is good to us.

Patients all doing better.

We had service, with splendid full singing in hymns, and Charlie Hubbard's fine strong touch at the piano. His playing has been a great pleasure, all through the Reunion.

The nicest picking up of threads, all day: if only everyone could stay at least a week. George Moore and Laurence McKinney are asked most questions of all, as neither had been back since their first leaving Camp, twenty years ago!

There were pleas for Soccer, but Skipper put his foot down on a prospect of more breaks and sprains, so a mighty Ouananiche crew went out instead.

The Bonfire, a splendid one, "a mighty column flaming to the sky" (the Golden ship catching the light, and shining above the trees), came in the evening, with much good talk, and singing, as we stood about it. Then, last, the biggest chorus of Auld Lang Syne we've ever had.

The departures have to come, with cheers for the next Reunion. George Moore and the Shaws left this morning, and a great part of the dear people left in the evening, Eddie Harding at midnight.

Monday, September 8.

"Set Fair."

Anna Hubbard and Dome Lowell began the procession, starting at 5:40 a.m., a few of us having very early breakfast with them. Alice Davis, Julia Shaw and Jennie Hepburn started for Gardiner at 7, and the Zahners, Greg Wiggins AND Skipper at 8:30, en route for Squam.

Abe Stevens and Arthur Sweeney left in mid-morning. It has been wonderful to have them. C.F.B. left at night, after once more doing the traditional feat of Carrying the Mammoth Cave, after it and the Crows' Nest were taken down by all hands, this morning.

Our good chef, Jason Hammond, also went, and Mrs. Cook is officiating.

Our invalids, Professor Richards and John Simons, came back from hospital this evening, both doing very well.

Tuesday, 9th.

Still Fair!

Professor Richards and Jim Jameson started with J. R. for Randolph, N.H. Phil Simons came in the afternoon. A cool day, much good talk, and much Bridge, by the fire. John Wagstaff wonderfully better, nearly free of pain, and no disfigurement.

Wednesday, September 10th.

Cloudy, cold.

John and Phil Simons went, J.R. came back from escorting R.H.R. to Randolph. L.E.R. still kept in Rest House.

Thursday, 11th.

Fair, warmer.

J.G.W. came back. Much good talk.

Friday, 12th.

Fair.

H. R. came back from Squam. Much talk. Johnny, Charlie, Laura and Rosalind gave us a love ly show in the evening, The Three Bears.

J. G. W. caught 11 bass.

Saturday, 13th.

Showery.

L. E. W. and R. R. drove over the Itchfield Carry, - very beautiful. Picnic in the house.

Monday, October 14.

The great Annual Trip to Boston started in finest form, C.W., J.G.W., J.R., Johnnie Wig and Charlie Wig. They ought to have a splendid day.

L.E.W. and R.R. went to Gardiner on errands.

Tuesday, 15th.

Fair.

L.E.W. and the little girls, Laura and Rosalind, off to Boston

Going down on the Float to try to console ourselves, the Home Trio found that Sister Williwaw took herself off, some time in the night! No sight of her to be seen, though we have searched the shore with binoculars. H.R. and R.R. rowed along the Gleason shore, and up towards Pine Beach, but no trace.

Wednesday, October 16.

Fair.

Patsy a very great comfort, in our reduced state.

Much blackberry picking. This is one of the great blackberry years. They are wonderfully long and full, and in endless quantities.

A nice call from Bertha Vaughan and Eleanor Ferguson.

In the afternoon H. R. chartered Leslie Dammen's big launch, and we went off Williwaw-hunting. A close search all along the North end of the pond, circumnavigating Chute and Hoyt's revealed nothing, nor did the shore from Monkey Point, south, at first, but as we were getting discouraged, a long orange line showed up, near Lord's Landing, and there she was, apparently just landed, and entirely unhurt. She had just "chewed her painter", slipped away, and wandered far and wide. The wanderer was towed home, and given a new painter.

Later Mrs. Anderson and her mother, Mrs. Steavens, came to tea. Mrs. Steavens is Dutch, and told us much that was most interesting about her country; where her brother has been for forty-six years in the Queen's service, while a sister, living at Amerongen, has told her much of the ex-Kaiser's activities. . . . Charles Anderson's grandfather (and his forbears back of him for three hundred years) was Coppersmith to the King of Sweden, making all the hand-hammered kitchen vessels. Mrs. Anderson's sister, whose husband is one of the best cortortion-

ists in the country, has the charge of selecting all the "Big Acts" of Keith's theatre; a younger sister, of the "Little Acts". The talk was intensely interesting, and the two ladies very charming guests.

Thursday, 17th.

Fair.

R. R. and Mrs. Randall called on Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Sawtelle.

Friday, 18th.

Fair.

The lovely weather keeps on. Bertha Vaughan and Eleanor Ferguson came to lunch.

Saturday, 19th.

A quiet, busy day of packing and closing Camp. Walter and his crew in charge.

Sunday, 20th.

More of same. Colors most beautiful.

Monday, October 21.

Last day of packing, which has gone nicely and easily. L.E.R. gaining strength steadily, though with catarrh hanging on.

Tuesday, 22nd.

Off for Gardiner, all going well, with a good, easy start.

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